Collier's

MAY 10, 1941

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

A

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IOLA, KANSAS

Too Mad to Fight

By WALTER

MRS F W TAYLOR
220 N COTTONWOOD
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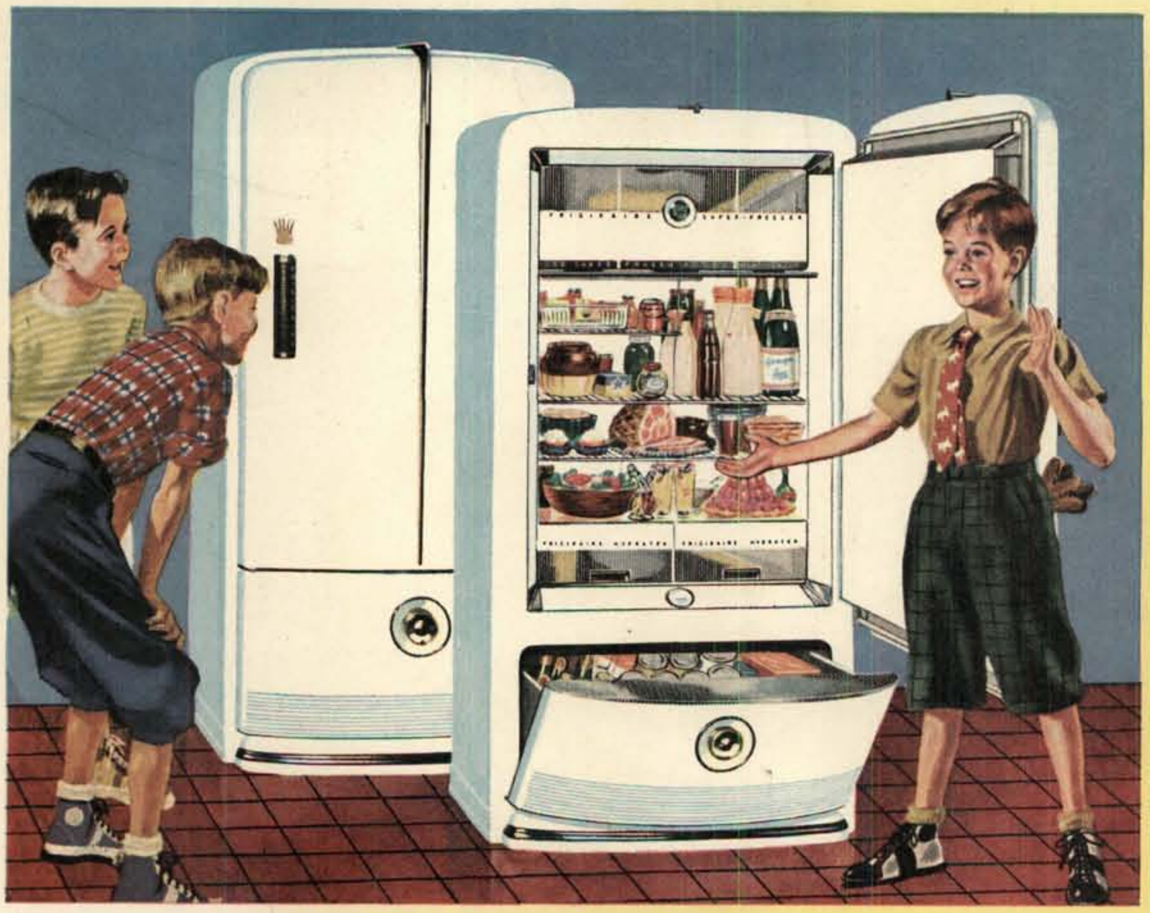
1/25BB

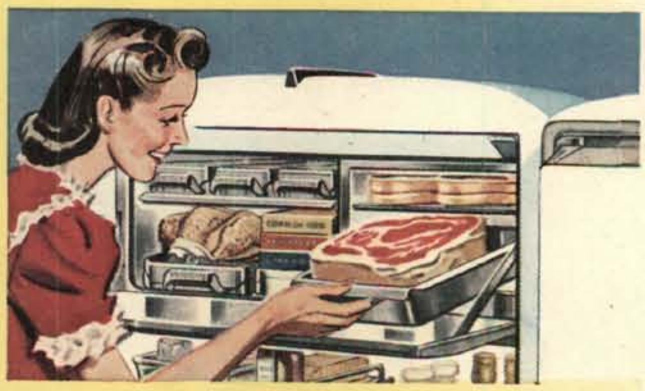
May 10, 1941

Greater Value—Inside and Out!



FRIGIDAIRE

offers you more in beauty, economy and usefulness

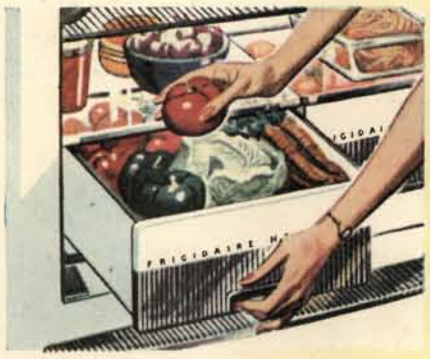


Bigger, Roomier Throughout!

Food compartments of 1941 Frigidaires are bigger—have adjustable shelves. Frozen storage compartments are up to 74% larger. Plenty of room for storing frozen foods, making frozen desserts, or making ice cubes! The scientifically designed Meat Tender Compartment, built into the De Luxe Cold-Wall Super-Freezer Chest, keeps all fresh meats better.

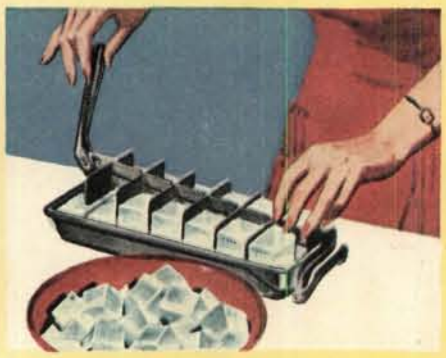
See Entirely Different Cold-Wall Models—Up to $40 Savings!

Above is the brilliantly new Cold-Wall Refrigerator developed by Frigidaire. Because it has chilling coils in the walls, it keeps foods from drying out, preserves precious vitamins longer, saves foods' natural flavor and freshness—*without food covers* of any kind. Amazingly different—yet priced like ordinary refrigerators . . . some as much as $40 below last year. See them now.



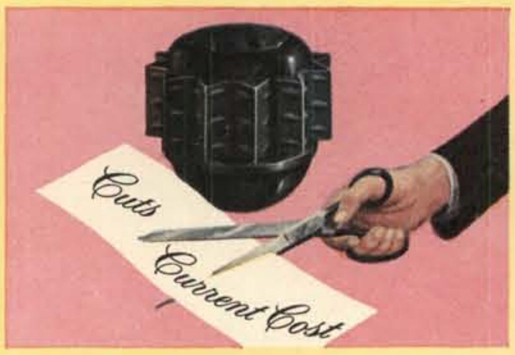
Sliding Hydrators!

All fully-fitted 1941 Frigidaires have handy Hydrators, glass-topped in most models—that slide like a drawer on stainless steel glides. Frigidaire Hydrators provide the moist cold needed to keep perishables dewy fresh and appetizing.



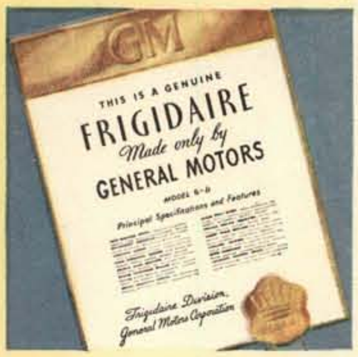
Exclusive Quickube Trays!

Try them and you'll agree that Quickube Trays are best. Built-in handles release both trays and cubes. No separate pry-bars or other gadgets to lose or misplace. Ice the instant you want it! And remember—only Frigidaire offers Quickube Trays.



Exclusive Meter-Miser!

Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built—now super-powered, to keep food safer and freeze ice faster, yet uses less current than ever. Insures permanent quietness and current savings. Sealed in steel. Never needs oiling. Refrigerates with Frigidaire's safe F-114.


GM
THIS IS A GENUINE
FRIGIDAIRE
Made only by
GENERAL MOTORS
Principal Specifications and Features
Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation

You Know What You Get!

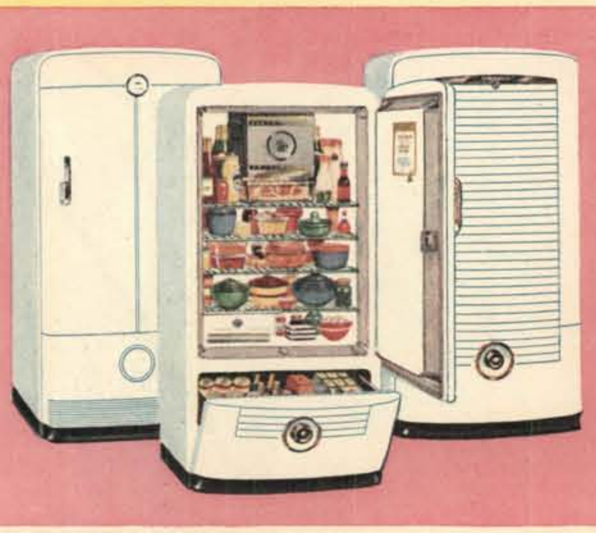
Frigidaire's new Facts Label gives Proof before you buy! Look for it! Remember, too—unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made only by General Motors.

Buy the favorite—

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
RANGES AND WATER HEATERS

buy Frigidaire

. . . over 6 million built and sold



Many Choices —Each a Bargain!

Choose from more than a dozen Frigidaire models. Many have ALL porcelain exteriors. *All* Frigidaire interiors are ALL porcelain. Illustrated are two of the new fully-fitted standard Frigidaires. Their giant 6 9/10 cu. ft. capacity—are typical of Frigidaire 1941 bargain values. See your Frigidaire dealer for low local prices. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio. Canadian Factory at Toronto.

"Cut him loose and let him go"

An Advertisement to Men

No matter what other good points he may have, a man who is guilty of halitosis (bad breath) is likely to be dropped in a hurry by fastidious women—and deservedly.

After all, halitosis is the unpardonable offense that may nip many a friendship or romance in the bud . . . close many a door to him . . . stamp him as an objectionable or careless person.

Anyone can have a bad breath at some time or other. Unfortunately, you yourself may not know when you are thus afflicted . . . but others do. Therefore, don't fail to be on guard against this condition which, although sometimes systemic, is primarily caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gum surfaces.

A wise precaution, simple, easy and wholly delightful is Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse. Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you...if you want to put your best foot forward socially and in business, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and be sure to use it between times before business and social engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

MAY 10, 1941

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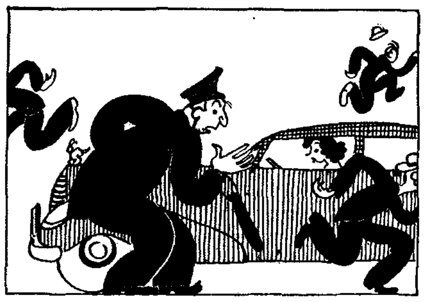
COVER JON WHITCOMB

ANY WEEK

INASMUCH as the newspapers are occupied throughout with such major calamities as war, mobilizations, strikes, the Italian navy, the drafting of star baseball players and movie stars, James Roosevelt's wedding and similar things, it seems to be our patriotic duty to remind you that the world is still well-stocked with incidentals. For example, the tourist bureau of the state of Washington is planning to advertise that that state is the safest by far for motor-driving tourists. This boast is based upon a survey which reveals that Washington has the lowest percentage of women drivers in the Union. We expect a heavy comeback from this item.



AND a friend of ours in Cleveland, Ohio, called on Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau not long ago and found Mr. Morgenthau suffering from an acute attack of the dismals. We suppose that our friend said something like "What in the world is the matter, Henry?" although we don't know about that. We do know, however, that Mr. Morgenthau lifted his haggard face and said: "I can't get the copper the treasury needs for making pennies." There was a silence befitting the announcement of such a catastrophe. And then Mr. Morgenthau went on: "It seems that the department lacks the necessary priority."

AS LONG as we're in a light, rambling mood, we may as well tell you that we like the attitude of the Hollywood starlet who, according to Kyle Crichton, our stage and movie associate, was assigned to be nice to an important visitor from the East. When the lug had been lifted into an eastbound train and the train was well out of sight, the starlet heaved a healthy sigh. "A delightful fellow in a loathesome way," said she.

IT WAS while Mr. Matsuoka was flitting between Berlin and Rome, keeping his well-arranged features as inscrutable as the Yugoslavia, Mediterranean and Ethiopia situations permitted, that a Connecticut leather factory was asked to bid on saddles for the British army. It bid. So did other American saddlers. While the United States War Department wrung its hands, the British purchasing commission awarded the contract to the lowest bidder—a Japanese firm.

WHILE bombs, people, nations, dynasties and political systems fall, the American Institute of Laundering is setting a commendable example. Our laundryman, who has been on his toes so long that they're beginning to hurt, tells us that the institute has been looking into the bed-sheet situation—where they wear out first. Had we been asked to guess we'd have been completely wrong. We'd have said that bedsheets get their worst wear and tear at the bottoms due, of course, to unclipped toenails. But no; they wear out fastest where they meet the shoulders. This is not wholly clear to us but we accept the institute's word for it. Apparently the bony shoulder doesn't do much more damage than the fat back and that only adds to our bewilderment. Next in sheet erosion is that part which is wrapped around the head of the cocoon or Ku Klux sleeper. This sounds more reasonable. The cocoon sleeper clutches the sheet with considerable violence, tearing it. The third point of wreckage is where the sheet meets the hips and last is the part that envelops the legs and feet. We learn, too, from our laundryman, although the institute doesn't go into this phase of sheet wrecking, that more than ninety-nine per cent of soldiers and sailors are cocoon sleepers.

WE'RE prepared to disbelieve this but when Mr. Robert Thompson of St. Paul, Minnesota, forwards what he insists are facts we're at a disadvantage. Mr. Thompson is almost always right. But you'll understand our misgivings. Mr. Thompson tells us that South Dakota is now being called Darkest America because Mrs. Roosevelt has never been there. And while we're on the subject, here's a letter from Miss Lonis Keaver of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She says that her sister, a schoolteacher, has just reviewed a set of eighth-grade papers on current affairs. One of the most difficult questions was: Who is Eleanor Roosevelt? One boy replied that "she is the President's sister." But a girl did better. She said that our First Lady was "Our President's alter ego when traveling on unofficial business."

THE Rock Bottom Holding Corporation of Los Angeles, California, went fishing en masse some time ago. It wasn't difficult inasmuch as there are only four members. But that isn't the point. One of the members, Mr. Bernie Smith, broke the tedium of no fish by engaging Mr. Sanchez of Lower California in discussion of politics. The talk went on quite a while until Mr. Sanchez volunteered the opinion that all Americans were slightly nuts. Said he: "They're always happy—so happy that they're slap-happy." And that ended the discussion because, says Mr. Smith, it was an extremely difficult statement to refute.

IF WE were feeling a bit huskier we'd call in a few friends and try out a new game called Blackout. As far as we've been able to learn it was born in Louisiana, started by children but later taken up and elaborated by their elders. To play this game properly you should invite a number of players whom you don't love devotedly but who aren't aware of it. Then you remove pictures, mirrors and similarly fragile valuables, assemble the participants, turn out the lights and—well, after that it's up to the players. It is a game not warranted to cement friendships nor heal broken ones. Come to think of it, we wouldn't try it even if we were up to it. It should have been left where it started—in the nursery. Our Louisiana agent says that New Orleans mothers regarded it as a commendable pastime for the little ones "not quite as dangerous as Tarzan and more educational than the funnies."

WE ARE GOING TO PLAY BLACKOUT!

WE'VE been asked to lavish a few words on the subject of Father's Day which will be celebrated, if Father can afford it, in June. The sponsors have offered us a number of suggestions, all of them somewhat untimely. They are unanimous in their endorsement of this beautiful and noble sentiment for what they call our unsung heroes. Nevertheless, we consulted a few friends who are fathers and offer their suggestions which are, in our estimation, somewhat more to the point. One of them has a son graduating from college. He'd like to know what to do about it. "He'll likely be grabbed by the Army and, if Germany starts shooting at us because of those ships of hers we've swiped into protective custody for the British trade, he may get shot by a fellow who never got beyond the sixth grade." Another suggestion was that inasmuch as Father's Day would be celebrated on a Sunday it would be nice if nobody said a word to him all day—if he didn't have to go to church, take a walk, drive to Aunt Hattie's, listen to Dorothy Thompson, pull up his trousers, shake up a few cocktails or decide whether Junior should see Jimmy Cagney. "In short," said this sour fellow, "let Father's Day come and go without a single word being said about it or about anything else."

MOTHER, take notice. W. D.

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"Look, O'Malley... another one!"

O'MALLEY: *Another what, Callahan?*

CALLAHAN: *Another man that's switched to Goodrich.*

O'MALLEY: *And is* that *a crime?*

CALLAHAN: *Sure not! And if it were, 'tis half the town would be in jail, I'm thinkin'.*

★ ★ ★

IF IT'S real protection you're looking for, here's the ticket—do as so many careful drivers are doing—put Silvertowns all around. They'll give you full protection against blowouts and skids... and pay you a dividend of extra miles by the thousand. Those extra miles are put into every Silvertown tire by Duramin. That's the amazing "tire vitamin" discovered by B. F. Goodrich scientists. Duramin keeps rubber young and lively—gives you more *safe* miles on Silvertowns.

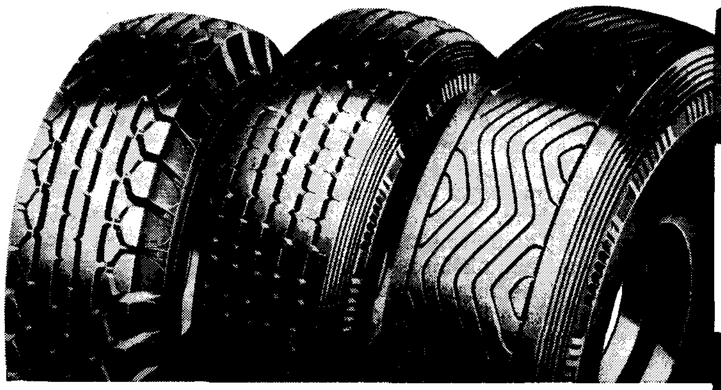
It's dangerous business to squeeze the last few miles out of worn tires. And it's unnecessary, too. Trade-in allowances are high today... prices are low. And if you prefer to pay as you ride, many Goodrich Dealers and all B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer the Budget Plan.

See the new
SILVERTOWNS

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Top-quality Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever. Duramin gives it thousands of extra miles.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Best possible combination of mileage, safety, comfort. New safety tread smothers road noise to a whisper.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. Extra miles—20% more than the original Life-Saver tread tire. No tire can stop you quicker, keep you safer from skids.



Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

BFG

It's a balancing act!

GOLDEN SHELL
MOTOR OIL

Does 4 jobs at once!

"DO I STEP? DO I GET AROUND? You said a crankcaseful!" says "Goldie."

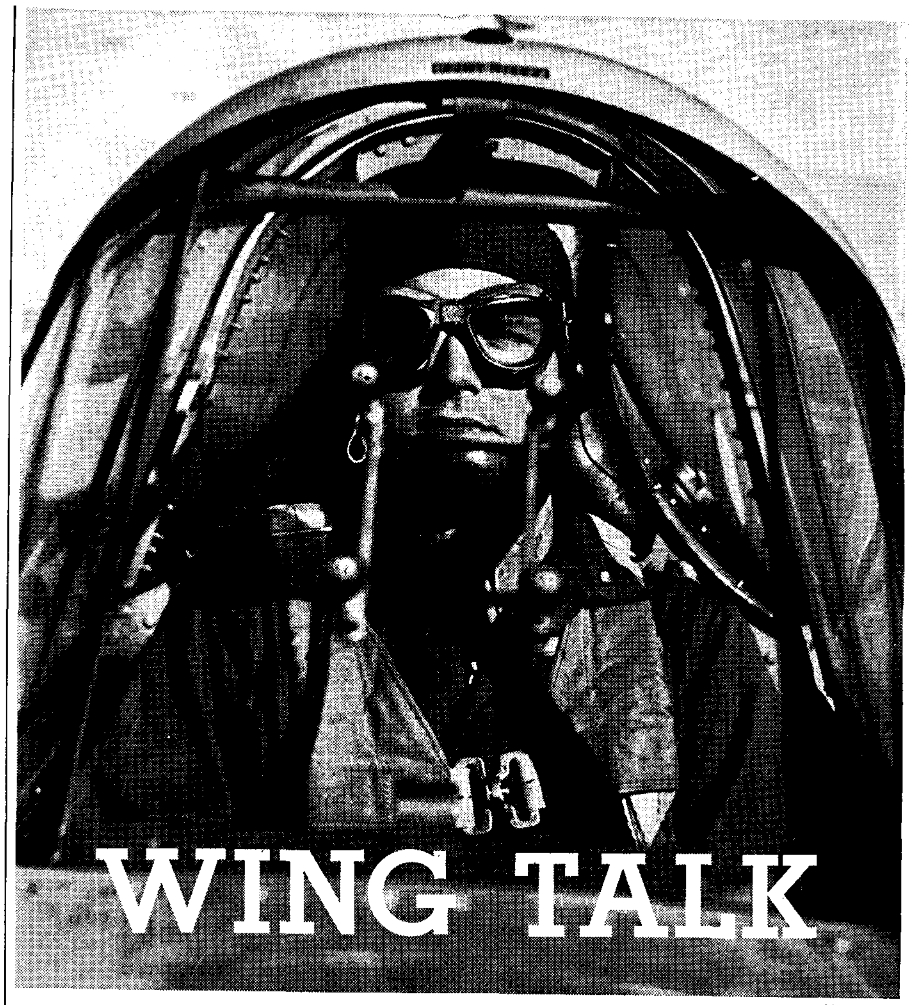
"Fact is, I do *4 jobs at once*—the second your motor gets going! 4 JOBS AT ONCE! If your engine had windows you'd see me . . .

1. **"COOL every tight-fitting part. Too much engine heat upsets 'em—makes 'em wear too fast.**
2. **"CLEAN out grit and dirt. I help carry this rubbish away.**
3. **"SEAL in power. I don't let it leak out around your pistons. That's tossin' money away!**
4. **"OIL all moving surfaces. *Combat friction*—that's the way to keep an engine happy and I do it!**

"Today's precision-built engines keep me hopping—you bet! But with the balance I get from Shell engineers, it's easy as pie.

"I work for low wages, too—only a quarter a quart!"

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS



WING TALK

GROENHOFF

Plastics—for plane noses, etc.—$15,000,000 worth this year

HERE is a heavyweight of the air fighters on the scales—a typical four-motor land bomber.

It is interesting to observe that, even as in prize-ring classes, lines are not so sharply drawn, nor pounds so closely reckoned, for the big fellows of the air. Indeed, you can think of a four-motor bomber in terms of tons.

You will demonstrate a good eye if you guess about 15 tons empty for this one, and 24 tons gross, or fully loaded.

The empty giant may be percentaged, roughly, into 47 per cent for the structure, 38 per cent for the power plant including leakproof fuel system and 15 per cent for the fixed equipment such as armor plate and instruments.

Loaded, more variables enter the calculations—for instance, the runways available, which determine the amount of "pay load" the bomber can get off with; the gasoline and oil required for the distances to be flown on particular jobs, and the amount of guns, ammunition and bombers those "jobs" may demand. At the least, a four-motor bomber will need more than half a ton of humans to operate and fight her efficiently aloft.

ONE picture of the growth of air transportation and its importance to national defense can be gained from a comparison of our merchant fleets of sea and sky.

There are 156 passenger ships in the United States Merchant Marine—141 of them seagoing, the remaining 15 Great Lakers.

There are 422 transports on our commercial airlines.

The total passenger capacity of the surface liners is greater, but how much the difference in speeds cuts this down offers a busy session for mathematicians. Just a hint: the airliners will bear their travelers 180 to 220 miles in an hour, while seafarers are being carried less than 30 miles an hour by the best ships, less than 18 by average ones.

Our commercial air fleet has a total capacity of more than 10,000 passengers for nonstop flights of less than 500 miles and of 8,500 for nonstop ranges of more than 500 miles.

THERE is keen anticipation in the aircraft industry over the possibilities of "plastic" airplanes—whole structures, wings and fuselage, molded of solutions. Several plastic airplanes are now in existence in this country, possible harbingers of a future in which enthusiasts see many advantages—easy repair, lower costs, better fire resistance, smoothness of surface, high-production rate.

However, in the midst of all this excited conjecture, the fact is being overlooked that plastics right now are an important part of the existing airplane industry—will fill a $15,000,000 or greater role in it this year. Various plastics meet dozens of uses in every plane—transparent types for noses and hoods, windows and lights; all types for instrument, radio and electrical systems, dishes, galley and lavatory equipment, interior decoration.

ONE California military-plane manufacturer is heavily guarded by F.B.I. special watchmen and a stout link-wire fence—along the main highway at the front of his plant. You can't get in or out the front gate without being scrutinized. But if you just go out the back way, across the flying field, you can walk all the way to Pennsylvania—and no one the wiser.

ONE of the largest plane factories boasts the only authentic case of sabotage since all the excitement began. They were shipping bombers to a certain European power, and indignant complaints began to sizzle the cables. A deathwatch was set in the factory. Come noon, the villain was caught at his nefarious work. Taking advantage of the slack time he had sneaked with a can of red paint into the huge packing cases in which the wings are shipped, and was smearing a big swastika on

(Continued on page 73)

ONLY CHEVROLET AMONG ALL LOWEST PRICED CARS has a BODY BY FISHER

SPECIAL DELUXE

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS **"QUALITY QUIZ"** AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO.2 CAR	NO.3 CAR
90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT *AT NO EXTRA COST*	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP*	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

You'll Say "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"

This famous body, the hallmark of beauty, comfort and safety in modern coachcraft • • • is exclusive to Chevrolet in the lowest-price field

EYE IT.. TRY IT..BUY IT!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

STYLE THAT'S OUTSTANDING

* * *

"3-COUPLE" ROOMINESS IN ALL SEDAN MODELS

* * *

ULTRA-SAFE UNISTEEL CONSTRUCTION

* * *

SOLID STEEL TURRET TOP

* * *

BOX-GIRDER BRACING

* * *

DOUBLE-PANELED STEEL DOORS

* * *

CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS

* * *

ORIGINAL NO DRAFT VENTILATION

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!

Your Florsheim Dealer

IS READY WITH YOUR SUMMER

BROWN and WHITES

This winning combination runs through the whole range of Florsheim Summer Styles . . . from Customs to Casuals to Ventilateds. See your Florsheim Dealer now, and enjoy cool comfort all summer long.

The COASTER
The CRUSADER

To make Florsheim Summer Shoes as practical as they're smart, we "walled in" the white center sections with brown calfskin . . . at all points susceptible to wear and soiling. As a result, they're easy to clean and care for . . . with but little attention the pair you buy now will keep its good looks for months, even *seasons,* to come.

Most Genuine Buckskin Styles $10 *Most Summer Styles* $8.95 *and* $10

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company, Mfrs., Chicago • Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although more than twenty-five years have passed since liquor was served free at the bars on vessels operating along the coast of China, the steamship companies still have to print a notice on every passage ticket that the fare no longer covers the cost of drinks.

For generations in England, firms supplying the royal family with commodities and services have been granted a warrant that permits the holder to use the royal crest on his windows, labels, stationery and advertising. These warrant holders now total about two thousand and range from jewelers, silversmiths and motorcar manufacturers to the man who cleans the chimneys of Windsor Castle.

Although the telephone company in Sacramento, California, has no time-announcing service, such information is available by dialing "8-9000." The call is automatically switched to the time operator in San Francisco, more than a hundred miles away.—*By Florence Geries, Sacramento, California.*

Scientific tests have revealed that eighty per cent of the calories taken into the human body in the form of food are required to produce the energy necessary for the maintenance of life. The other twenty per cent produce the energy used in muscular action.—*By Edward Corrigan, New Haven, Connecticut.*

Electric bulbs of high wattage give considerably more light per watt than those of low wattage. For instance, while consuming the same amount of current, a 100-watt bulb gives about one third more illumination than four 25-watt bulbs.

A license to operate a standard broadcasting station in the United States is denied to any corporation "of which any officer or director is an alien or of which more than one fifth of the capital stock is owned or voted by aliens or their representatives."

Of the twenty-seven planetaria in existence, Germany has thirteen, United States five, Italy two, Japan two and Russia, Sweden, Belgium, France and Holland one each.—*By F. M. Frederick, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

The coffee consumption of the United States, with only six per cent of the world's population, far exceeds the combined consumption of all other countries.—*By Morton B. Braunstein, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Brewer's yeast, which is filtered out and used year after year, is very valuable because it is the chief factor in a beer's character and flavor. It requires decades to develop and cannot be duplicated. One large American brewery, whose yeast culture took fifty years to reach its present quality, recently insured it for $1,000,000 with Lloyd's of London.—*By Marie E. Grube, New York, New York.*

Amyclae in ancient Greece had been harassed so often by false reports of an invasion by the Spartans that a stringent law was passed forbidding anyone to mention the enemy again. Shortly afterward, the Spartans did arrive and, as no one dared to give the alarm, Amyclae was captured and went down in history as "the city that perished through silence."

The Lutherans, of whom there are more than sixty-one million, constitute the largest Protestant denomination in the world.—*By Betsy Simon, New York, New York.*

A gentleman in Rio de Janeiro pays $20 a year for a subscription to a New York newspaper and an additional $4,100 to have it sent to him by air mail.—*By F. W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Cold-mist Freshener

NEW! Foods stay fresher...days longer...Behind Glass!

Wall-concealed Cooling Coils and Glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener provide Super-Moist Cold to Keep Vegetables Garden Fresh—a Typical 1941 Kelvinator Extra!

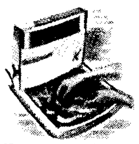
GO AHEAD—open it up—and *Look*. You've never seen a refrigerator like this! And neither had we Kelvinator retailers—until the 1941 Kelvinator took us by storm.

Those shelves of smooth, clear glass gleam like crystal. In the still, super-moist cold of the glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener, uncovered food stays fresh for days on end.

And that's only what you can see and touch.

What you don't see is that in addition to the High-Speed Freezer, there are separate cooling coils concealed in the walls. They maintain correct temperature and humidity throughout the interior *at all times.*

Here is not only a *new* refrigerator—but a brand new *kind* of refrigeration.

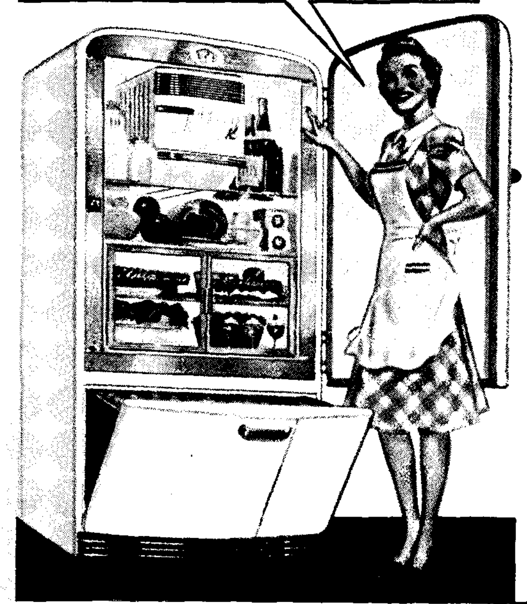


A Kelvinator "Extra"—Moonstone Meat Chest

How Kelvinator's New, Less-Expensive Way of Doing Business Saves you Up to $30 More

Last year Kelvinator's new way of doing business saved buyers from $30 to $60 each over previous years' prices. This year Kelvinator goes even further. You now get savings up to $30 over last year—and even more extra features! . . . Is it any wonder that consumer groups are hailing the new Kelvinator program as a courageous move in the public interest? Write Dept. C-3 for a beautiful, full-color catalog.

"This beautiful Stainless Steel Cold-Ban eliminates some 80 dust-catching screwheads."



COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

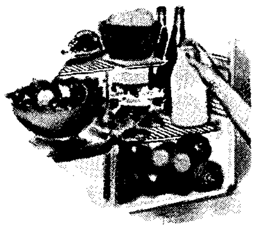
Revolutionary new Moist-Master Model M-6 illustrated $179.95*
New 1941 Models As Low As $124.75*

And it's *typical* of Kelvinator's 1941 *extras.*

There are eight beautiful models to help you make your choice. Each offers a variety of "extras".

Look them *all* over. The exclusive 5-Way Magic Shelf that gives five complete interior re-arrangements in a jiffy—making extra room for bottles and bulky articles . . . That shining, Stainless Steel Cold-Ban eliminates more than 80 unsightly, hard-to-clean screwheads.

The big Vegetable Bin, Moonstone glass Meat Chest, recessed Polar Light, extra space for frozen foods—these are *extra* conveniences you'll find in the 1941 Kelvinators—and even *extra* room . . . each so-called 6 foot model has 6¾ cubic feet of space.



A Kelvinator "Extra"—The "Magic Shelf"

See Kelvinator's complete line today, including **3 big 6¾ cu. ft. models for less than $145.00***
SS-6 $124.75* DA-6 $134.95* S-6 $144.95*

Kelvinator Division, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., *Detroit, Mich.*

Look at the Beauty!
Look at the Extras!
Look at the Price!

Get More—Get KELVINATOR

*PRICES SUGGESTED ARE FOR DELIVERY IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN. STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA. PRICES ARE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. IN VIEW OF RISING COSTS, PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

PHILCO
Advanced Design

A NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

. . . it looks different!
. . . it serves you in new and different ways!

THERE'S more than striking new beauty in the Philco Advanced Design Refrigerator! The exclusive features which make it *look* so different from any other refrigerator you ever saw, also bring you new services, new conveniences and new economy which you can enjoy only in a Philco. The Conservador, for instance . . . *only Philco has it!* It gives you 26% more quickly usable space, saves you time, energy and expense. A huge, separate, completely enclosed Frozen Food Compartment, specially designed for frozen storage, opens a new world of tempting, delicious dishes. A complete Dry Cold Compartment and a Moist Cold Compartment cooled by the amazing Philco Cold Shelf give you new, better ways to keep your foods fresh, wholesome and tasty.

Yes, it's a new kind of refrigerator built for modern kitchen needs. See it . . . compare the features . . . among the various Philco Refrigerator models, you get more for your money in service, quality and dependability . . . the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration.

There are Philco Refrigerators to suit your needs from

$119.95 to $259.95

including FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN. At every price, they are the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration! See them today at your Philco dealer.

Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice.

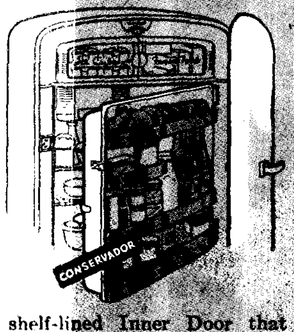
PHILCO
Ice Cubes
Frozen Foods
Meat Storage
Moist Cold Storage

Only PHILCO

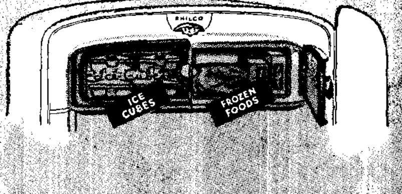
Exclusive Advanced Design gives you the Conservador... plus separate compartments for Dry Cold, Moist Cold and Frozen Foods

The Patented CONSERVADOR

26% more quickly usable space



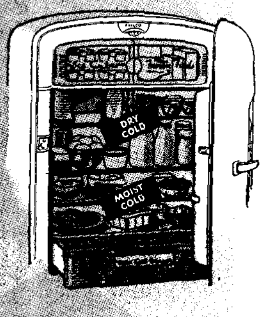
A shelf-lined Inner Door that keeps the foods you use most often *right at your finger tips!* Doubles the front-of-the-shelf space. Eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space. A "storm door" that keeps cold air in, warm air out; saves on electric bills.



HUGE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT

A giant-size, *separate* compartment in addition to the regular ice cube chamber, specially designed for frozen storage, where temperature remains at 15 to 30 degrees below freezing. Plenty of room to store frozen foods for days, to prepare frozen desserts, to keep ice cream for hours or store extra ice cubes. No need to remove ice trays or cut down ice supply.

Separate Compartments for DRY AND MOIST COL *with the* PHILCO COLD SHELF



A complete Dry Cold Compartmen . . . *plus* a separate Moist Col Compartment where you store food *without covers* and retain their nat ural juices and freshness. Cooled b the Cold Shelf, an exclusive Philc development!

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 10, 1

IOLA FREE PU
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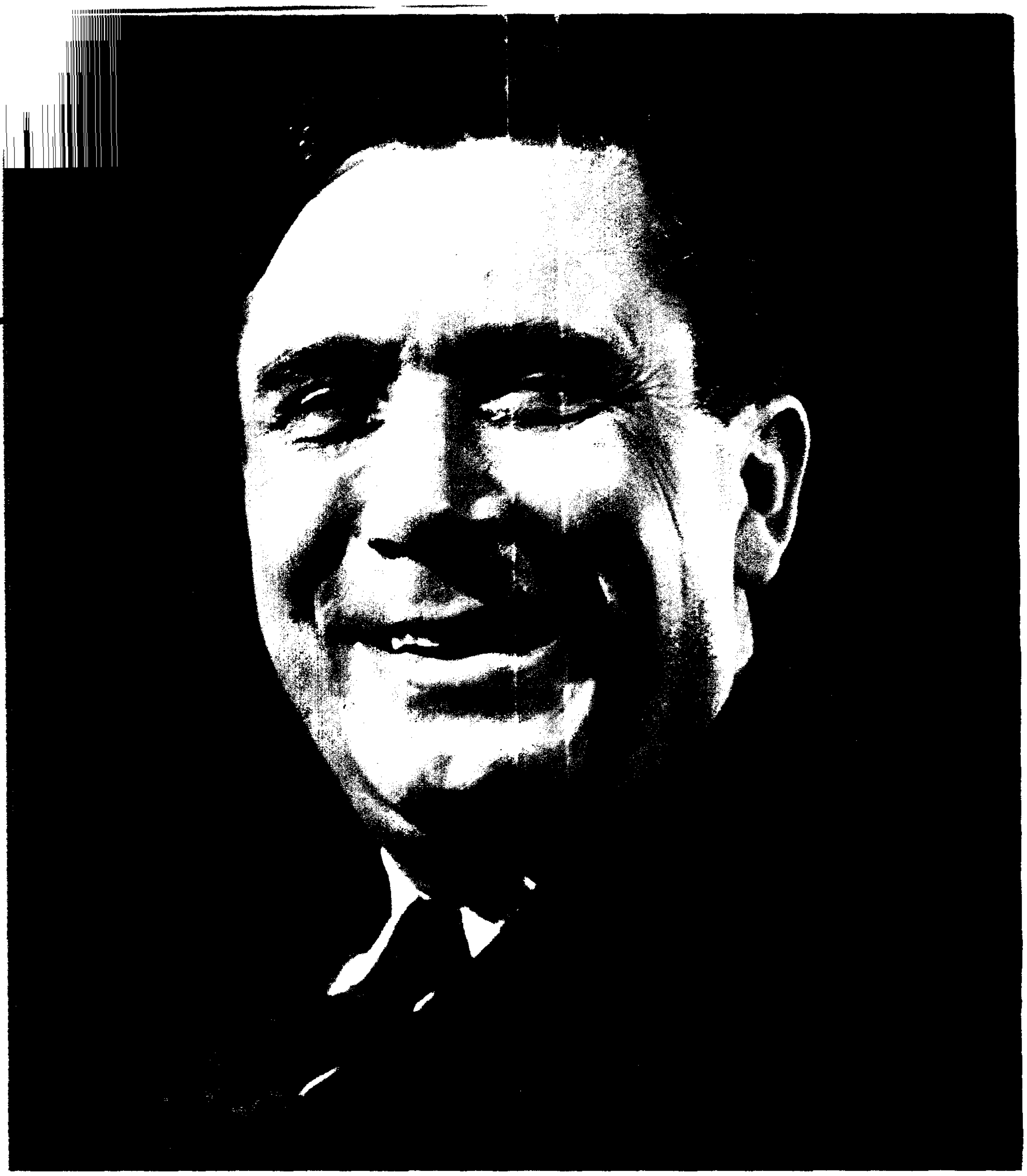
Americans, Stop Being Afraid!

By Wendell L. Willkie



In a recent issue of Collier's Charles Lindbergh argued eloquently for a policy of American isolation. Wendell L. Willkie, leader of the loyal opposition, in this vigorous article holds that we must give Britain all aid needed for victory and that we can continue free and independent only as we accept our obligations to aid other free peoples without hesitation and without fear. We think Mr. Willkie's proposals are wise and right.
The Editor.

THIS is a time when we are proud to be Americans. During one of the greatest crises of modern history, while aggressors and tyrants have been extending their control over the earth, the American people have once more demonstrated how democracy works. We have had presented to us vital legislative measures and sharply divergent points of view on national policy. We have taken time, even during a crisis, to discuss these questions in a democratic way. Among us the principles of free speech and representative government stand forth like rocks unshaken by the storm.

But in these discussions some of our arguments have become crystallized into forms that misrepresent the facts. And this is no time for misrepresentations. One of these misrepresentations above all others we must guard against. It is the argument that one side or the other is deliberately trying to get the country into war. Mr. Lindbergh, for instance, in a recent letter to the American public, warns us that we are being led into war by subtle and insidious subterfuge. The whole argument is an emotional one. *No one* wants war. Every responsible leader in this country wants peace. I said during the recent campaign, and I repeat, that no man can guarantee peace. If we help Britain to the limit, we may become involved in the hostilities. If we do not help her at all, we *also* may become involved in the hostilities. If we do not help her to such an extent that she survives, it is my judgment that we will inevitably be drawn into war.

We will not have peace merely because politicians shout peace or as an answer to our great desire. Neither you nor I nor the President nor Mr. Lindbergh will decide the matter. The question of peace or war will be decided by Mr. Adolf Hitler, and he will answer that question as suits his best interests, irrespective of what we do.

The real question for us is: How can we make democracy work? How can we be effective? It would do us no good to take up arms and lose democracy. But neither would it benefit us to stay at peace, if *that* meant losing democracy. Our problem is *to become effective in preserving democracy not just for this day or this week but over a long period of time.*

Let us examine dispassionately the basic arguments that these times have brought forth.

In general there are two points of view, resting upon opposite principles. The first point of view has been labeled the isolationist point of view. Let us look at it fairly and squarely:

The people who hold the isolationist point of view believe that America will do best to stay away from the rest of the world. They say that we had nothing to do with starting this war, which is just another one of those endless European struggles. They add that it is in any case a war for the preservation of British imperialism; that British imperialism has not had a high humanitarian standard; and that Americans don't want to risk their lives to defend it.

The isolationists point out, with great realism, that an attack upon American soil in the near future by a major power is highly improbable. They say, further, that America does not need the rest of the world; that we can safely conduct our own affairs behind our oceans, without reference to the conduct of affairs in Europe or Asia by aggressor powers. They say that America can be self-sufficient; that we owe nothing to other peoples; and that the preservation of our democracy does not depend upon its survival elsewhere in the world.

THEY say that if we give the belligerents material aid, we ourselves shall become involved in the hostilities. They say they but call us back to the faith of our fathers; and remind us of ancient wrongs and unwise treaties; of the weaknesses that caused the collapse of France and the shortsightedness of former public leaders of the democracies of Europe; they point out our own inadequacies in defense and the superb performance of the German military and aeronautical machine, and with fanatic fear tell us that if we become involved we shall face defeat and humiliation and the loss of our democracy. The wise course for America, they say, is simply to build up a huge defense system, behind which we can safely live.

Every one of us must acknowledge that the isolationists are speaking from the heart, that they are telling us what they really believe. Their motives are high, their intentions are good and some of their arguments are persuasive.

We could well grant most of their statements and still not accept their conclusions; still believe just as firmly in the interdependence of the democratic world. For we know that the world has grown smaller with each development in modern means of communication and transport and that old faiths must be adapted to a modern world; that no wall can be built so high as to exclude the admission of triumphant ideologies. Likewise, it is readily demonstrable that our very prosperity and standard of living—the prerequisites for the continuance of our democracy—cannot be maintained in a world where totalitarian methods of trade prevail.

We also know that with the triumph of the military autocrats our own land would have to become an armed camp and we would consume our substance and liberties in its sustenance. And, above all, if we search our hearts, we know that we shall lose what makes life worth living by abandoning to its enemies our precious heritage, liberty.

We who advocate the international view believe that there are certain basic principles that the isolationists overlook. We acknowledge that America is not in immediate danger of territorial attack. But we cannot agree that the United States is able, at will, to shut herself off from the rest of the world.

The idea that we can shut ourselves off really springs from a failure to realize the importance of America to the rest of the world. We Americans like to live our own lives, and we don't like to interfere in other peoples' lives. Yet we must remember that we are a great people—probably now the greatest and most powerful on earth. We are the largest agricultural producer in the world and the largest industrial producer; we have credits, we have most of the world's gold, we have energy and we have the

(Continued on page 65)

DETERMINED LADY

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

Some of the more interesting details in the life of Carole Landis, who seems to be having her own way about things in spite of hard-working press agents

OUR cousins on the West Coast have survived a bit of everything—earthquakes, fires, floods—but Miss Carole Landis is the outstanding example of a California resident who has survived a press agent. It will be recalled that Miss Landis, in a tragic moment, was dubbed The Ping Girl. Miss Landis has survived that.

The last individual who referred to Miss Landis in her presence as The Ping Girl got a look; the next will wake up slightly in the future with a buzzing. Miss Landis may be many things but she is not a dope. After the damage was done she discovered to her horror that the world was not fully up on Hollywood slang. Some people were certain that Ping referred to a tong hitherto inhabited exclusively by Anna May Wong; others were certain it had to do with a certain indoor game.

What the whole incident gave Miss Landis was a headache. If her life had previously been filled with anything but headaches, the thing might have thrown her. Fortunately, she is used to overcoming obstacles. She started in San Bernardino.

"And no gags about San Bernardino," says Miss Landis, who, if gags are to be made about San Bernardino, makes her own gags.

In those days she was known as Frances Ridste, which was obstacle enough for anybody. Papa Ridste had been a machinist for the Navy and for a time the family had lived in San Diego. After they came to San Bernardino, mother and father had separated and Frances started on a round of jobs that covered the list of occupations set down in the chamber of commerce directory. She worked for a milliner, she clerked in the five-and-dime, she was usher in a movie house, she was a waitress not less than nine different times.

"And I hated school," says Carole. "Get that in."

She hated school. She hated school so intensely that at the age of fifteen she ran off and got married, thinking that this would end all. It ended nothing. She got married on Saturday, discovered on Sunday that the California law says that neither sleet nor snow nor matrimony can stay the course of education until one has reached the age of eighteen.

"I felt a little silly being dragged back to school by Mamma on Monday morning," confesses Carole.

The marriage was annulled and Carole returned to her textbooks and her career as a wage earner. The job she liked best was in the five-and-dime because nothing cost more than ten cents and she was not pushed into those reaches of higher calculus where making change was a torture. The waitress jobs were better except that she could never keep the orders straight.

"Three orders at a time had me nuts," she admits. "I'd bring in the beef stew and give it to the wrong man and he'd start in on it. By that time I'd realize the error and grab it away. The man who was supposed to get the beef stew then wouldn't take it. Before I was through the manager would be making me pay for half the orders."

This convinced the young lady that she wasn't intended for commerce. She managed to scrape up $16.82, which seemed to her to be plenty in her ambition to go out and conquer the world. The world in this guise happened to be San Francisco and the bus landed her right in the midst of that metropolis, knowing not a soul.

"I ought to add at this point," says Miss Landis with her customary candor, "that I married that young fellow again, the one that I had been annulled from before. It lasted only three months this time."

These are the interesting bits of lore that will not be discovered in the press releases of Twentieth Century-Fox, where Carole is now safely snagged with a long-termer and has been working with Betty Grable in Miami, a mastodon of the cinema.

With That Shape—Anything Goes

Howbeit, we left Carole in San Francisco and jobless. She set out to interview night-club managers, keeping her voice at an interesting low point to convince them that the mysteries of romance dwelt in those torchy depths. The boss at the Royal Hawaiian gave her a tryout.

"The voice I wouldn't know," said that worthy. "What I really need is a hula dancer."

"Hula!" cried Landis, giving her torso a convulsive wiggle.

This convinced the manager, who was having trouble with the cook and worries of other natures not concerned with art. Once he was out of sight, Carole pushed a waiter into a corner.

"Anybody else do the hula around here?" she demanded. It seemed that the other hula was Kay Ellis, that girl right over there. It was a cinch between Kay and Carole; they ended as a sister team. Kay had the line on things immediately.

"With that shape," she said eying Carole, "the kazotsky, the polka, anything would be all right."

It turned out that way but what the patrons liked was that corny, husky Landis voice and Carl Ravazza picked her up to be soloist with his orchestra. She took $50 out of the Ravazza till every Saturday night for that service and later got a job at the Rio del Mar Country Club at Santa Cruz for the same dough.

"I was out of my head when I gave up that soft touch," says Carole. "I sang twice a night and slept the rest of the time when I wasn't lying on the beach. If I made a million bucks a week in pictures I still wouldn't have a better life than that."

But a small infectious molecule known as ambition had got into her blood and she took the $100 she had

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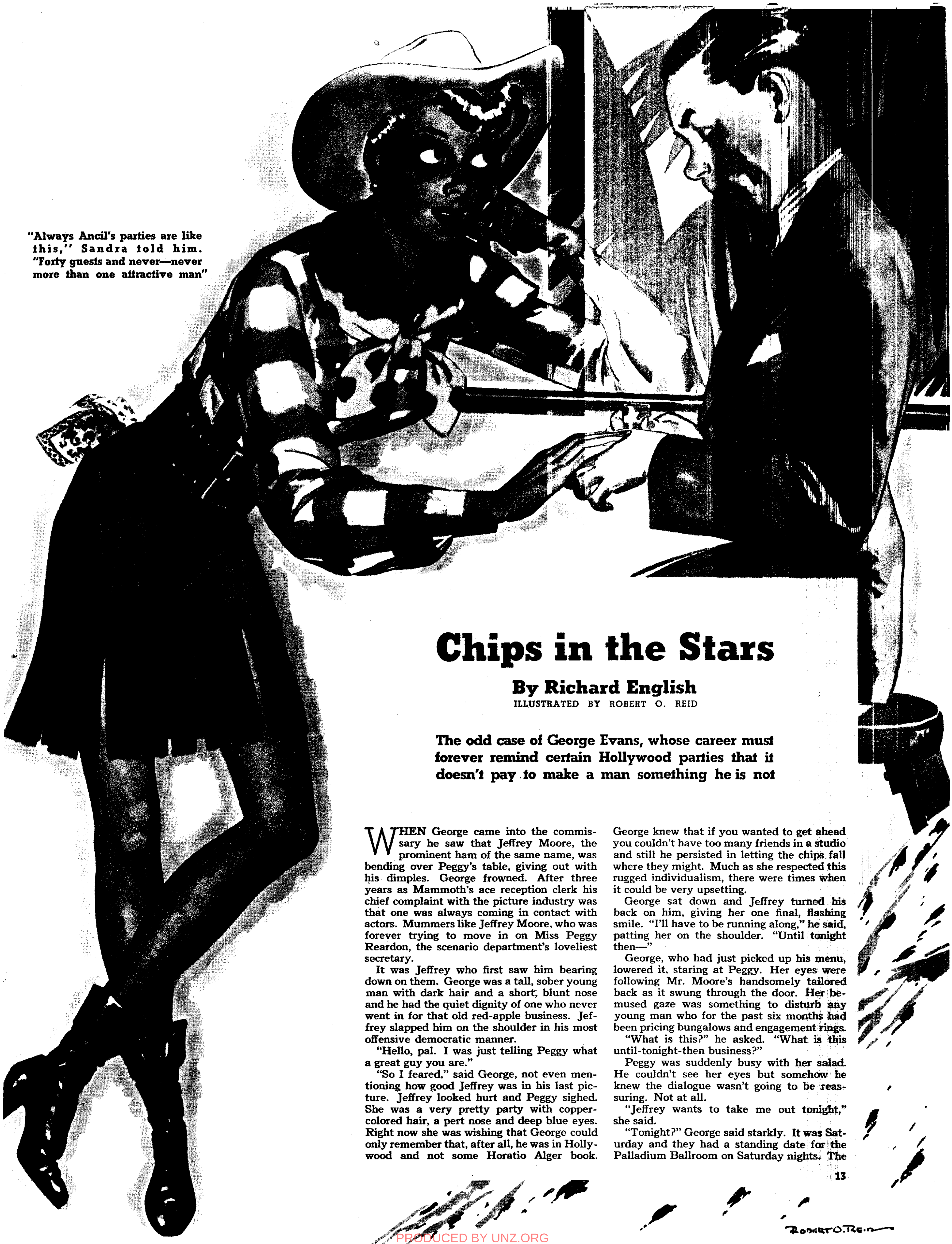


"Always Ancil's parties are like this," Sandra told him. "Forty guests and never—never more than one attractive man"

Chips in the Stars

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The odd case of George Evans, whose career must forever remind certain Hollywood parties that it doesn't pay to make a man something he is not

WHEN George came into the commissary he saw that Jeffrey Moore, the prominent ham of the same name, was bending over Peggy's table, giving out with his dimples. George frowned. After three years as Mammoth's ace reception clerk his chief complaint with the picture industry was that one was always coming in contact with actors. Mummers like Jeffrey Moore, who was forever trying to move in on Miss Peggy Reardon, the scenario department's loveliest secretary.

It was Jeffrey who first saw him bearing down on them. George was a tall, sober young man with dark hair and a short, blunt nose and he had the quiet dignity of one who never went in for that old red-apple business. Jeffrey slapped him on the shoulder in his most offensive democratic manner.

"Hello, pal. I was just telling Peggy what a great guy you are."

"So I feared," said George, not even mentioning how good Jeffrey was in his last picture. Jeffrey looked hurt and Peggy sighed. She was a very pretty party with copper-colored hair, a pert nose and deep blue eyes. Right now she was wishing that George could only remember that, after all, he was in Hollywood and not some Horatio Alger book. George knew that if you wanted to get ahead you couldn't have too many friends in a studio and still he persisted in letting the chips fall where they might. Much as she respected this rugged individualism, there were times when it could be very upsetting.

George sat down and Jeffrey turned his back on him, giving her one final, flashing smile. "I'll have to be running along," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "Until tonight then—"

George, who had just picked up his menu, lowered it, staring at Peggy. Her eyes were following Mr. Moore's handsomely tailored back as it swung through the door. Her bemused gaze was something to disturb any young man who for the past six months had been pricing bungalows and engagement rings.

"What is this?" he asked. "What is this until-tonight-then business?"

Peggy was suddenly busy with her salad. He couldn't see her eyes but somehow he knew the dialogue wasn't going to be reassuring. Not at all.

"Jeffrey wants to take me out tonight," she said.

"Tonight?" George said starkly. It was Saturday and they had a standing date for the Palladium Ballroom on Saturday nights. The

color was creeping into his face. "He's got his nerve," he said bitterly. "Who does that ham think he is, anyway? Why, even his stand-in is a phony!"

Peggy didn't have that beautiful red hair for nothing. She looked at George a moment and then she laid down her fork. "Listen, George," she said reasonably, "just because you don't like him doesn't make him a phony. All he did was ask me if he could take me to Ciro's."

The very thought of Peggy being exposed to that carriage trade made George nervous. If those producers ever saw Peggy floating around with someone like Jeffrey Moore they would be wanting her to trade in her notebook for a make-up case. It was to protect her from just such a fate that George had spent three months slaving over an original aviation story.

That story was meant to elevate him from the reception desk to a scenario berth; a contract and the means with which to install Peggy in a minor Moorish bungalow. For weeks now his story had languished in Mr. Ancil Steinberg's office and, at the present rate of production, it would still be unread a year from now. That knowledge upset him all the more.

"What about us?" he demanded. "You know we always go out Saturday nights. After practically going steady—"

Peggy's blue eyes were troubled. Until they were actually engaged she felt there shouldn't be any strings on either of them. Even George should realize that any girl would like a chance to go to Ciro's with a famous movie star. If he wasn't so unreasonable he would understand those things. She said that, and George could feel himself growing old and cold all over.

"Unreasonable?" he said stiffly. "Who's unreasonable? It's just that I don't want my girl going out with one of these etchings experts. Do I make myself clear?"

Peggy stared at him, her lovely lips slightly parted. When she did speak her eyes were smoldering. "You make it very clear, George," she said icily. "I hadn't accepted yet but I will now! After all, I'm old enough to pick my own company. And that doesn't mean it has to be you!"

BEFORE he could even think up an answer to that one she had laid aside her napkin, picked up her purse and was halfway to the cashier's. George was white with trying to control his seething emotions. He hadn't said anything to make her that mad. A dark and growing bitterness was swirling within him. Who did she think she was? Just because he wasn't in the chips. . . .

The trouble was with Mammoth itself. Their guiding genius, Mr. Ancil Steinberg, was a man of sudden moods and furies and the studio floundered on the same uneven keel. Their Little Napoleon either had eight epics rolling at once or everyone sitting around going crazy with nothing to do. With the studio running in fits and spasms a young man who was in the throes of life's noblest emotion had no chance to better himself. And until he did, he was going to be up to his ears in actors who were also taken with Miss Reardon.

George was moodily finishing his deviled-egg sandwich when Miss Meyer came bustling into the restaurant. She was the gray, sleek lady who had been Mr. Steinberg's personal secretary clear back in the days when he didn't have a studio to his name. She scanned the café and, seeing George, came hurrying toward him, bearing a large manila envelope.

"I was afraid you had already left," she gasped. "Mr. Steinberg's gone to Palm Springs and some very important papers he's been expecting have just arrived. These are very confidential, George, and so I want you to take them to Mr. Steinberg yourself. He's having some friends down for the week end and you'll find him at his house."

George glanced at the envelope. "I—I don't suppose Mr. Steinberg's got around to reading that story I brought you?"

Miss Meyer shook her head. "You must remember he's a very busy man," she said reprovingly. "When the right time comes I'll call it to his attention. Now, how soon can you get started, George?"

"As soon as I get some gas," he said wearily, picking up the envelope and starting for the door. Any other time he would have resented the studio intruding into his precious week end. But now that he was free-lancing he might as well be in Palm Springs as anywhere else. At least it was a long, long way from Ciro's.

ACCORDING to his speedometer it was exactly a hundred and twenty-six miles from the studio to El Rancho Steinberg. It was a sprawling pink adobe mansion on the outskirts of Palm Springs and it was entirely surrounded by a pink wall that guarded the mighty from the gaze of the curious. Gloomy clouds were hovering over the desert as George turned in the gate and started up the long semicircular drive.

The drive was filled with station wagons and limousines and there was even one buckboard present, driven in by someone who was doing Palm Springs the hard way. George pulled up before the house and before he could even open his door two footmen descended upon him.

"Mr. Steinberg's expecting me," he said. "If you'll just tell him—"

The footmen had already gone into action. Veterans of a hundred unexpected guests, in thirty seconds flat they had him out of his car, into the house, up the stairs, down a corridor and into the largest bedroom George had ever seen, not omitting those in Miss Joan Crawford's pictures. For a moment George was lost in the general vicinity of a four-poster bed. When he recovered his bearings it was to discover that one of the servants was laying out the contents of his overnight bag and the other was drawing his bath.

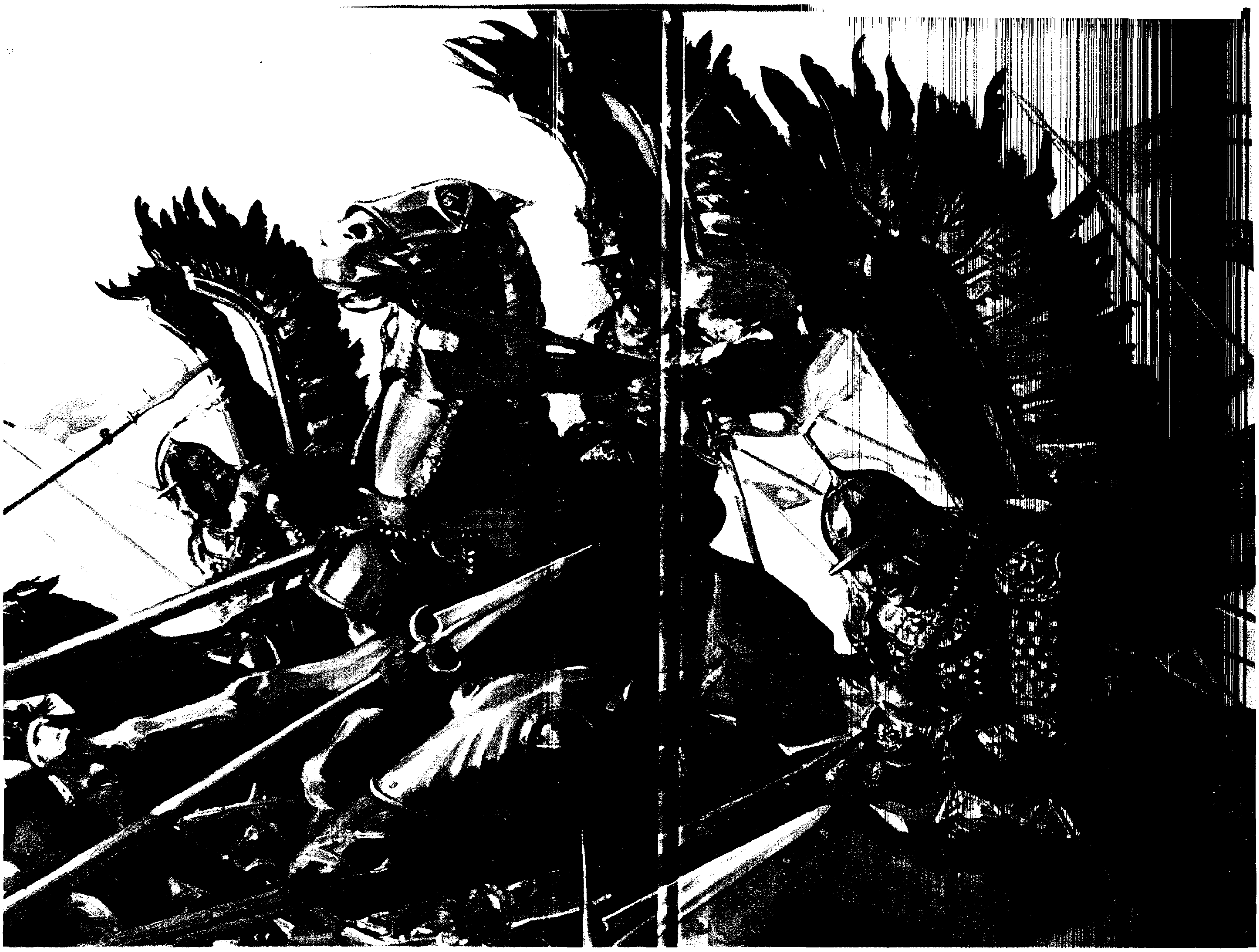
"Not so fast," said George. "I brought some papers down for Mr. Steinberg and—"

One of the footmen already had the precious envelope and was going out the door. "I'll deliver it to his suite, sir. You'll find the other guests in the Cactus Room. Dinner will be at eight, breakfast at eleven, and if you desire chaps and a sombrero kindly inform the housekeeper."

For a moment George was too dazed even to reply. He had already picked out a little auto court where he could afford to pass the night and suddenly to find himself impersonating one of Mr. Steinberg's house guests was very upsetting. People had been banished from Hollywood for far less. Finally getting a grip on himself, he ventured out into the hall and after some little difficulty discovered the stairway. Once he made the ground floor he found Mr. Steinberg in the Cactus Room.

(Continued on page 36)

"Have you gone crazy?" she gasped. "If they ever find you in here—" He looked up. "This happens to be my office," he said with quiet dignity



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

They were shearing through, their great horses racing. They picked openings and came through with swinging swords

Knights with Wings

By Harold Lamb

THAT morning began when the sun came through the mist. It was the warm sun of early spring, and when it struck through the pines, and into the gray ferns of the forest, it warmed the bodies of the Pole named Szary, and the girl lying beside him—close beside him for warmth.

They were lying there shivering and listening, and they heard the melting snow trickling into the hollows of this Baltic forest. They were looking out between the ferns, across the ribbon of the river toward the black castle, secure on that far bank.

"It looks," she whispered, "like a buffalo lying down, very comfortably."

"No, it doesn't," Szary objected. "A buffalo gets up after a while, and goes to some other place, to fill his belly with grass or with water or with whatever a buffalo likes. This stronghold of Vorberg will not move itself away. No, it has bedded itself down to stay there by the river."

She smiled, while her teeth chattered from cold and excitement. "Vorberg hath no need to go away, Szary," she objected, "to fill its belly. Nay, it sits there atop the river, and it eats our countryside."

"Hush you, chatter bird," he growled. He thought he heard a hunting horn. And he moved his hand stiffly toward the damp, broken branches, putting them on the steaming embers of last night's fire. She did not try to help him, knowing that she might hurt him by that. For this chattering girl, this Yadvi of Cracow, knew Szary's mind, and she wondered often how she might ease that black temper of his until it would not hurt him.

White smoke swirled up from the wet pine branches, making, Yadvi thought, a new white giant's plume in the forest. She knew that Szary wanted this. Careful had he been to make an eye of light by night where the watchers on Vorberg's keep could see it—and now a heavy smoke for the huntsmen to observe.

"They ride this way," said Szary, his head close to the ground. Here, in the ravine, sounds carried far, and he thought that stones rattled down below them.

And Yadvi's head, with its disordered, strawlike hair, pressed close beside his. The devilkin of a girl was lying on her back, her gray eyes half closed. She was hiding the chill and the fear that tore at her; but she could not hide the pulse throbbing in her throat. And she begged something of him, quickly, while the telltale smoke rose over the two of them like a tent. "Szary, do not be angry again. When you feel hot rage, say to yourself it doesn't matter. I want you to think of me, and say that to yourself. Do it."

Her gray eyes, close to his, held him as if her bare arms were around his neck. He looked over her, through the ferns, without seeing anything.

"Do it!"

"Certainly," he grunted.

(Continued on page 25)

Editor's Note: The riders in the illustration above are Poland's famed *Winged Hussars, the fearless, expert riders that flourished as a military* unit for a century after the Poles and Lithuanians had broken the yoke of the Teutonic Knights in the first battle of Tannenberg (Grunewald) in 1410. The feathered wings, reminiscent of the Polish eagle emblem, were symbolic of salvation after death in battle but had the more practical effect of overawing the enemy in spectacular charges

OUR NEW ARMY

COLORADO

LOWRY FIELD, DENVER. Three years ago this still expanding post had a personnel of 250 men living in an obsolete T. B. sanitarium on 100 square miles of bombing range. Today some 8,000 men attend bombardment, photographic and clerical classes in this Army Air Corps Technical School Division. Pride of Lowry is the $1,250,000-plus barracks which, if it isn't the Army's most gigantic, is close enough to it. Completely self-contained, the four-story stucco palace, with its tile roof, houses 2,200 men. The place is a bedlam at reveille and messtime.

No fliers are trained here; just technicians in bombs and arms operable from planes, Air Corps cameramen, and lads peculiarly adapted to handle the highly specialized paper work. The latter division recently overflowed to Fort Logan, a post since Civil War days, on the other side of town. Because of the photographic work, Denver and environs is becoming the nation's most filmed terrain. Big boss of the photo school is Lieut. Col. Albert W. Stevens, who, with Capt. A. O. Anderson, made the 60,613-foot stratosphere flight from Rapid City in 1934.

The main bombing range is about twelve miles southeast of Denver; halfway out is a bomb magazine and auxiliary field. To cut down on noise, which Denver citizens feared, bombs are either dummies or black-powder semidummies which make holes just big enough to show hits. The 600-pounders sound like a distant thunderstorm to Denverites and haven't as yet dispersed the few remaining herds of wild pronghorn antelopes living on the bomb-dented prairie.

Lowry bomb experts last January had their oddest assignment to date. For six years, children around Fort Lupton, a few miles north of Denver, had been kicking around a fifty-pound chunk of iron resembling a cannon ball. Somebody got the idea it might be a bomb, so a crew rushed up from Lowry Field and took the toy away from the kids. Nobody knows where the thing came from, but the crew, without a great deal of difficulty, made it blow up. Even the bomb experts were startled.

OKLAHOMA

FORT SILL, LAWTON. If Pvt. Earl Mowat is looking a little sour these days it's because the Army's classification system is too good. Drafted a month and a half ago, Pvt. Mowat was ordered to Fort Sill where commanding officers, learning that he had been a Dallas cop, assigned him to duty as a military policeman. That irked our subject considerably, but what really got him down was that, when he reported in his detail for duty, he found that his corporal was another former resident of Dallas—a garageman named Red Fyling whom Pvt. Mowat had ofttimes admonished for alleged violation of an ordinance prohibiting repairmen from following police cars to the scene of an auto wreck. The situation weighs heavily upon the soul of Pvt. Mowat. Corporal Fyling thinks it's great.

TEXAS

CAMP BOWIE, BROWNWOOD. The bugler of the 142d Infantry is sitting pretty. When his alarm clock explodes one minute before reveille is due he merely picks up his bugle and a hand microphone, leans back on his pillow and tootles the tune which, emanating from four loud-speakers in the center of the regimental area, advises the boys to quit dreaming. Even when the regiment takes to the field the bugler's job is simple; a mobile amplifying unit and a radio expert travel along in the reconnaissance car of Regimental Commander Col. Nat. S. Perrine. The colonel uses the system, too. Sitting in his car, he can reach almost every man in his outfit without raising his voice; the amplifier converts it into a roar that can be heard for a mile.

Chaplain of the 36th Division, of which the 142d is a part, is Captain Goldman Drury, who will make use of the mobile equipment on maneuvers. He plans to put a portable radio in front of one of the mikes and broadcast hymns.

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, STARKE. Old soldiers know that a military unit is only as good as its mess sergeant, because the man who feeds the men makes or breaks the outfit. It explains why many of the boys at Blanding think mess sergeants should be given commissions and may account for the fact that many—if not all—of the 31st Division's caterers were promoted to the rank of staff sergeant early last month.

The company mess sergeant must have some of the attributes of a genius. He requisitions staple foodstuffs—everything from salt and pepper to canned goods and packaged cereals—twice monthly, and perishables—such as vegetables, fruit, butter and meats—three times weekly, from requisition forms listing as many as seventy-four staples and fifty perishables. It sounds simple but it ain't. The chow boss must order for approximately 170 men—510 meals a day. He has to think ahead fifteen days when he orders meat; and he's out on a limb if, in the meantime, a lot of his men are transferred, or a group of unexpected draftees is plopped into his midst.

In addition to being a soothsayer, the sergeant must also be an accountant. He has to figure, with slide-rule accuracy, the value of groceries served per man per meal and must, at the end of the month, be within his subsistence allowance. When he makes up his report he may be a lot of folding money in the red, but what's left in the pantry can be credited against the deficit. The smart ones come out on top; the others don't stay mess sergeants. The consensus among Blanding soldiers is that if Uncle Sam goes to war it won't be won by officers but by the flock of unsung heroes who feed the Army, and work eighteen or twenty hours a day to do it.

MESS SERGEANT DONALD BENOIT, Co. A, 118th Quartermaster Corps, hails from St. Albans, Vermont, and reports that the men of the 43d (New England) Division are having a time trying to get used to rice, eggplant and a few other items common to the South. A few who tried grits said "N'yaaaah!" even after a kindhearted Georgia painter, working with the construction forces, brought a fresh supply of his own choosing from Starke, turned chef in Co. A's kitchen one night and cooked it as it should be. Troops this month are going on a uniform ration, which, if it includes grits, will undoubtedly prove to be a good starting point for a mutiny.

Some mess sergeants of the 43d are experimenting with strange foods, but are also drawing groceries the boys recognize, so most menus are of New England persuasion. The American Legion Post at St. Albans, though, was responsible for saving the lives of Co. A's personnel. When one of the boys wrote home to report that the issue treacle was a mixture of cane and corn syrup, the veterans shipped down a few cans of maple syrup. The limited supply is being doled out with a medicine dropper and the lads in Co. A—not to mention other units of the 43d—are hoping that maybe the people back home . . .

MASSACHUSETTS

CAMP EDWARDS, FALMOUTH. Members of the 198th Coast Artillery have finally lost all belief in Army rumors. Mobilized last summer, the Delaware National Guard outfit hadn't spent a week at Camp Upton, New York, before "the inside dope" had them breezing down to Georgia for the winter. The colder the weather got the oftener the rumor renewed itself, changing geographical details to practically no extent at all. It was always Georgia. Then winter began to expire and the once wishful rumor boomeranged. By gad, they had it straight from headquarters; they *were* going to be shipped down to Georgia—and who wanted to burn up all summer in the South after freezing at Upton all winter? A fine thing. The uproar fizzled out when the 198th was moved up to Cape Cod last month, and the boys have learned to be leery of tips that come straight from the feed bag.

WARRANT OFFICER ERNEST E. WALFORD, 181st Infantry bandmaster, veteran of the British army and the A.E.F., was pretty fed up with the same old round of marches. "What we need," said he, "is a few new ones. Tunes in step with the times. Pieces with plenty of brasses. Modern marches for a modern Army. We need another Sousa." Newspapers took up his cry; for a month thereafter, amateur and professional composers rained marches on him. Patiently Bandmaster Walford tried each one out. "We still need new marches," he reports.

BECAUSE a 75-mm. shell costs the Army twelve dollars, the lads in Battery G (antitank), 180th Field Artillery, figured they wouldn't get enough firing practice, so they rigged up a .22 rifle atop their fieldpiece and now fire away at an approximate cost of one-half cent per ping.

BOSTON HARBOR FORTS. For the top men of the New England and Long Island Sound coastal defenses, who recently eagle-eyed the harbor's ten forts in the biggest inspection since 1918, some 4,000 soldiers put the 12- and 16-inch guns through their paces. It was pretty spectacular, but the lads at newly manned Fort Dawes (antiaircraft), on Deer Island, unwittingly stole the show when they asked the 101st Observation Squadron to send over a plane to simulate an attack on the fort. Bedeviled by frequent and similar requests, the 101st dispatched Lieut. "Jerry" Delay, who well-nigh wrecked the aplomb of the inspecting brass hats. The lieutenant began his demonstration by making a screaming beeline for the staff cars and scaring the whiskers off newsmen and officers who thought the flier was going to pull a can-opener act on the tops of the vehicles. After that came power dives by the dozen, directed at the antiaircraft crews whose trigger fingers must have itched plenty. By the time the lieutenant headed for home the inspecting officers had some idea about coastal defenses. Big guns are impressive but not so hot when it comes to air attack.

NEW YORK

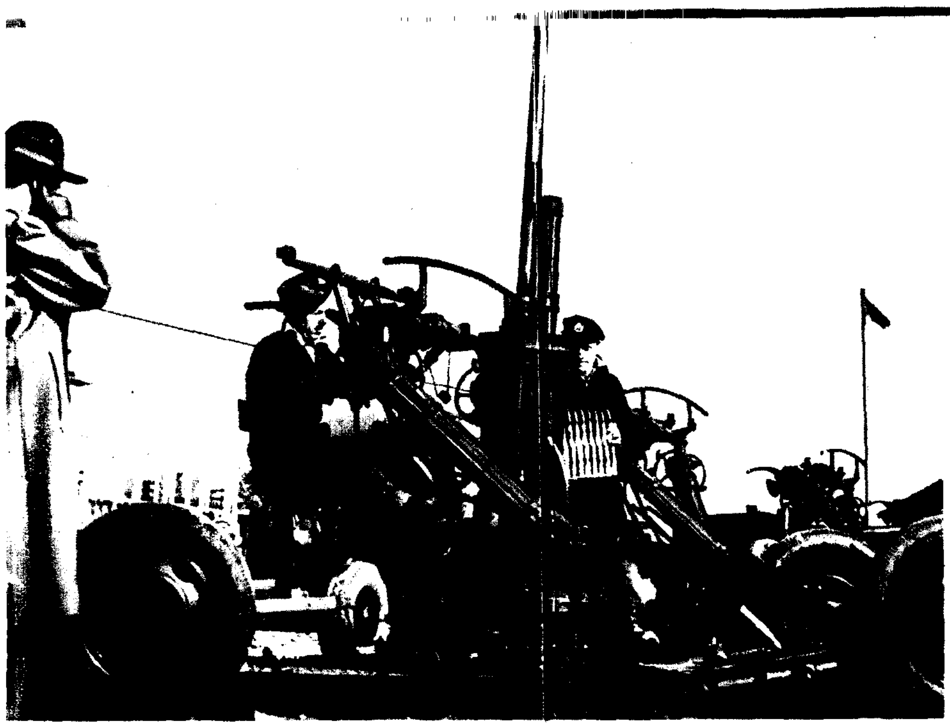
THREE FORTS guard the entrance to Long Island Sound: Terry (Plum Island), Michie (Great Gull Island) and Wright (Fisher's Island). First two are manned by the 242d Coast Artillery, the latter by the 11th. Battery K, of the 242d, took over Fort Terry last September when the post comprised nothing but sand, a few deserted buildings and dry pine trees. Today more than forty buildings house nearly 1,700 men, including 300 New England draftees. Gales blow day and night and the three ancient quartermaster boats which connect with the mainland (New London, Connecticut, is twelve miles away) find it difficult to keep a schedule. Few weeks ago one of the boats, loaded with men anticipating a week-end leave, had to turn back because of choppy water and most of the soldiers lurched to their barracks seasick. Bigger boats are promised, but you know how that is.

BATTERY G'S Corporal ("Little Caesar") Meier isn't the sort of guy who lets a little arithmetic worry him. While lecturing the boys on military courtesy; the corporal let it slip that he was twenty-one and comes from an old military family. "My grandfather," stated Corp. Meier, "was shot while riding a white horse during the Civil War and my father, a major in the A.E.F., was also

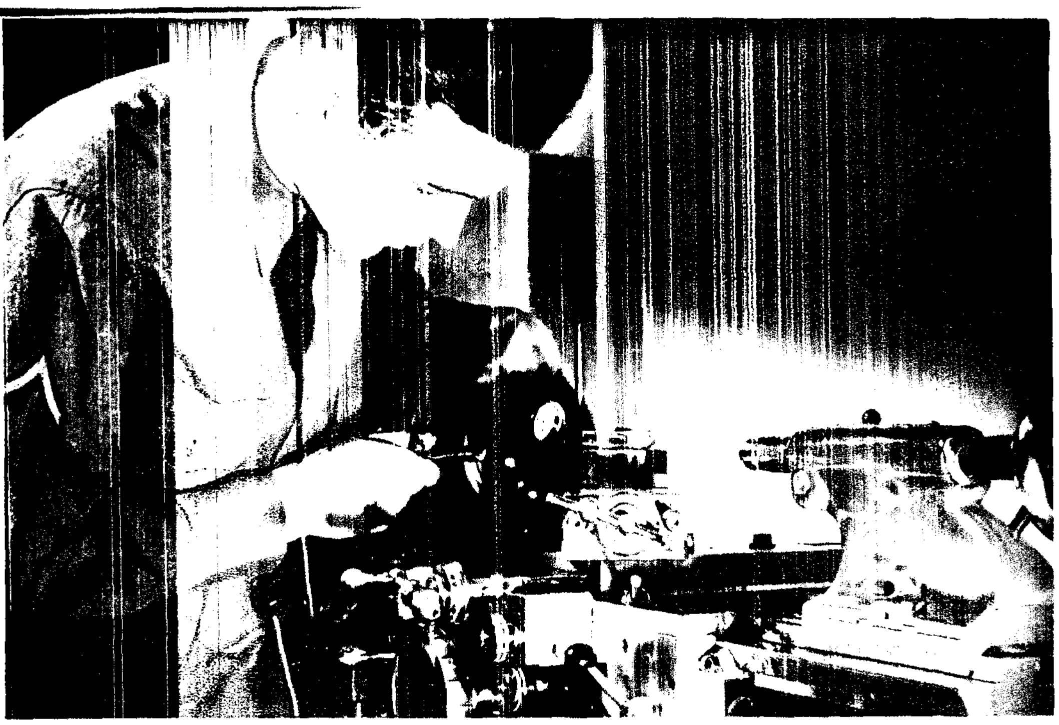
(Continued on page 58)

Ordnance Maintenance. To the personnel of Ordnance Maintenance Companies goes the tremendous job of keeping the Army's guns, ammunition and bombs in firing condition, its vehicles in running order, its tools and instruments in repair. Full ordnance complement comprises ten medium maintenance companies (128 men and six officers each), two heavy units (195 men and eight officers each) and a railway unit of seventy-seven men and four officers. Ordnance lists fifty-eight classifications or trades including armorers and instrument repairers (shown on opposite page). Main training center is located at Aberdeen, Maryland, whence graduates are dispatched to GHQ units and field army maintenance groups

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



Civilian workers at Aberdeen Proving Ground test 37-mm. antiaircraft gun, which ordnance men must know how to keep in good running order

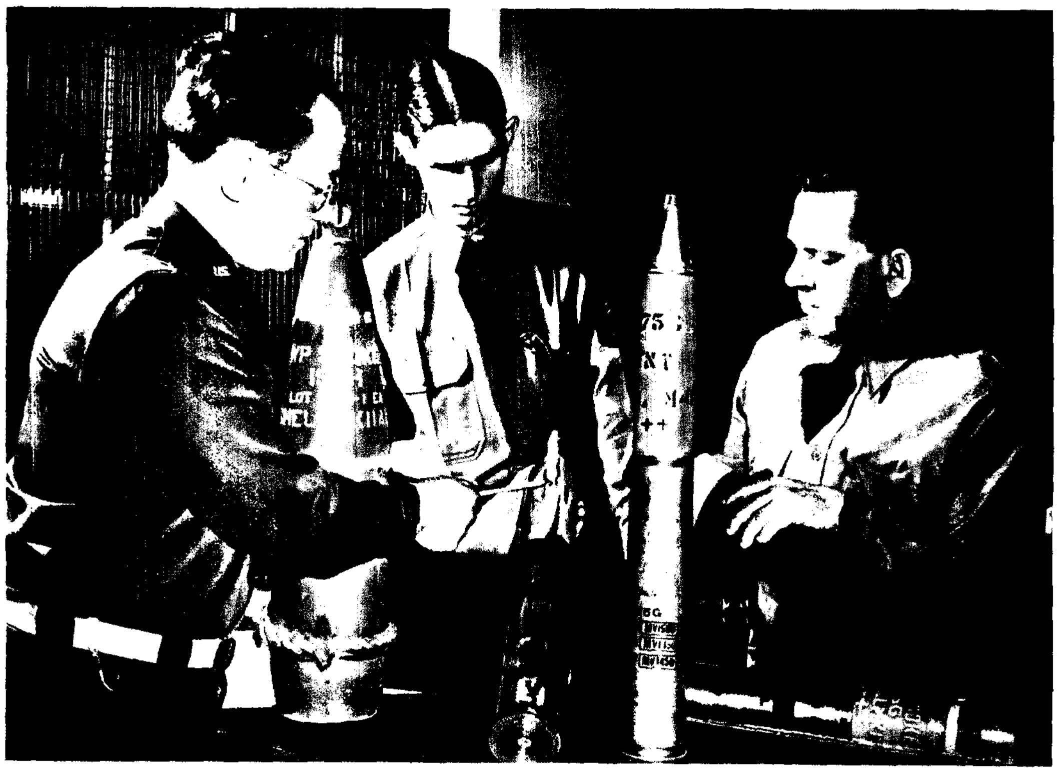


At a precision lathe First Class Pvt. John Carlow watches the dial-test indicator as he makes a slight adjustment on a battery commander's telescope

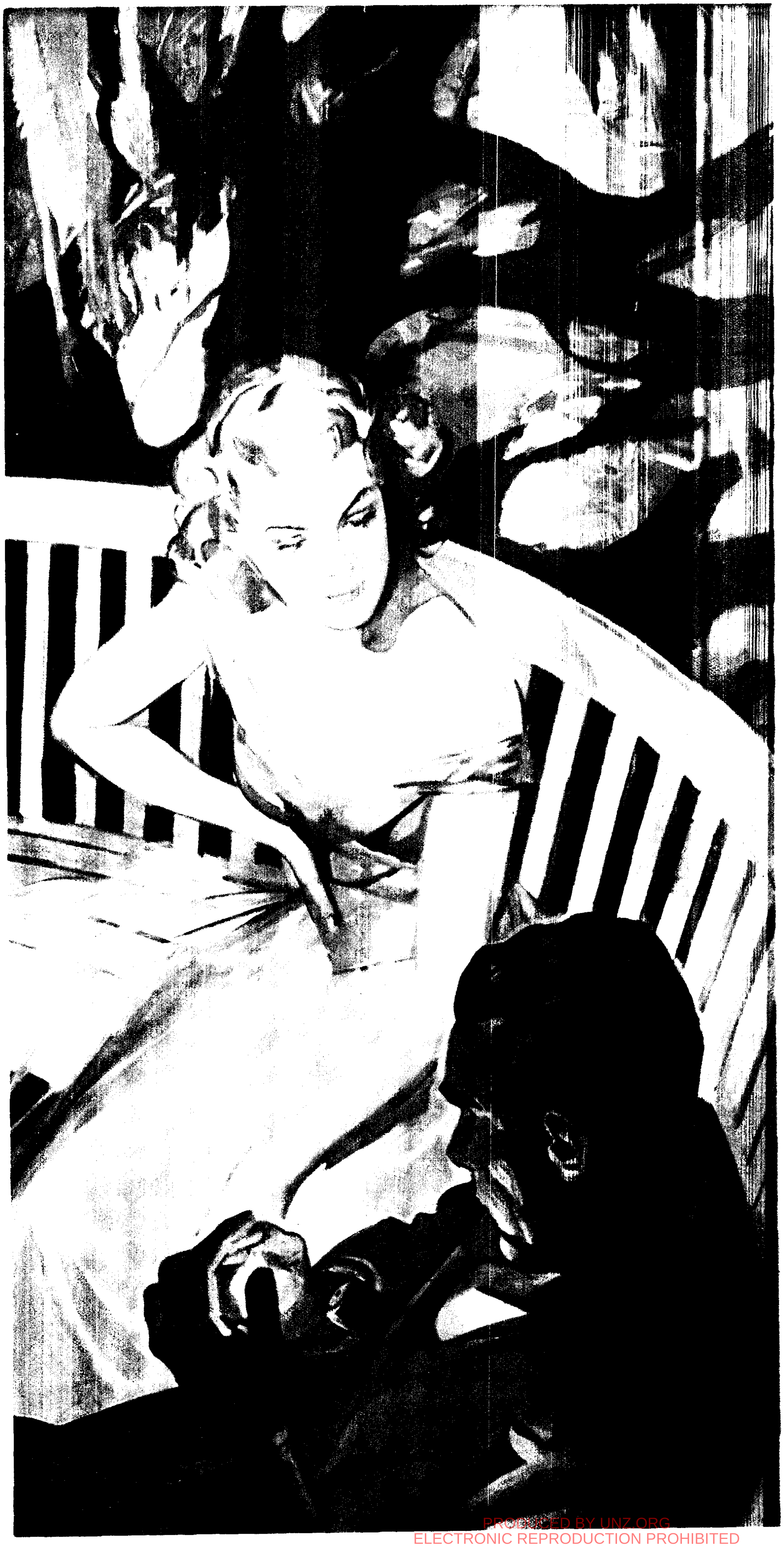
Small arms are part of the study. Staff Sgt. Richard Ryan is learning the correlation of Colt .45 parts. Each man has his own set of tools

An armorer must know the principles of metallurgy and have a better-than-average education. This class is studying a .50-caliber Browning tank machine gun

After twelve years in cavalry, Tech. Sgt. Jesse Dickinsen is now an ordnance man. He is shown adjusting a field artillery rangefinder



Thorough knowledge of ammunition is essential. Lieut. G. B. Jarrett explains the fuse workings of a 75-mm. shell to Tech. Sgts. Lee Dance and Ralph LaBroad



Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IN ENGLAND, Dale Meredith, an American girl, is the guest of the Aylesworths—Peter and his wife—just before the war starts. Peter goes into the army. Dale, Mrs. Aylesworth and her baby, Joyce, sail for this country on the Athenia.

When the Athenia, torpedoed, goes down, Mrs. Aylesworth is drowned. But Dale and Joyce come through safely; and presently they are comfortably ensconced in Dale's home, in the Deep Southern town of Karnak—socially attractive, politically foul.

A short time after Dale returns, a group of citizens put her name on the ballot of the coming primary election, nominate her for the office of sheriff. Dale (certain that she will be defeated) is highly amused. So are her friends—and most of the county's politicians. . . .

Seriously wounded, Peter Aylesworth loses an arm. No longer of use to his country, he comes to Karnak, where he becomes the guest of the Merediths—Dale and her father, a prominent druggist. Everyone gives him a cordial welcome; everyone likes him.

Dale, too, is popular. Why she has never married is a mystery that the town's gossips cannot explain. For a long time, Dale and Jerry Hamilton—owner of Chinquapin Plantation, eighteen miles from Karnak—had *apparently* been in love. But, following a trip to New York, Jerry had returned to Karnak; and from that time on, he had seemed to avoid Dale. Why? Only Jerry knows the answer. Certainly Dale does not—she is puzzled, perplexed, hurt by his singularly changed attitude toward her. . . .

The election is held. To the amazement of the whole county, Dale is nominated. And Neil Berkeley—whose man, Angel Verner, is now the sheriff—astounds her still further by assuring her that he will not oppose her election at the general elections to be held in November! . . .

The Florida Flyer stops at Karnak. A woman—a woman so gorgeously beautiful, so stunning, that the loiterers around the station gasp when they see her—steps out. Angel Verner, realizing that she is a stranger, speaks to her. She says that she wishes to go to Chinquapin Plantation; *she says that she is Jerry Hamilton's wife!*

II

THE plantation house at Chinquapin was white against a background of gray. It was an old and gracious house fronted by a columned veranda. This veranda faced a curving driveway which jutted off from the sandy road leading out through Four Holes Swamp from Karnak.

The brief bit of upland on the banks of the sluggish Catbill River was drenched in silver from the full moon overhead. And to the ears of the big, homely man who sat on the veranda puffing at his pipe, the symphony of the swamp drifted pleasantly.

Jerry Hamilton was alone. He was accustomed to being alone. It was soothing to listen to the sigh of the night wind through sycamore and cypress, live oak and loblolly pine, magnolia and persimmon. The air was fresh and fragrant.

A faint gray haze hung over the rolling, sandy land, partially concealing the outbuildings. Gazing through the night, Jerry watched the lights in the Negro quarters wink out, one by one. He prepared to shake himself loose from the lethargy that enveloped him. Way past his bedtime . . . and then, when he would have risen, he hesitated. His ears, attuned to every tiniest natural sound of the swamp and of the river, caught the asthmatic cough of a motor.

Visitors at this hour? Jerry saw the yellowish headlights approaching through the trees and fancied that he recognized the motor as that of Johnny Ellis' car. Johnny called his car a taxi when out-of-town folks wanted to hire it, which seemed to give the decrepit jaloppy a certain personality.

It was Johnny's car all right, and it came in through the gateway and chugged to a halt right below where Jerry was sitting. He rose and moved toward the bare patch of ground in front of his home. He looked tremendous in the half-light, bigger than he actually was—which was very big indeed. He said cheerily, "Hi, Johnny . . ." and then he didn't say anything and his teeth clamped down hard on the stem of his pipe.

(Continued on page 48)

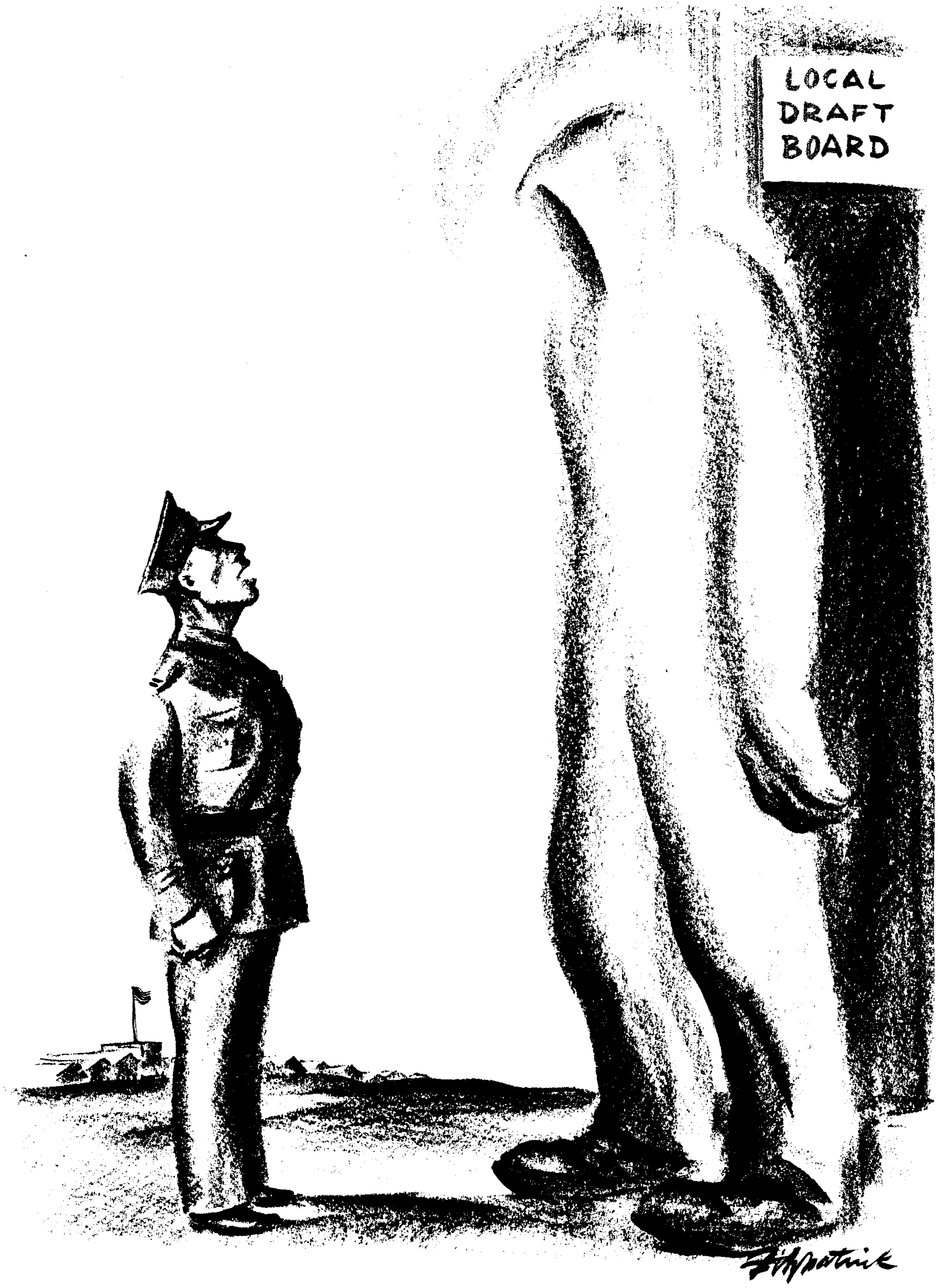
They settled themselves in a garden seat. She said, "I'm going to ask you questions, Jerry, and I want you to promise not to laugh at them"

Too Mad to Fight

By Walter Davenport

CARTOON BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

Three fifths of the disabled veterans of the A.E.F. are mental cases—psychotics who broke under the shock of war. They've cost you a billion dollars since 1926. And the bill next time is going to be a lot higher unless the Army finds some way to eliminate the thousands of mentally unfit that are certain to crack up



The Army psychiatrist's job is to detect the mentally unfit 15 per cent before it's too late

THE news from the War Department was received with mingled emotions. It was that the country's draft boards were delivering men into the Army at the rate of 150,000 a month. The newspapers gave it bold headlines. You could almost hear the radio commentators rubbing their hands as they asked Mr. Hitler to take notice and, if he had the sense of a spring rabbit, mend his ways.

But the news was even better than that. The business of raising an army was, said the general staff, so well organized that if it were urgently necessary we could have an Army of three million men in fifteen days. The Selective Service System, machine-tooled by the competent Mr. Clarence A. Dykstra and his deputy, Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, was running with the precision of a juke box. If need be, it would be necessary only to press a button and the local draft boards the country over would shift into high. A large number of our most vigorous editors wrote simultaneously, and without consulting one another, that, overnight, the United States had become an armed camp standing at Armageddon. And most of them went on to say that every man thus punted into said camp was a savior of democracy. All of which was inspiriting news to a world stricken to its bowels with the misery.

There was at least one room in the headquarters of the Selective Service System in which the bulletin was not greeted with hoarse cheering. At the moment several justly renowned neurologists, psychiatrists and similarly minded scientists were occupying that room, their hands clasped upon their stomachs, their eyes focused upon the ends of their noses, their hearts bowed down by a sense of futility. As it is impossible for any group of men of high intelligence and expert training to be in complete accord, they were not as one in everything. But they were unanimous in that whereas two per cent of the young Americans up for induction into military service were being rejected as mentally unfit, the percentage should be nearer fifteen. And if only their ideal soldier were to wear the uniform, rejections would be so numerous that almost nobody without extraordinary political influence would have a chance to struggle into the Army. Not because we are a nation of nuts, understand, but merely that these gentlemen had spent many years at grips with crippled personalities, neurotics, the maladjusted, the borderliners, the frustrated, the depressed, the hysterical and so on up and down the goofy gamut.

Each of these scientists had been summoned from important posts in psychiatry by the President himself and commissioned to lend his skill and experience to the task of keeping our new Army as free as an army may be of the psychopath, the feebleminded and the frankly insane. They had responded almost joyously, for it seldom happens more than once in a lifetime that psychiatric laboratories, such as the draft boards were establishing, are available. Their job was not to treat and seek cure for the demented enrollee, conjuring him with tests and therapy into good soldier material. Rather they had been asked to spot the potential crackpot as he presented himself with all his deep-seated symptoms before the induction board, thus relieving the Army of his disturbing presence and saving the staggering American taxpayer millions of subsequent dollars in hospitals, pensions, compensations and maintenance.

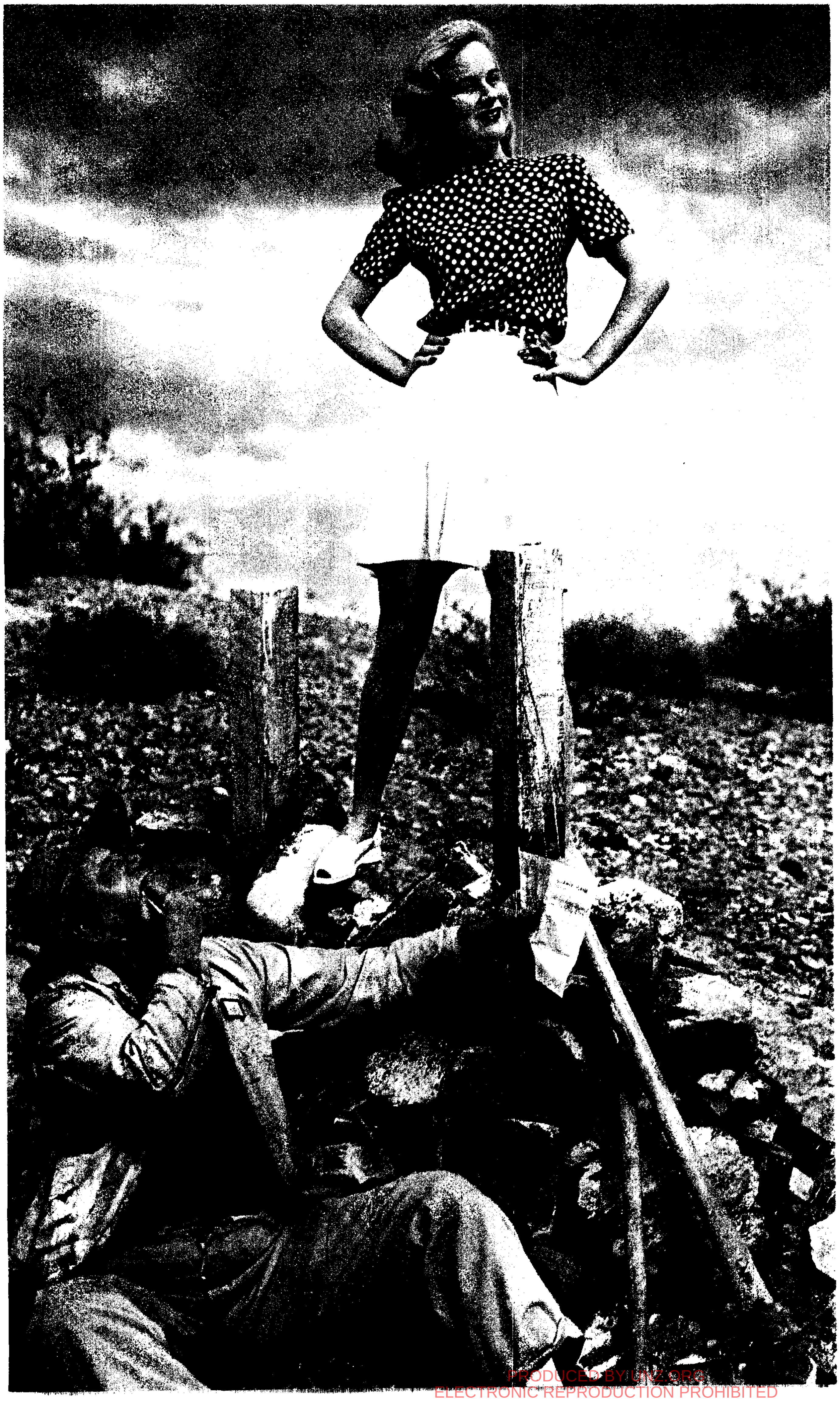
And now the thing was completely out of hand. The draft boards, spurred by propaganda, whipped up with the martial spirit, were whooping it up with 150,000 a month, a mere corporal's guard to what the boards could do—and would, if that button were pressed. When the boards were just bumbling along inducting a mere 50,000 a month the psychiatrists (to use or misuse a general and convenient term) were able to devote something like four minutes to a suspect—and even then a suspect had to be pretty wacky to be caught in four minutes. These gentlemen to whom the bulletin from the War Department was not a budget of glad tidings are not crazy despite the fact that irreverent and impatient big-army builders refer to them as screwball sleuths. They are giving, or trying to give, without pay, their services to their country. Given a chance they might spare us from a vast enlargement of the ugly picture that is drawn in statistics and graphs in another government agency to which the Army's bulletin did not bring joy—the Veterans' Administration.

We'll not depress you with figures, but that you may have a quick squint at the future it would be just as well for you to know that fifty per cent of all casualties for which men were discharged during the training period of the A.E.F. in 1917 and 1918 were neuropsychiatric in nature. If that doesn't impress you with the importance of what the Selective Service System's somewhat frustrated alienists are trying, without much assistance, to do, we'll take you farther. In 1917 and 1918 no very sincere effort was made to keep the goof out of the Army. Unlike today, when we're at least making the gesture, there was no time: conscription did not set in until after we were in the war. Therefore, nobody knows just how many feeble minds and discordant personalities, to say nothing of outright ravers, got in. However, some of them were so obvious that about 70,000 were thrown out soon after reaching camp. *(Continued on page 31)*

PAY DIRT

By Aimee Larkin

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK SCHERSCHEL AND BURT CARLTON



THEY'VE struck it again in California. Pay dirt. Only instead of gold glinting in the pan, it's dresses and slacks and suits, women's clothes parading through the wholesale showrooms. And instead of pick-and-hammer prospectors rushing to the scene by wagon, foot or any way, it's fashion-and-news-bent buyers and editors, packing the planes and streamliners.

The richest run of these fashion diggings is play clothes. Clothes that come naturally out of a country where life is relaxed and lived in the open. Easy-going clothes, designed by young Westerners for their own unhampered lives.

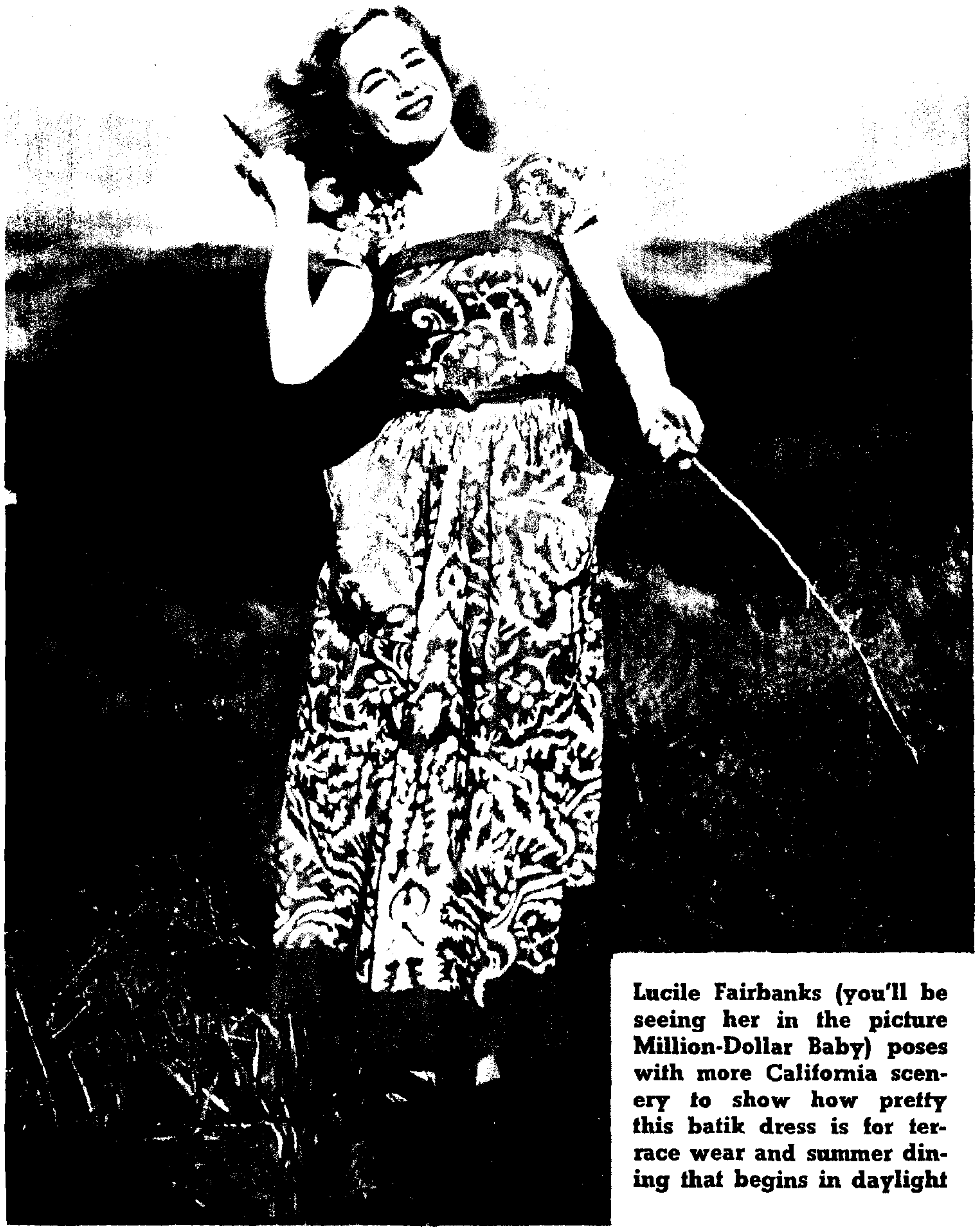
Collier's picked half a dozen typical costumes to show you, and put them on movie starlets whose sunny young beauty makes them perfect models for outdoor clothes.

The fabrics are cottons and synthetics, sturdy and washable. The colors are strong but never harsh, tuning with the background of desert and sea, sky and mountains. No tricks here, but plenty of fresh young fashion spirit—rodeo outfit for color among the horses, cotton-print dinner dress that's right at a formal party, or for sitting on the grass for an evening picnic at home. Fashion authority, too. First to put the country into the shortest kind of shorts, California now gives you longer ones. Trim little-boy shorts, or softer ones becoming to any figure. Famed for slacks, they are slimming them down in the manner of frontier pants.

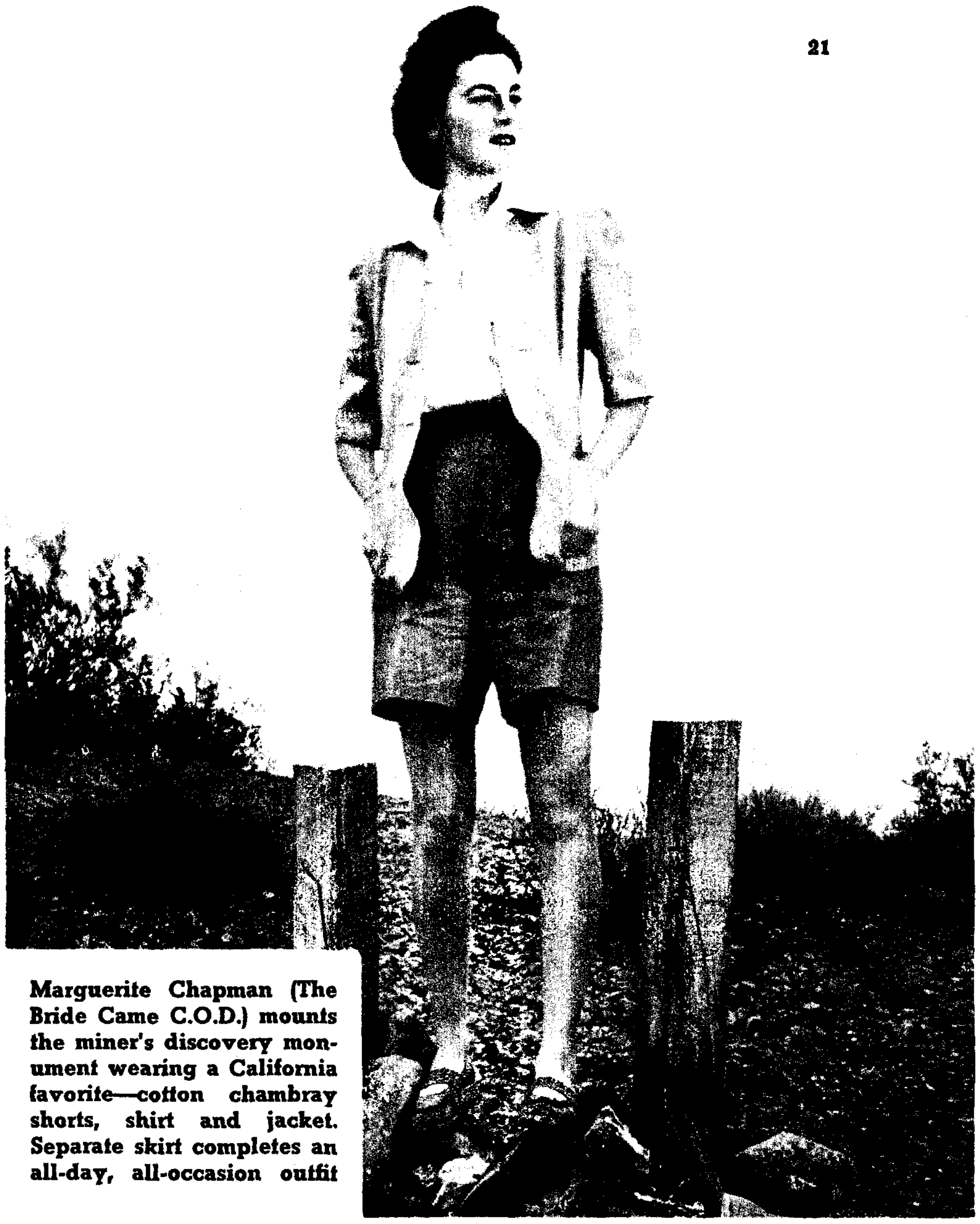
Staking her claim in the fashion industry a good seven years ago, California is hitting it richer all the time. Fabrics, and fabric design and color are coming out of the West. . . . Now, she's stepping off another claim. Watch for evening and riding clothes in the next working of this rich fashion mine. ★★★

Henry Davis, present-day prospector in the desert, chalks up another California claim: Longish shorts, crew-neck shirt, soft synthetic material, white and copper-ledge blue; worn by Lucile Fairbanks of the famous family

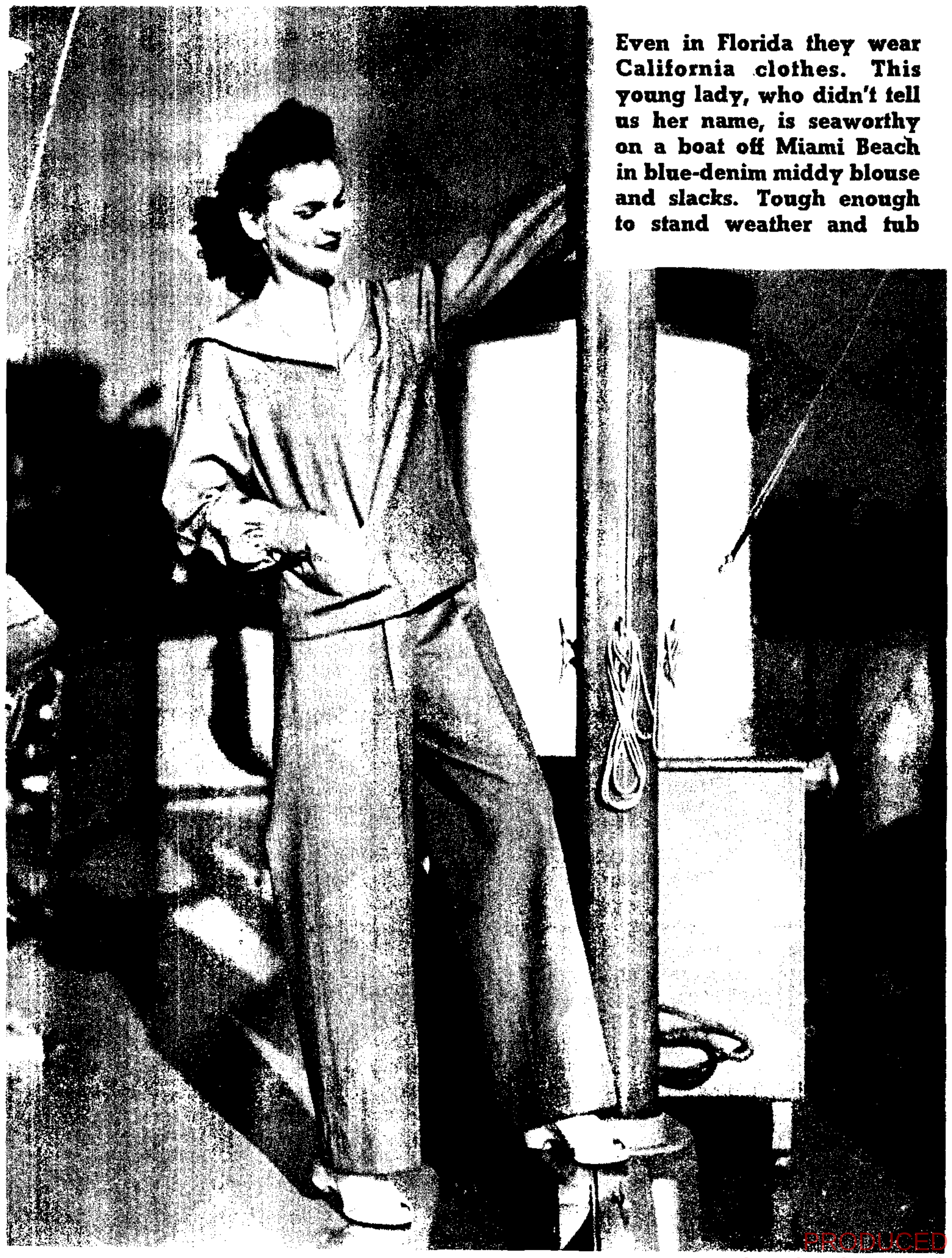
Margaret Hayes likes this jumper dress of synthetic material. Good for golf—her shirt can't pull out—for general all-day wear, and for a sun dress without the shirt. She appears this summer in New York Town



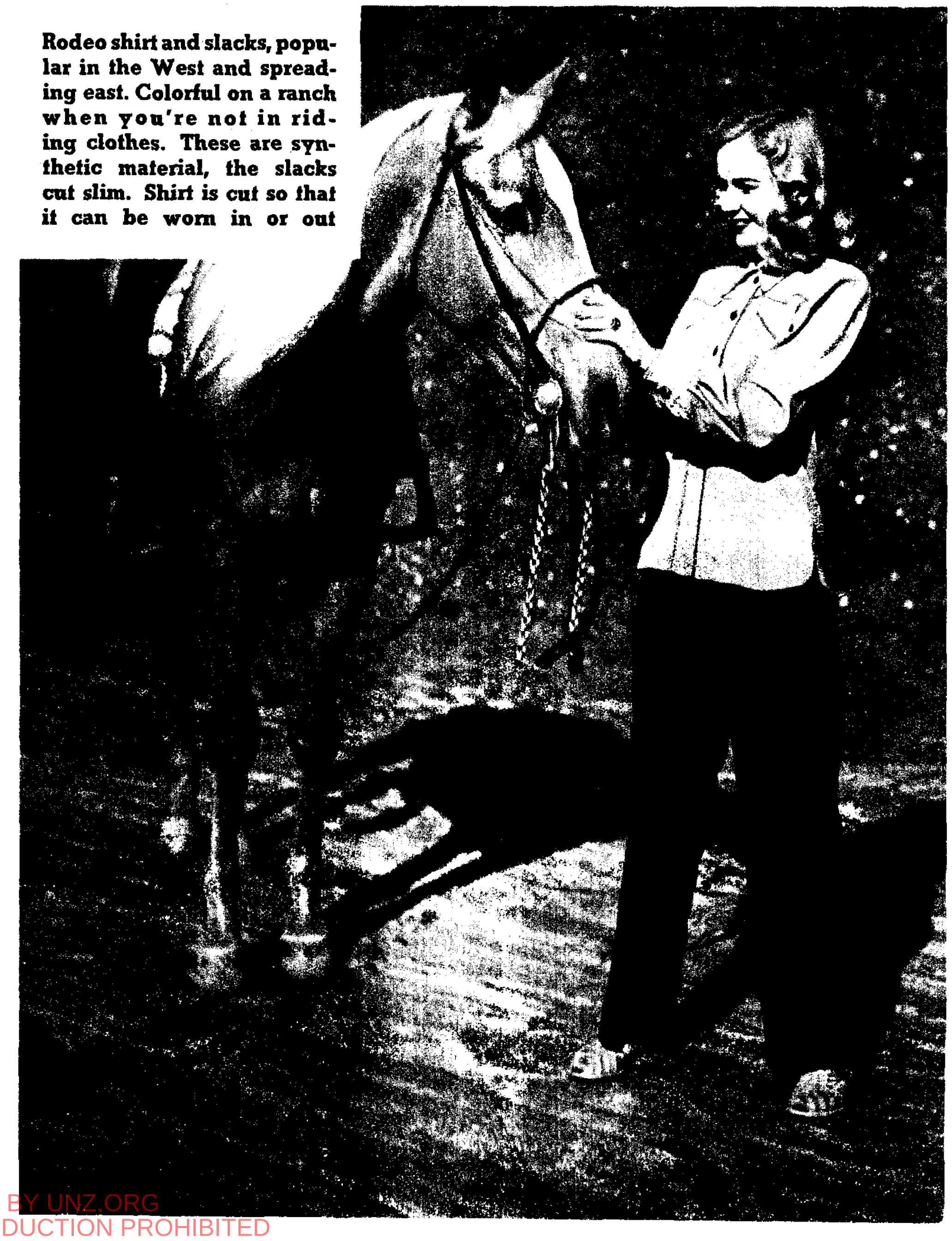
Lucile Fairbanks (you'll be seeing her in the picture Million-Dollar Baby) poses with more California scenery to show how pretty this batik dress is for terrace wear and summer dining that begins in daylight



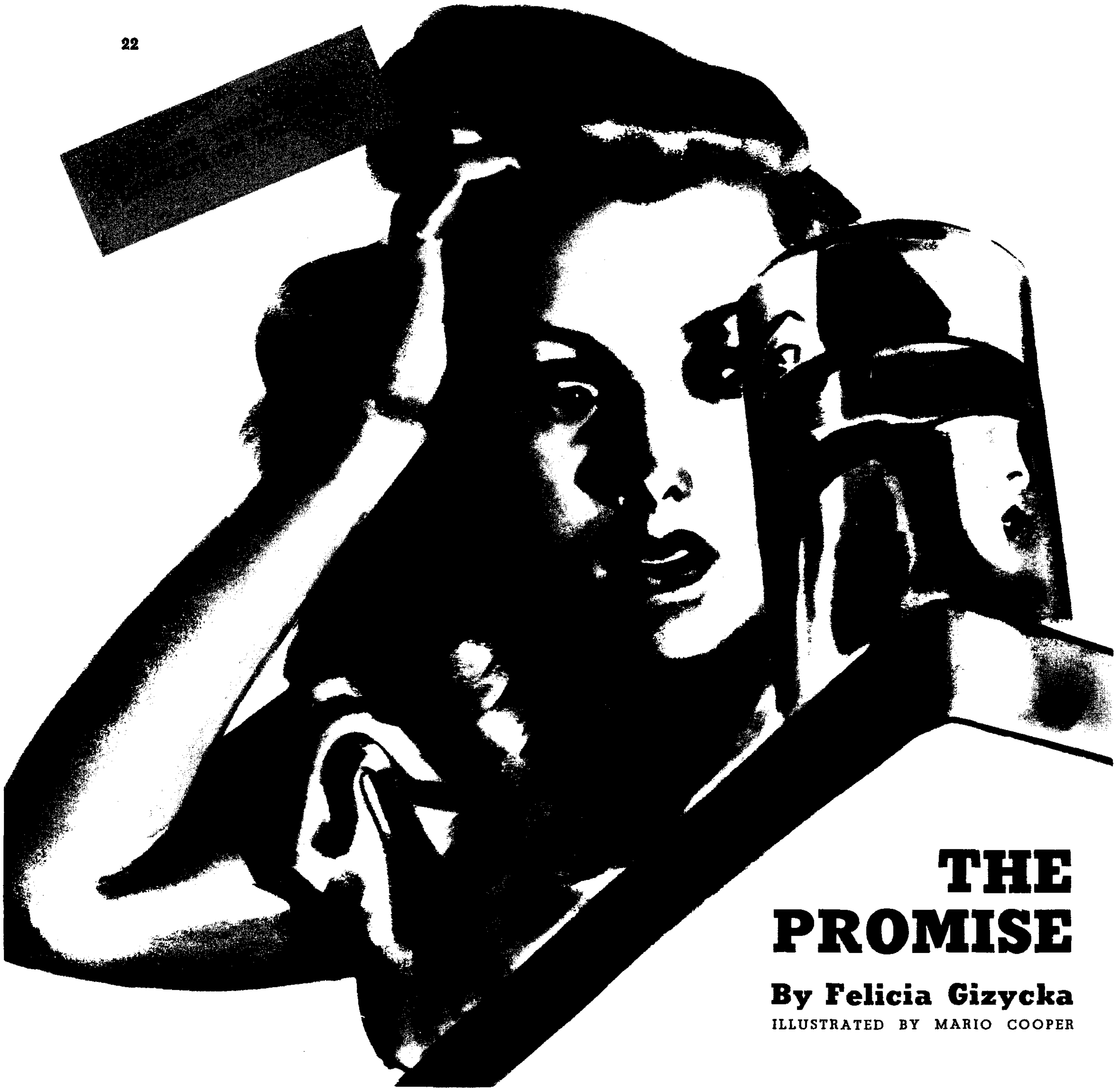
Marguerite Chapman (The Bride Came C.O.D.) mounts the miner's discovery monument wearing a California favorite—cotton chambray shorts, shirt and jacket. Separate skirt completes an all-day, all-occasion outfit



Even in Florida they wear California clothes. This young lady, who didn't tell us her name, is seaworthy on a boat off Miami Beach in blue-denim middy blouse and slacks. Tough enough to stand weather and tub



Rodeo shirt and slacks, popular in the West and spreading east. Colorful on a ranch when you're not in riding clothes. These are synthetic material, the slacks cut slim. Shirt is cut so that it can be worn in or out



She stared at the pills. "So," she thought, "it's happened. I'm going to die. He understood and left them"

THE PROMISE

By Felicia Gizycka

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

SHE lay in her bed in the hospital, waiting for her husband to come in with the other doctors. They'd stand around in their starched white coats, laughing and making jokes. Dick Prentiss was their oldest friend—he was the T.B. man here, and Jimmy Blake helped Bill with his research. But she'd forgotten what it was like to want to see them. They were in the way. For with all of them here in the room, she couldn't catch Bill's eye, she couldn't look at him and say, just with her eyes, "Am I going to get well, or not?"

She shut her eyes and thought, "If I only weren't so weak. Then I could think. I could think clearly. I could have talked with Bill several days ago and settled everything. Once and for all.

"Remember, Bill, what we promised each other: We were just married, and we said that if either of us ever got sick enough, the other would give him the pills. The white pills. They don't leave any trace—just sleep, that's all. We love each other, and we won't let each other suffer. You're a doctor; I'm a doctor's wife. With those pills, nobody would know. Am I going to get well or not? Look at me, Bill. Tell me."

"Well," said Hendricks, the nurse. She came toward the bed. "Well," she said. "Talking to yourself again, well, well." She slid the thermometer into Jane's mouth and took it out again and looked at it.

"Am I improving?" Jane said.

"Of course you're improving," Hendricks said. "Only a hundred and seven today." She went out, looking cheerful.

"She looks cheerful," Jane thought. "But suppose I really have a hundred and seven, and she's kidding, to cover up. Why doesn't Bill come in alone, so I can ask him? Is he afraid to? Oh, no, that's impossible. If I weren't weak, I'd never think such things. He loves me too much not to be honest. *He loves me.* And I don't know why, when there are women like Martha Byron. She's wonderful. She's young and beautiful and well born, with money besides. The other night at that dance—that red dress. It was fun just watching Bill dance with her. I'm glad I have no reason to be jealous. It's almost as much fun to watch him dancing as to dance with him. He looks so wonderful on the dance floor, and Martha Byron, in that red dress, was waltzing with him—"

"HELLO," said Bill. Why, he was alone. He stood in the doorway in his white coat. He was enormously tall. In a white coat, like that, he looked taller.

"Hello, Darling," he said, coming into the room. "And how is my good woman today? Give me a buss." He kissed her, then he sat down on the bed.

"Sick women are very good women," she said. "Now," she thought.

"Look, Darling," she said. "Do you remember years ago when we were first married? Remember what we said? We made each other a certain promise."

"A promise?" he said. "*What* promise? I—"

The door opened and in came Hendricks, carrying her lunch tray. It was a bowl of soup and some cereal. He looked at it.

"Here, Hendricks," he said. "Give me that."

He took the tray and put it on the bedside table. He dropped a package of cigarettes on the table, and a box of matches fell, nearly hitting the water glass. "He is upset," she thought. "His hands are doing awkward things. I shouldn't have said that."

"Here—" He started to give her some soup, but the door opened and a nurse put her head in.

"Doctor," she said. "Will you—"

He put the spoon back in the bowl and stood up. "That female again," he said. "She's the biggest hypochondriac in the place. It's that big fat Erskine woman," he said. "We give her phony sedatives and she loves 'em. Well, here I go, Honey. I'll be back."

In a few minutes Hendricks took the tray. Jane turned her eyes to the table. Her glass was there. It was full of water. And lying behind the glass were three white pills.

She stared at them. "So," she thought, "it's really happened. I'm going to die. He understood and left them here. He couldn't face me to tell me. But he's been waiting for me to say something. Why, he must have had these pills, ready for me to ask for them."

And she stared at them again. Three white pills, right there. Death, that's what they were. Death. A quick, good death, instead of a long, painful one. But she didn't want to die. "I won't think of it," she said. "I'll just swallow them." She gathered all her courage and stretched out her hand. She took the pills. She could feel their coldness in her mouth. She reached for the water.

After that, she didn't think about anything. There seemed to be nothing to think about. The whole hospital seemed white and heavy, and the whiteness lay on her eyes. It made her tired.

THEN, finally, there was the sound of someone coming in. It was Dick Prentiss, and he stood in front of her, so that she was obliged to look at him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said. Her voice sounded strange.

"Look," he said. He sat down on the bed. "Bill tells me you have all sorts of wacky ideas about yourself. That you're scared you've got something interesting and complicated and fatal. And you a doc's wife! I'm ashamed of you. Look, read this."

She looked at the piece of paper he held. It was the hospital record. It said, "Reed, Mrs. William T. Appendectomy. No complications."

"*You mean—you really mean—?*" she said.

"I mean I'll get put in jail if I get caught. Don't tell on me, Jane, will you? I just had to show it to you."

He waved the paper and went toward the door. He looked at her, staring through his spectacles, "You and Bill are the oldest friends I've got," he said abruptly. Then he was gone.

"Dear, sweet Dick," she thought. "I'm all right. I'm all right. But I swallowed the pills. I took them because they were there, by my bed. They were there because they were harmless and meant for me.

"They were there," she thought, "because they were meant for me. Because they were meant for me—Bill. Bill left them there without being seen. Poison with no conclusive trace. Just a heart stopping. Bill—left them there for me."

And suddenly she thought, "Martha Byron. Beautiful, young, rich Martha Byron." Then she didn't think any more.

SHE was in darkness. It was like being under water. Up on the surface were voices.

"Why shouldn't I worry?" Bill said to Hendricks. "Why should she suddenly do this?"

Jane swam up into the light, her eyes opened, and she saw them.

"Well, we were just going to give you a shot in the arm, my beauty," Bill said. "What in hell did you do that for?"

"Why am I here?" Jane said. "Why am I not dead?"

"Now, listen," said Bill. "While I'm down the hall tending one hypochondriac, you go and turn into another. What's the matter with you? Do you know why you couldn't find me right away?" he said, turning to Hendricks. "Because I was in the kitchen, making bread pills. Those blooming pills! I lost the ones I had." His eye swept the table by Jane's bed, and rested on the water glass.

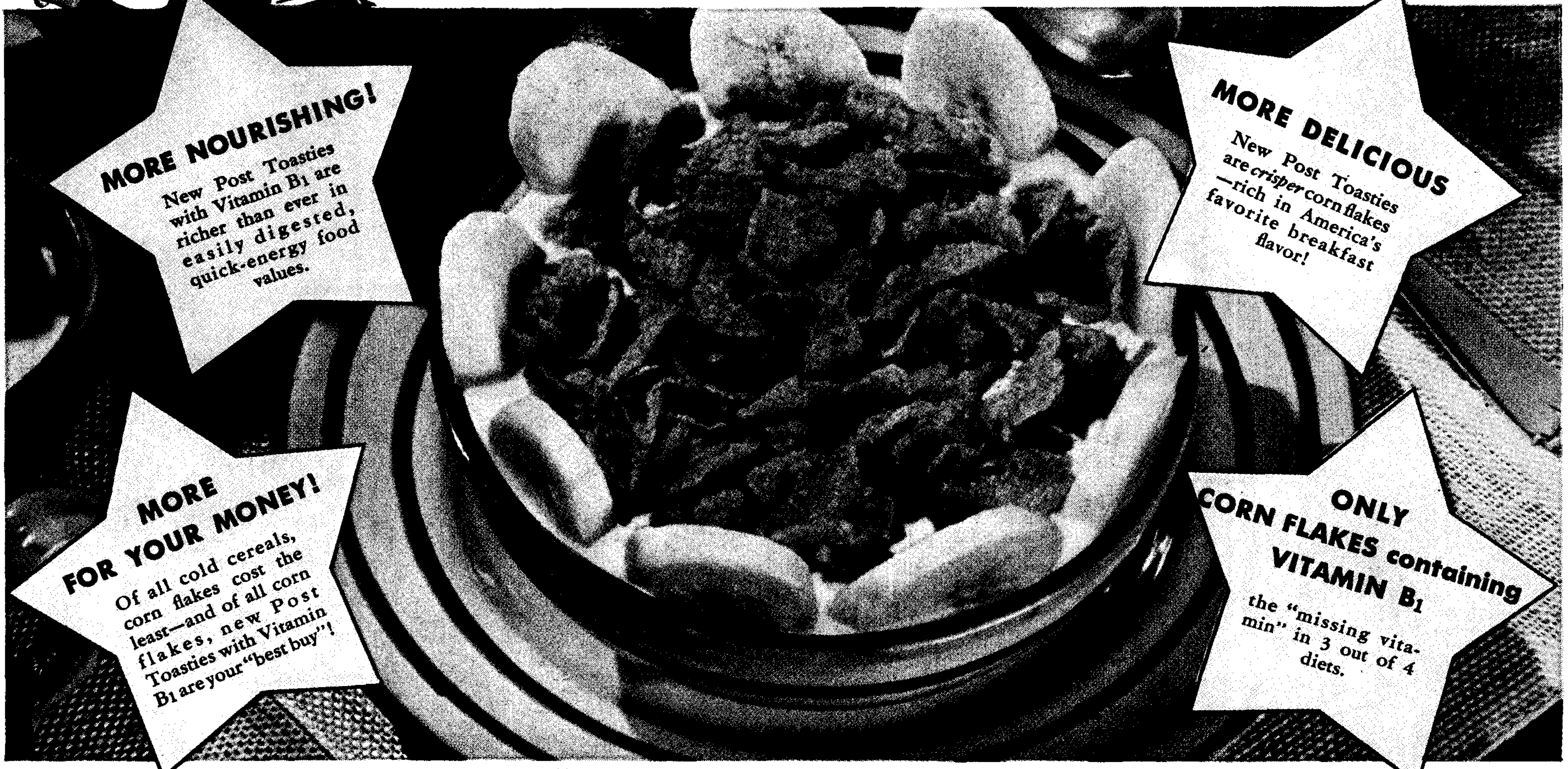
"You've been making bread pills," Jane said. "Oh, how funny. How terribly funny." She was much too weak to laugh, so she began to cry, and then she laughed and cried, all at once.

Bill put his arms around her, and said: "Now calm yourself. Whatever the joke is, it'll keep."

She lay very still, feeling his arms, feeling her face against his white jacket.

"Okay," she said, finally. "The joke will keep."

THERE WAS MUTINY ABOARD UNTIL UNCLE JEFF SUGGESTED THIS NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

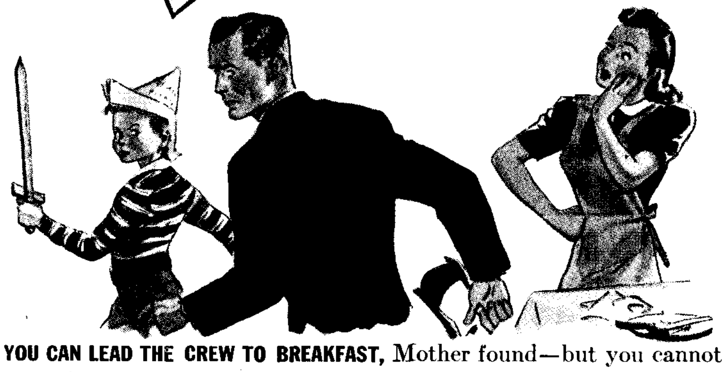


MORE NOURISHING! New Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

MORE DELICIOUS New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and of all corn flakes, new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are your "best buy"!

ONLY CORN FLAKES containing VITAMIN B_1 the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.



YOU CAN LEAD THE CREW TO BREAKFAST, Mother found—but you cannot make 'em eat! Bobby would frown and glower, "Maybe that stuff *is* good for me, but, gee! I just don't like it." Dad added, "And when we get a breakfast that *does* taste good—then it isn't *nourishing* enough." "Oh dear," thought Mother, "what *shall* I do? Maybe Uncle Jeff can help me out . . . "

IN FEW WORDS, Uncle Jeffrey, the noted diet authority, slipped Mother a brand-new idea. "Try the *new* Post Toasties!" said Uncle Jeffrey. "They're marvelously rich in that corn flakes flavor everybody likes—and toasted to stay *crisper* in milk or cream. Every flake is packed with easily digested, quick-energy food value, and . . . "

"THEY GIVE YOU AN EXTRA food value found in no other corn flakes—Vitamin B_1. This is the 'missing vitamin.' 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in the food they eat every day. Yet Vitamin B_1 is absolutely necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite."

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes

NOW—CHEERS FROM THE CREW every morning! Says Bobby: "I'm ready for *more*, Mom! These are the best corn flakes ever!" Says Dad: "What a break! A delicious cereal that really has the *nourishment* a fellow needs for breakfast!" Says Mother: "A break for my budget, too . . . for no ready-to-eat cereal costs as little as corn flakes, and those 4-star values make the new Post Toasties my *best* buy!"

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

Post Toasties
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11 OUNCES—NET WEIGHT—311 GRAMS
Made from Corn, Flavored with Sugar and Salt, Vitamin B1 Added
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ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph — Furney S. King inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.*

"Mary—

lighter, milder leaf costs money...

"and Luckies pay higher prices to get this lighter leaf!" says Furney S. King, independent tobacco buyer of Lexington, Ky.

"IT'S part and parcel of my job to know who buys what tobacco at the auctions, and I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder leaf. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, along with most other warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for... and Luckies consistently pay the price to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. Remember this fact...and smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

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With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

Knights with Wings

Continued from page 15

"Swear it!"

"Yea—by Our Lady."

But his eyes were questing among the ferns for sight of the riders. "Yadvi—you are like a burr under the saddle—you are always sticking close where I have to feel you. Now, please, get on that pony and get you gone—"

"Swear," her eyes never blinked, "by the *bratsva Polskiego*. Or I will not go at all, because you will need me to watch after you like a footless child—"

He could hear brush crackling below him, and the echo of a man's shout and quick anger ran like fire through his blood. "By the hide and horns of the Lord of—"

"Hush, Szary!"

He slapped her face and thrust her away, toward the tethered horses.

YEARS before this, Szary had been able to ride with the *bratsva Polskiego*, the winged knights of Poland. Then he could toss the twelve-foot lance in one hand, or slide himself under the neck of a running horse. Now he lived, with a stiff right shoulder, and the bones of his hip so knit that he could not grip a horse with his knees again. He could still ride, but not in the rank of the armored fighters that were the best of Poland. And at times black anger made him drunk as with wine. It did not seem to matter to this madcap girl, who laughed at him, and said that now she must be wise for both of them, so that both should live. She wanted to bear the children that would one day climb over his knees.

"Now I think you will remember," she said, as he stared at her. "And that will be well." Then tears gleamed in the gray eyes. "Oh, Szary, I have seen you die once, foolish and headstrong. Now are you something else because you are part of me, so be wary as a wolf—be careful, and live. Here!"

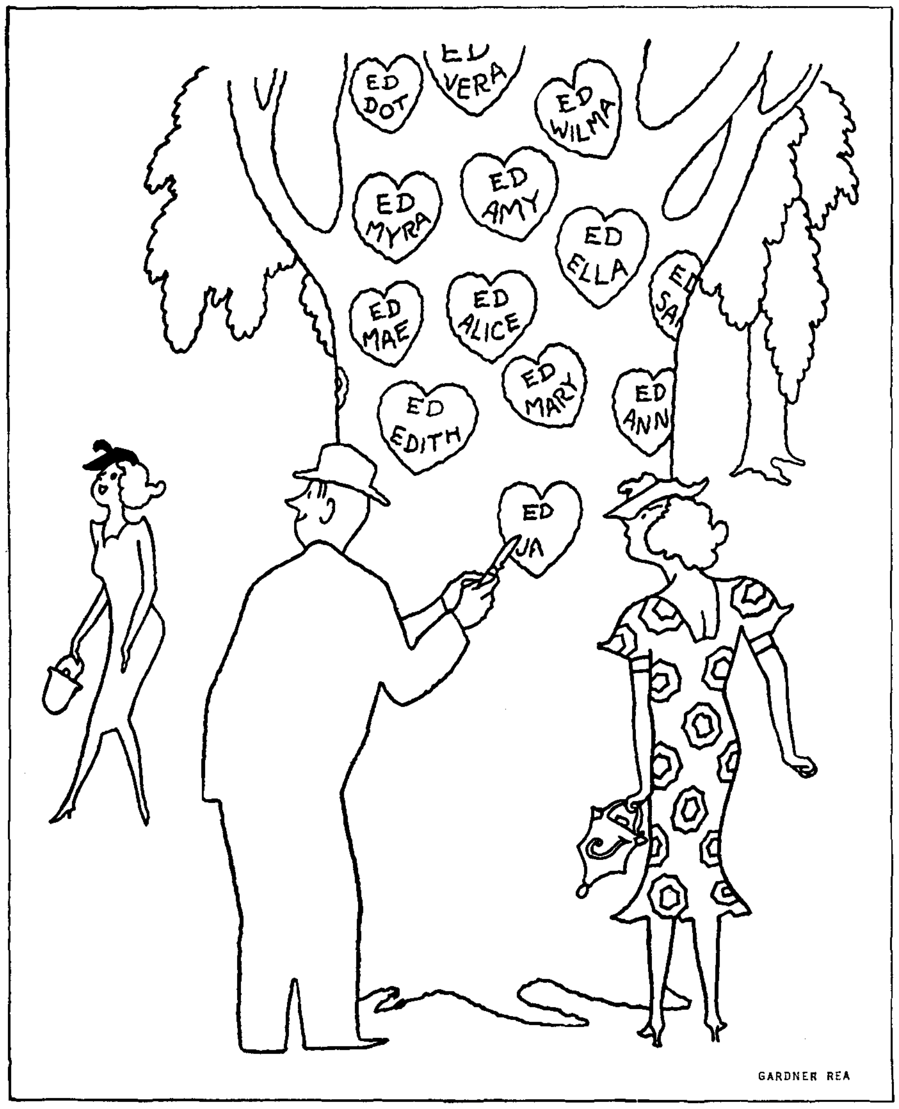
She threw her arms around his neck and her lips touched his mouth. Then—because he had to move so slowly—she seized the bundle by him, and shook out his bright blue-and-white cloak, clasping it over his shoulders, which had already begun to grow thin. She lowered his battle sword of gray steel into the sheath at his belt. Then she ran to her shaggy pony, and waved to him, before trotting away through the trees.

"Keep out of sight," he called to her. "Stay with the regiment until tomorrow's night hath passed."

She did not call back to him. He waited until he could see the huntsmen in their green tunics coming up the ravine as if after boar, before he hurried toward his mare, tied by the fire. He moved slowly, because he limped. He reached the gray mare, set his foot in the stirrup and hoisted himself into the saddle. He slapped the mare with the end of the reins, and turned her up the bank, among the wet ferns. He heard a shout close behind him, and he looked back to see that the huntsmen had spears, and not crossbows. For he did not want to be hit by a crossbow bolt. They were spreading out through the ferns behind him. By now, Yadvi would be clear away.

Szary forced the mare up the slope, but unseen by the huntsmen he pulled hard on the rein. The mare labored and slipped back.

So Szary was caught by the half ring of riders. A dozen of them closed around him, while he turned the mare on her haunches to face them. When he drew his sword and slashed awkwardly to one side, the boar spears of the huntsmen thrust at him. He saved his body from the points, but he could not get through the ring of riders.



GARDNER REA

The mare staggered from the shock of a heavier charger, and Szary thought his fight was about over. He saw a man over him, massive as a bear—a spear's point held in check.

"Yield you," this rider grunted.

"Tell me your name," cried Szary.

"Arnold of Prauen, *Komtur* of Vorberg."

Szary let fall his sword and sat back in the saddle rubbing his side where a steel edge had hacked along his ribs. The fight, he thought, had been just long enough.

Von Prauen motioned for one of his men to pick up the sword, and his blue eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he surveyed it. A gold cross shone on the hilt, and he could make out letters in the worn steel. *Pro patria ad mortem.*

"We have caught," he said to his men, "what is better than a boar. Bind up his side; take the mare's rein."

"To go where?" Szary asked quickly.

"To Vorberg's gate, where no Pole has been before you." Von Prauen smiled. "Does that please you, my Pole?"

Szary hid his gladness. He would get inside Vorberg's gate. "Faith," he lied, "I have heard that the Lord Devil who was accustomed to dwell within Vorberg's walls now seats himself in the nether regions because he finds it pleasanter. I shall see for myself if this be true."

AT THE hour of Nones the chimes sounded in Vorberg's chapel.

To the workers in the fields the castle looked like a dark mountain rising from the plain. A man-made mountain of stone, overlooking the river and the highway to the Baltic. The easternmost castle of the *Deutsche Ritter*, the Teutonic Knights who had come up from the south of the German empire to build a chain of such castles into the eastern lands among the pagans of the Baltic. The Knights had built a citadel of their Order at Prague, among the mountain highways, and at the port of free Danzig where the traffic of the Vistula met the sea.

These castles, stretching eastward, had the center of their chain at Marienberg, where dwelt the *Meister* of the Order. For long, they had been advancing step by step through the forests of the pagan Prussians. With their swords the Knights had overthrown these stubborn pagans, and had baptized the survivors. And now, toward the end of the fifteenth century of grace, they had taken another step toward the east, and Vorberg had risen within the Pole, the plain itself.

At noon this day as always, von Prauen made his rounds. But this time he took Szary, his prisoner, with him. It suited him that Szary should see the strength of Vorberg.

"What have you equal to this?" he asked curiously, when they climbed to the summit of the keep, where two men at arms paced, watching the distant signal towers on the highroad.

Squinting down an arrow slot, Szary shrugged his good shoulder. "Nothing so high," he said, "nothing so big. We have, however, some good horses and women."

Horses, thought the *Komtur*, were desirable to carry the weight of armored men to battle, women to breed sons to bear arms. The sounds from the courtyard below made an orderly hum, each particle of which carried its message to him—like the instrument of an orchestra. A clank sang of a smith's hammer

"I'm for a quick start, a fast finish and COOL SHAVES!"

• "I'm a judge of pace and a judge of lather—horse or shaving. And to every man who's losing time and skin in harsh, burning shaves I say: 'Switch to Ingram's cool, quick-action shaving cream!'

• "With Ingram's, shaving is just a breeze from start to finish. You get a flying start with a cloud of lather—cool, planned cool to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

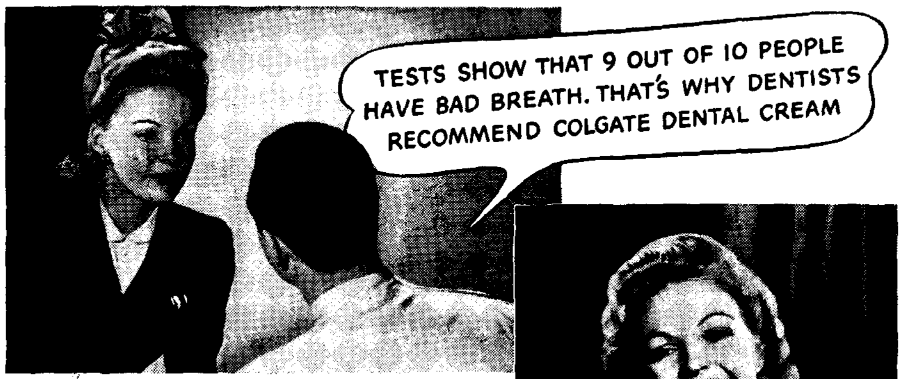
• "Ingram's makes the track fast for your razor. It glides along so smoothly that you shave minutes off your shaving time—and finish *cool*, refreshed, ready for the day's business or your evening date.

• "You can see in your girl's eyes how Ingram's increases your face value! No expensive lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is smooth and cool—and feels that way for hours. Warn off shaves that burn you! Get a tube or jar of Ingram's—concentrated for economy—today!"

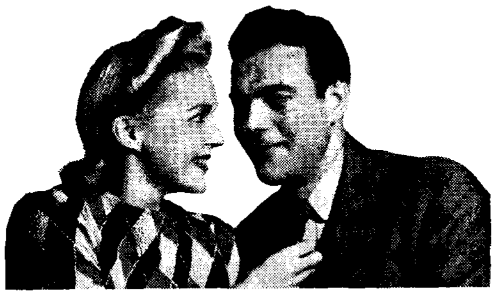
INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

Am I the wrong woman for him ?

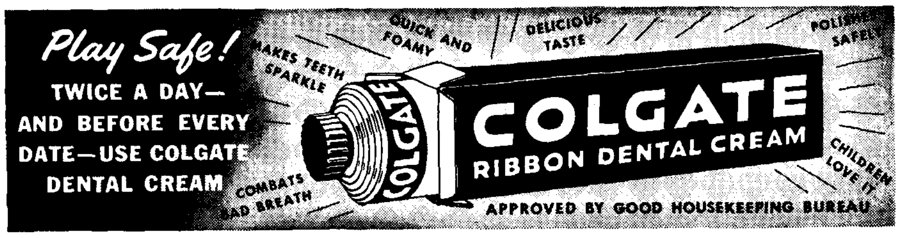
It's a worry common to wives—when husbands grow indifferent. If YOU'VE had cause to wonder, then check up on BAD BREATH. You don't think that you could have it? Then read what dentists say:


TESTS SHOW THAT 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."



See how much brighter your teeth are?
Feel that penetrating foam refreshing your whole mouth?
And don't you enjoy Colgate's tangy flavor?
Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



Play Safe!
TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

on anvil; a heavy rustling, of hay being thrown out in the stables for the horses of the afternoon patrol. A curious thudding meant that the armigers were rounding out the stone cannonballs. The dry voice of the drillmaster echoed faintly: "Cut . . . cut!"

"Yes, my sir," von Prauen admitted, "you warfarers of the plain have good horses; and you can ride like centaurs. But you cannot ride your chargers through these walls, nor leap over them."

"As to that," Szary objected, "I am not so sure. I am thinking, brother Knight, I can ride with my war band into your gate before the morrow's nightfall."

"Why not to the moon also?" von Prauen asked.

"Some other day for that." Szary looked amused and kept a rein on his temper. "But I say truly, my lord brother. Yea, now I can see a way into this stronghold of yours, and I must say that you are kind and well-disposed to bring me hither to this eyrie that I might see it plain."

VON PRAUEN smiled. And anger stirred in him slowly, for he thought the Pole was mocking the strength of Vorberg. With his eye he measured for the thousandth time the distance between the double walls below him—the nicely calculated flight of a crossbow bolt down, so that the defenders could always command the outer works. He checked over the flame-pourers on the battlements, the stone curtains over the two gates. The walls themselves had been built too massive to be shattered by siege engines, even if the Poles had engines. And their height had been calculated to exceed the length of ladders that could be raised by human strength.

As to mining—the barrier of the river and the moat prevented that. No, the keen intelligence of the experts in the Order, versed in the arts of fortification and siege, had built Vorberg's walls to be impregnable; von Prauen knew that so long as a garrison of any skill held Vorberg's walls, the castle could not be taken.

"That was a senseless boast," he said coldly.

"Nay," Szary laughed, "I have the gift of foresight. I am seeing what is to be, on tomorrow's night."

The smoldering anger flamed up in the German.

"Remember," said Szary, watching him, "I speak as a prisoner, not as a guest. I ask you to surrender Vorberg, to save men's lives."

"To you?"

"While there is time."

Then, even while the hot blood surged into his brain, the *Komtur* saw something below him out of the usual. He heard the chime of a woman's laugh. A girl with unbraided hair had edged herself through the men at arms loitering in the water gate. With a basket on her arm, she was chaffing a leather-clad armorer.

"Remain here," the German told Szary. As he turned to descend the stair, he noticed that his prisoner was watching the gate intently.

Her name, she explained to the Germans, was Yadvi and she had come to sell cherries, the first picking of the trees. The Swabian questioned her before von Prauen. The Swabian, who could talk to a mule, understood the chattering Polish tongue.

"The little Yadvi knows it is forbidden to set foot inside our monastic military burg," he said. "But she wanted some coppers, and we have pence—"

"Ask her how she came over the river."

Von Prauen could remember no cherry orchards on this side of the river, and he thought that Yadvi had come far for her pence. A fisher's boat, it seemed, had brought her.

Were many such boats along the far shore?

Yadvi, thoughtfully, admitted seeing only the one.

Had she seen any Poles riding toward the river?

Her gray eyes met von Prauen's stare, and words tumbled out of her, laughing and indignant.

"She says no." The Swabian stretched his long body, enjoying himself. A white scar ran from his brow to chin, and his clipped hair gleamed gray. "She says, what are we getting at? There were Zmud charcoal burners and hunters in the *wald*. Not a wight with arms. She says, what next?"

"Hold her. Let her wait in the stable yard with the Polish prisoner."

The yard was close to the water gate. Von Prauen watched the girl, while the Swabian translated, and he thought the arrest did not frighten her. She grew quiet, and when he motioned her away, under guard, she curtsied to the two Knights.

"A sweet mouthful," the Swabian sighed, when she was gone. "Why not let her go without harm?"

Von Prauen shook his head impatiently, and the Swabian drank wine from the cup in his fist, grumbling, "Faith, she is no witch."

"I think I know," the *Komtur* reflected, "what she is."

"Cross yourself and spit thrice, Brother Arnold, when you think you understand a woman. I never could."

His great body rigid, hardened by the weight of armor, von Prauen kept his temper with an effort. The demon of anger still irked him, and he felt the need of a cool head. Wine he never touched, nor had he looked twice at any woman since he took the vows of the Order. But this Swabian, who led Vorberg's spearmen and had fought from Toledo to Danzig, had a wild manner of jesting. Nay, in that moment von Prauen felt that this other brother was more like the dreaming Szary than a servant of the Order.

BEFORE he took the vows, this Swabian, Friedrich, had been a baron. It was whispered in the halls of Marienberg that Friedrich alone had spoken against the Polish war, asking what was the use of it? When the minds of the leaders had understood the need of a new war clearly. For the *Deutsche Ritter* had come into being as an Order of knighthood to rescue that holy place Jerusalem from the pagans; and now that the crusades had ended long since, how was the Order to continue its growth, unless it made itself necessary to the new Germany by involving the Baltic in war? Without war, the military Order would have no just claim to exist longer. Even the Hansa merchants, sitting in the council at Marienberg, had understood the necessity for a major war. Brother Friedrich alone had spoken against it, saying that now the pagan Prussians had all been put to the sword or converted to Christ, and the savage Lithuanians had turned Christian overnight, baptizing themselves in a mass, and the Poles certainly were worshipers of this same Cross the Knights carried—what reason had the Knights to bring a new war to the Baltic?

"Friedrich!" he said abruptly. "What devil of doubt plagues you?"

The Swabian twisted the cup in his heavy fingers. "No devil, *Komtur*. I have felt too many of my bones break apart." Suddenly he looked up. "No, not that. That was a lie. Only, sometimes I think of those two other men, you and I, who might have been."

"We have Vorberg in our charge!"

"Admitted!" The Swabian smiled. "I was thinking how that other Friedrich could walk in his cherry orchard with his sons. I will never know who my children are—"

"Discipline!"

Von Prauen knew how to jerk the Swabian out of such a black mood. "Two riddles now we have to solve. Item: This Szary, speaking good German, permits himself to be caught like a blind dog and led into Vorberg. Yea, a belted knight yields his sword after a child's scuffle. Item: A Polish girl who is no peasant's wench strays into our gate two hours later. The answer?"

"Both spies of course."

"Granted. They will be watched. Yet can we find a truer answer."

Friedrich nodded. "The little Yadvi lied. My huntsmen have sighted armed bands in the forest moving toward the river. And on the water the Zmud fisherfolks all seem to be casting their lines just out of sight of our towers."

"Boats."

"Sufficient to ferry a regiment across the river. And yesternoon when I rode after boar beyond the forest I saw the regiment. Polish lances, of armored riders. The sun gleamed on the metal. All this, *Komtur,* you know well."

"It sums up to this: An attack by the forest folk and Poles."

"A surprise onset—"

"And so, to be expected after dark."

"But where?"

The *Komtur* smiled. "Our two Poles, I think, will tell us that."

"The fools!"

"So we will use them." The demon of anger, stirred by Szary's boasting, gnawed at von Prauen. "Perhaps that wood is the weak point in our defense—when it is leveled and my cannon are in place I shall have no more to fear. But now we shall first teach the Poles a lesson. It is necessary."

And he explained what he intended to do. The Swabian, surprised, listened intently. Von Prauen felt reassured. Once the action began, he knew that he could depend on the wayward Friedrich.

Long after the vesper bell, the stars came out in a clear sky. Left to themselves in the courtyard, Szary and the girl watched the posting of the night guard, the closing of the water gate. And Szary whispered his anger while she pulled the cloak around his injured side:

"Why can't you stay where you belong, devilkin?"

"Because it's disgusting to be left, and lonely." Yadvi, in the shadow, pressed close to his good side.

While she could touch him, she felt comforted. Her hands had nursed the lance wounds in his frail body, until he could rise and limp around again, miraculously surviving death in that first battle with the terrible Knights. Her voice came softly to his ear: "Now you can't send me away, Szary. You can't."

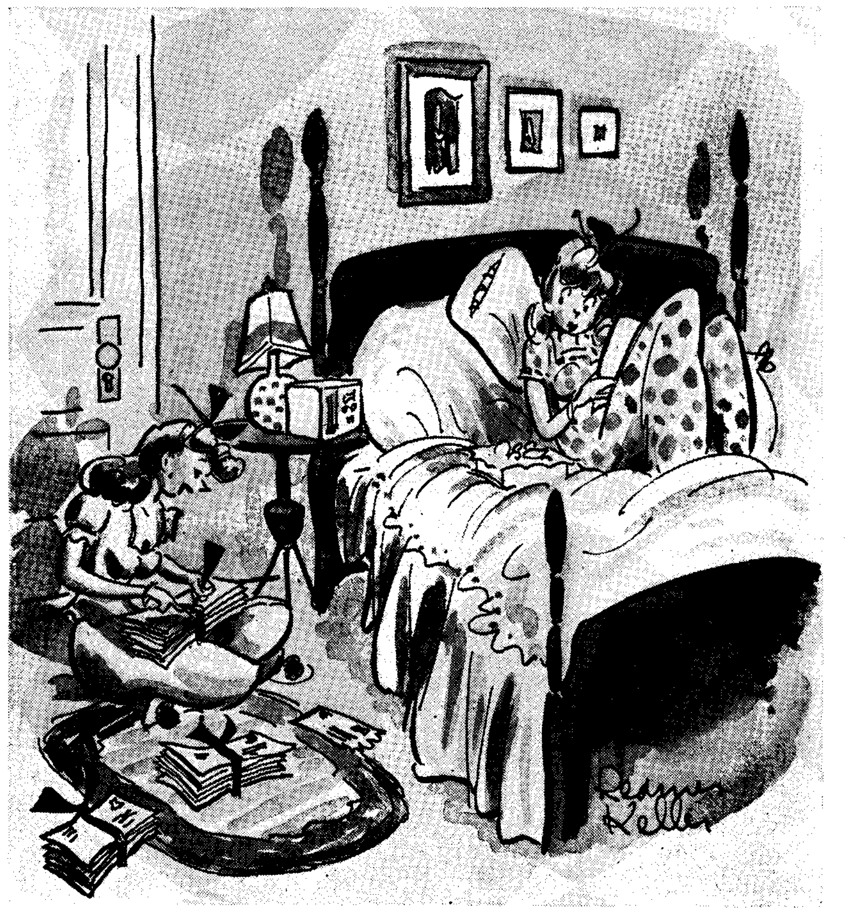
HE TOOK her chin in his hand, so he could see into her eyes, and he felt her tremble. "Yadvi, if you love me, go to the chapel. Keep away from here."

And he hauled himself up to limp along the stones toward the water gate. The stars were clear now, and he expected to hear the bell any second. Keeping away from the fire where three men idling on watch inside the gate warmed themselves, he edged himself forward. Across the courtyard a torch flared by the stables where serving brothers moved. He looked up, but could not tell how many eyes might be watching from the dark roofs, behind the inner battlements that commanded the courtyard. And he had a feeling of failure in him—he was taking so slight a chance to open up this dominion of armed power.

Then he heard Yadvi's voice, singing softly: *"Kyrie eleison—Kyrie eleison."* The three men by the fire looked that way with interest.

In the glare of the torch, her basket swinging on her arm, the girl was moving toward the chapel's steps. The light glinted on her hair as she sang. Small wonder that these men at arms feasted their eyes on her.

Once the bell sounded and began to toll for evening prayer over the chapel, and Yadvi sang louder, gaily. Szary drew himself in the shadow to where



"They're just like soap coupons—I save them until I get enough for a fur coat"

REAMER KELLER

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

HOW TO ACQUIRE GLAMOUR in 6 easy lessons

June: Hello, serious! How's the book? Got a new thriller?

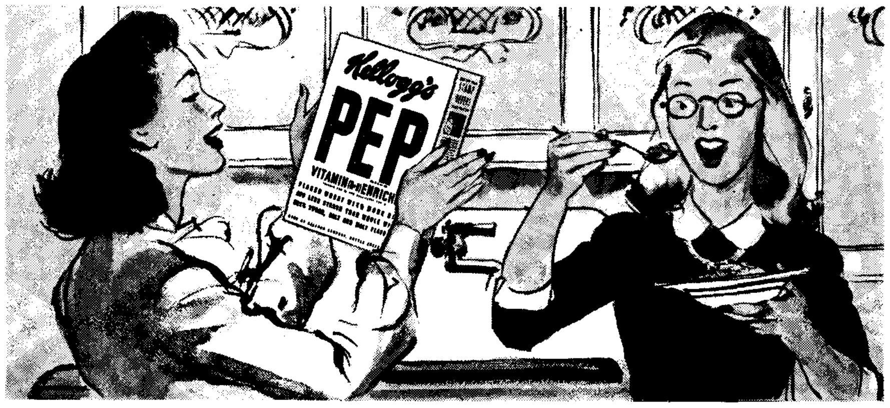
Nancy: Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little thing I sent for.

HOW TO ACQUIRE GLAMOUR in 6 easy lessons

June: Wow! "How to be a glamour girl!" Well, of all the...

Nancy: Stop it! You're a spite cat, June. A girl's *got* to have a *little* something these days.

June: I'll say she has! And you're going to start getting it! Glamour, my grandpa! The way you've been moping around and picking at your food! I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. What you need is more "pep appeal"!



June: And here's where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have them all, and right in this delicious cereal—called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Nancy: Hey! Hold the sales talk! This is the most gorgeous cereal I ever tasted. And to think I never knew that getting vitamins could be fun. Am I going to have KELLOGG'S PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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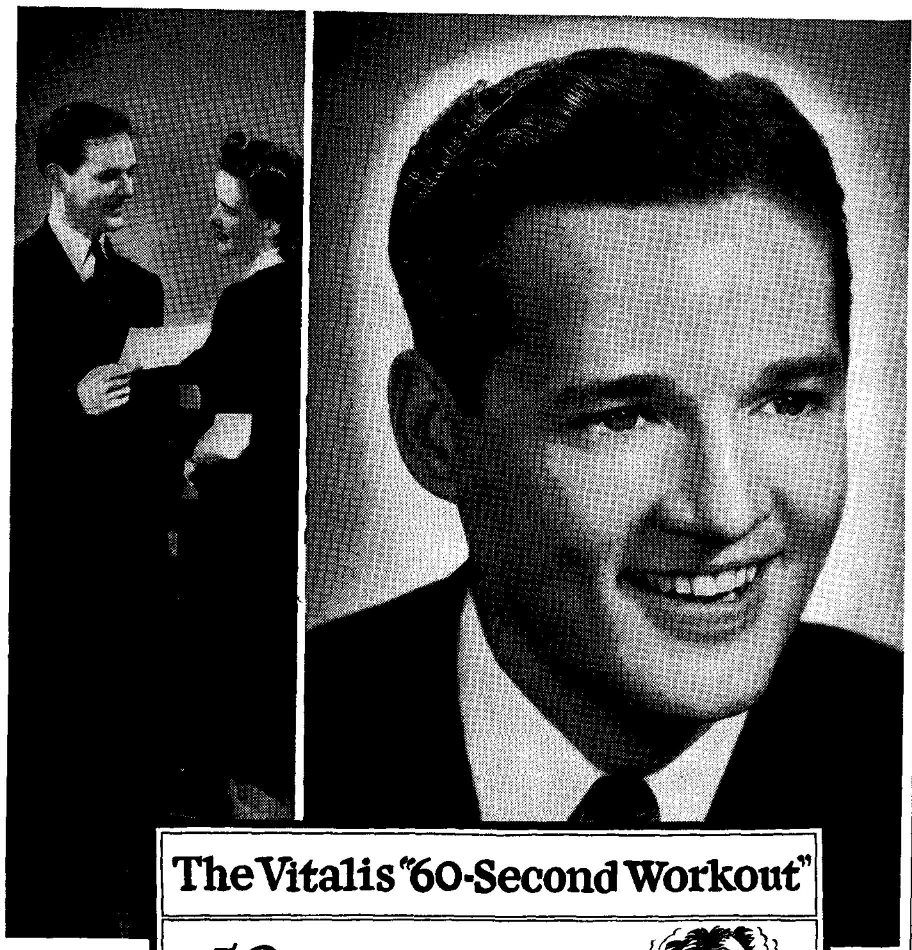
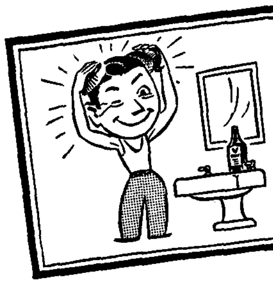
The "60-Second Workout" helps your hair...helps you to business and social success



The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub

Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.



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he could reach the bar that had been slid into the socket back of the gate. It was heavy, but he could move the end by straining. He shoved it along until the end barely rested in the socket. The guards were still watching Yadvi. He thought he heard a man shout.

Then, leaning close to the gate, he heard a boat grind against the stone step outside. An oar thumped and feet pattered.

"Ho—the watch!" a voice bellowed.

Szary pushed against the end of the bar, and it fell. The three pikemen at the fire turned to stare. And the gate swung open, toward them. Szary thought that the men on the river had been prompt to come at the bell's tolling. They were pushing now at the iron-studded gate.

"*Vitsi bratsva!*" he called. "Up with the weapon, brothers!"

THEY came running and leaping through the gate, fur-covered men of the forest, swinging up axes and flails, going for the Germans nimbly. Szary pushed through them, out the gate. Other fishing craft were thrusting out of the darkness, after the first, to the landing beside the big, empty barges of the Germans.

Out of them climbed wild Zmuds and river men, yelling. They ran into the gate.

Up on the chapel steps, Yadvi, shivering with excitement, watched these weapon bearers rush into the courtyard. And it seemed to her that all the inner space of Vorberg came alive at once. Out of the barrack by the gate, giant pikemen advanced to aid the three fighting by the fire. Torches flashed from the inner battlements, where Genoese crossbowmen began to snap their pieces at the onset. The bolts tore through the running men, sending them sprawling. Out of the Knights' hall ran mailclad armigers and, after them, groups of heavy men in steel caps, their white surcoats with the black crosses filling the courtyard, the Knights.

Then Yadvi understood that Vorberg had been waiting for this attack. She could not see Szary in the rush of men. Crowds of Prussians surged past her steps, moving into the gate. The few men swarming up from the river were knocked down and swept back like straw shapes in the wind. Voices barked commands: "Ropes along the barges! Follow with the boards."

The *Komtur,* with the Swabian beside him, walked out to take command. At the gate, von Prauen saw the fishing smacks pulling away, with the remnants of the attackers. Across the river fires glowed, and bands of the forest men crowded restlessly. By the stone steps, carrying out the orders he had given, his men at arms were poling the heavy, empty barges into place. Above his head the crossbowmen were following the retreating smacks with their bolts. The attack had been broken in less time than it took the cresset lights to burn bright. Every detail of it had been foreseen by von Prauen's experience.

Across the gleaming water the bands from the forest bayed their anger. The trained men of Vorberg worked in silence. They laid barge against barge, roping them together, out from the steps, driving poles down between them to hold them against the current. Servants laid down a flooring of heavy boards across the barges. With miraculous speed a bridge thrust across the narrow river toward the attackers.

Crossbowmen on the outermost barge kept up a covering fire, against the seemingly masterless crowd on the far bank. The Prussian infantry began to press over, to the other shore.

Then the mailed Knights, who had mounted their chargers at the stables, moved out at a foot pace over the boards. The Swabian took the lead of the first company. "We'll hunt the boars out of their cover," he cried.

When he had gone off, von Prauen called for his own banner and charger. He climbed into the saddle, still feeling that dull anger against the mob that had challenged his stronghold—Szary's boast still rankled. He called to the master armorer to hold the bridge in place with his castle reserve until the return of the Knights. "So we will not wet our feet at our homecoming."

These men of the forest, he thought, had need of a lesson.

And the Knights cleared the far shore without ceremony. The shaggy Zmuds melted away from the fires into the murk of the fens and the trees while the Knights broke up into small companies to follow. The squads of pikemen kept close to the stirrups of the riders, as they pushed through the forest trails, following the dark bands that slipped through the ferns, pausing to fire their bows among the trees before fleeing on. Only on clear ground could the Knights charge, to scatter the bands. They followed torches dancing like St. Elmo's fire through the trees.

"Faith," said the Swabian, "they light the way to the hunt."

Slowly the disciplined array of Vorberg drove the pack, their halberds thrusting through the light flails of the forest men, their mail proof against the flying arrows. Few men fell.

Before them the lights danced away, and the chill of the forest closed in on them. Von Prauen would not turn back. "In the open, we will drive them, and make an end of them."

When he emerged from the trees into the plain with its dark oak clumps he waited until the other formations came through on either flank. Then for the first time, he noticed that the lights of the fugitives had been put out. He had to guide himself by the faint starlight.

Then he noticed how the stars had dimmed overhead. A damp breath from the wet plain chilled his hot head. And a pale lantern, low over the plain, flooded silvery into his eyes. An old moon had risen.

And it showed him that a dark mass which he had taken for an oak grove was moving toward him. He looked at it under his hand, and shouted suddenly: "Halt, the riders! Stand, the pikemen!"

The darkness on the plain moved swiftly now, and it howled as it came. Cold exultation touched the *Komtur.* These, coming at him, were riders in shaggy furs, on nimble ponies. Some of their heads glinted with buffalo horns. Dogs snarled in the rush.

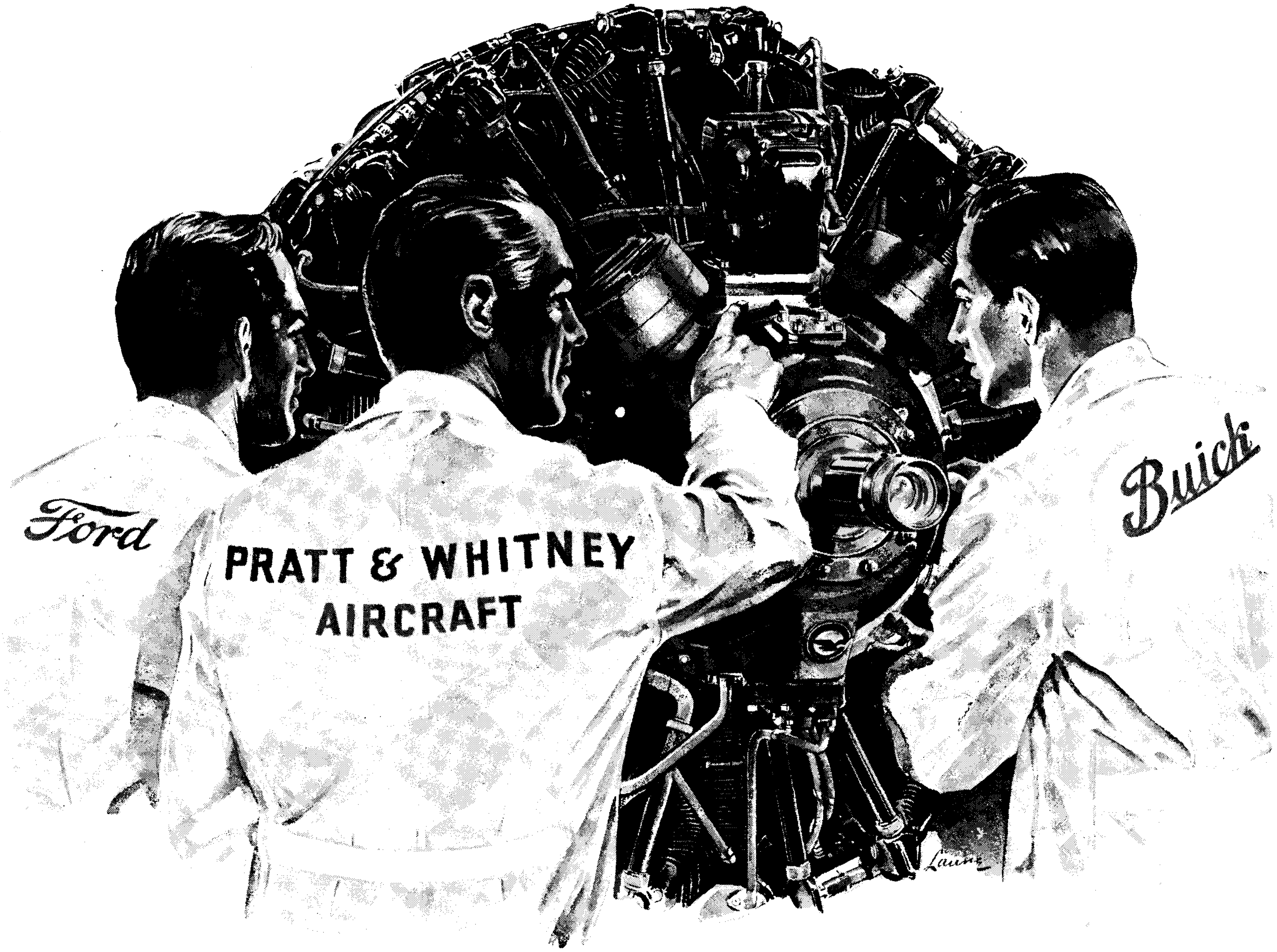
"*Par Dex,*" he breathed, "what are these animals?"

The voice of the Swabian answered at his shoulder: "Riders of the swamps, Mazovi hunters, Lithuanian bands, boar hounds." And he stood up in his stirrups. "*Gott mit uns!*"

THE war shout of the Knights sounded down the line, as they met the rush of the wild horsemen, who howled and struck at the long line of the Germans with javelin and sword blade. Their great hounds leaped at the German chargers, and the line swayed here and there. Von Prauen reined back to a rise to watch and the Swabian kept at his side.

"Faith, Arnold," he grumbled, "your hunt is a long hunt. These were waiting for us. They knew well we would come here."

"They save us the trouble of running after them." Von Prauen's eye ran along the steady line of the Germans. Their pikes and swords held easily against the scramble of such wayward fighters. Some wounded dragged themselves back from the line. Then he thought the savage mob gave back a



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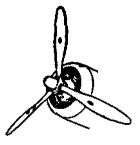
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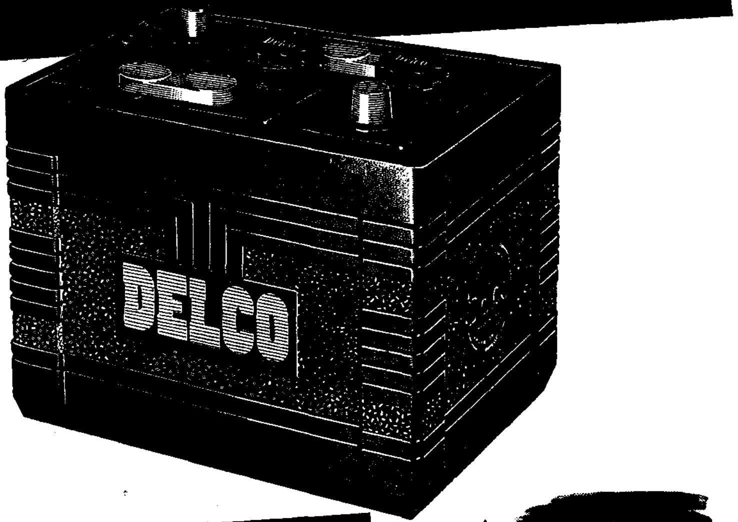

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little. He waited to see if it would drift away.

"Now," said Friedrich, "they are lighting candles for us."

Off on either flank stacks of old hay blazed up, glowing red in the thin ground mist. Yes, the Lithuanians were drawing back, punished. Von Prauen waited for the moment when he could launch his horsemen across clear ground, to scatter them and make an end of the night's hunt. Already he was thinking it had been a good sally, giving his Prussian infantry a valuable lesson in night work.

And then he saw the movement on the ground, out from the oak grove off to his flank. The Swabian also looked that way, intent and silent. A disciplined body advanced there at a trot, horsemen who kept an even front. Lances raised—lances longer than any von Prauen had seen before. Strange wings bobbed at the riders' backs, and armor gleamed on them.

POLISH knights, von Prauen thought. Szary's brothers. He could make out the red banner of Cracow, and the white eagle standard. So, they had been held back in ambush!

"Get the riders moving!" the Swabian grunted suddenly. "Hide of the devil, are you moonstruck, man? Get into motion!"

"Go, you!" von Prauen shouted. "The first company to the left! The second to follow. Wheel them into column—"

But the Swabian had already left his side, riding fast. The Knights on the left had seen the new attack and were turning. Then von Prauen saw the Poles launch into a gallop. Their horses kept close ranks at incredible speed. He thought: "Those men are riders."

The long lances came down with a clash, leveling just as the Polish charge struck his flank. Bright sparks flew where the steel struck, and a rending roar drowned the *Komtur's* voice. He motioned to the trumpeters behind him, and they blew for a wheel to the left.

"Pikemen form on me," von Prauen shouted, raising his helmet on his sword tip. Only the nearest men heard him, because the smashing of wood and metal on the flank drowned his voice. The blare of his trumpets cut through the tumult. And the disciplined Germans began their wheel by companies.

Through the shrilling of the horns, he heard a new sound, an undertone of voices, rising and falling. It sounded familiar, this slow cadence of prayer. He caught a few words: *"Ave Maria gratia plena"*—and it seemed strange to him that the voices of the Poles as they prayed should reach his ears. He did not believe at first that they could be so close. Their long swords slashed before their eagles' wings. They were shearing through his moving men, their great horses racing. They picked openings, and came through with swinging swords. They were almost at his mound.

The uproar of that charge beat at his ears. Beyond it the red flames leaped in the mist, and von Prauen felt cold sweat on his skin. He had been shouting and no one had heard him. Why, all this was not to be believed. Hay burning, and dogs howling, and mad men praying and weeping through the shriek of steel pounding and breaking. Riders speeding like stone balls from his cannon, and horses overthrown like stacks of wheat—

He was watching a nightmare, under the witchery of that lantern in the sky. He was trying to drive away the nightmare by his voice. And all the while his brain reasoned clearly. Item: The long lances of the Poles had overreached the German weapons. Item: The momentum of the Poles had thrown them like stones through his first and second companies. Because, by sheer carelessness he had allowed his Knights to be caught at a foot pace, in the beginning of a wheel, by an unforeseen charge on the flank.

So, the answer of course was to hold the mound with his Prussian pikes. The disciplined Knights would form on the company leaders and fight their way to a new line at the forest, where they must rally on him—

A Knight without a helmet broke from a knot of wheeling horses. Von Prauen saw, for that instant, the face of the Swabian turned toward him. A Polish rider struck him at an angle, and the Swabian's tired horse went over. The Pole swung down with his sword as he passed.

A hand pulled at von Prauen's rein. The white face of his trumpeter peered up at him. The man's voice quavered: "Sir *Komtur,* what is the order?"

Von Prauen's mind repeated the order clearly: To draw back to the forest. *They must cut their way back to Vorberg.* Then he heard a man laughing. It was such a jest, this nightmare on the plain, where the damp mist hid his straining, panting men and the white cross of the Poles moved toward him like the wind. His trumpeter tugged, groaning at his rein. And von Prauen knew that he himself was laughing, because no one, now, could hear him give an order.

His clear, orderly mind had betrayed him, and he felt only hot anger. His knees gripped the tired horse under him. His fingers gripped his sword hilt, and he rode down from the mound into that tossing sea of steel.

A blow he took on his shield. His sword smashed out at the buffalo horns on a head, and the head became dark with blood. Cracked like a dried melon by the good sword. Something ground into the iron links binding his chest, and he lowered his head. His dry mouth felt damp and sweet, and the red fire before his eyes grew dim. He felt the bones cracking in his chest.

And he looked through half-closed eyes at a clear morning sun. Wet grass cooled his neck, and his empty fingers felt dirt when he moved them.

The heads of two men, unhelmed, looked down at him. Szary's dark face shone with sweat; his eyes blinked wearily. Szary, von Prauen thought, was hurt again, but Szary was alive. Yes, he could smile.

"Sir *Komtur,*" said Szary, "do you hear what I say?"

"Of course."

"Can you ride?"

Von Prauen nodded, and set his teeth against the pain of broken bones grating. The other man spoke. They were waiting for him, if he could sit a horse, to surrender Vorberg to them. By now those of his men who had been fighting their way back through the forest without a leader had yielded themselves in surrender. They had been surrounded in the forest.

"You see," said Szary wearily, "you cannot defend even such a castle as Vorberg without men."

ALL this, von Prauen thought, could not be so. Even when he rode across the bridge of boats, still intact over the river, that noon, and saw the water gate of Vorberg standing open, with the people of the countryside thronging through, staring at the deserted battlements, he did not believe his eyes. The courtyard of Vorberg was silent, and empty except for that foolish girl perched on the chapel steps, waving her head veil at Szary as if such an absurd action could have some meaning.

"It is impossible, this surrender!" von Prauen shouted.

"Perhaps," Szary said. "But it sometimes happens, when a castle is built on a land that will not endure it."

Too Mad to Fight

Continued from page 19

And on July 15, 1918, things got so bad that General Pershing sent the following cablegram from France to the chief of staff in Washington:

"Prevalence of mental disorders in replacement troops suggests importance of intensive efforts in eliminating mentally unfit from organizations new draft prior to departure from the United States. Psychiatric forces and accommodations here inadequate to handle a greater proportion of mental cases than heretofore arriving and if less time is taken to organize and train new divisions, elimination work should be speeded."

Practically no attention was paid by local draft boards to the general's prayer. As today, the village idiot, the town card, the big-city clown and all the rest of the motley crew whose mental and nervous fabrics haven't got what it takes were bundled into the Army on the theory that the Army will make men of them—a common belief that is one of the world's major fallacies. Therefore, look at the records of the Veterans' Bureau.

You Can't Laugh It Off

About sixty per cent of the veterans now abed in veterans' hospitals are psychiatrics. Under the law most of the dismal estate of the vast majority of them is presumed to be "service-connected." And that's probably as it should be inasmuch as we have no idea how many latent cases were drafted and enlisted. Also forty per cent of the veterans of the A.E.F. who, as totally disabled men, are drawing pensions, and twenty per cent receiving compensations for service-connected disabilities (many of whom are on federal or state relief, too) are getting their money because they are mental cases.

We're going to keep our promise and be sparing of statistics, but we've repaired to the dispiriting record merely to assure you that it's no use calling us crazy or trying to laugh it off by calling the psychiatrists screwy. Or maybe we are. Anyway, you've got to pay the bill, and to give you some idea we'll spend another moment with the Veterans' Administration's record. Since 1926 you've spent $283,000,000 for hospitalizing these unhappy men and have given them in cash disability allowances $642,000,000 more. Add it up yourself. And remember while doing it that this sum does not include out-patient cases and domiciliary care, which means that the poor victims of a sloppy system of picking soldiers are being treated in homes and institutions and not veterans' hospitals. There are seventy-nine veterans' hospitals. Twenty-seven of them are devoted exclusively to neuropsychiatric cases. Moreover, the situation of the A.E.F. veteran of the first World War is not improving with age. The waiting list for places in our 27 insane asylums for veterans is hopelessly long. Dr. Martin Cooley, Veterans' Bureau psychiatrist, says that the government is constructing more hospitals, which will give the veterans of the A.E.F. 14,232 more beds, 5,268 of which will be for psychotic patients.

We're pledged not to reveal the source of this additional tidbit, but we may assure you that if war comes to these trembling shores, whether the fighting is done here or elsewhere or both, Congress will be asked to build fifty more hospitals. And these will be for the exclusive use of our casualties of the second World War. Nobody's got around to talking about how much they'll cost, but half of them will be bedlams for madmen. Just to give you an idea, the work of the Veterans' Bureau thus far has cost us only twenty-four billion dollars.

It is the calmly arrived at opinion of the psychiatrists who are now trying to make the War Department and the Selective Service System take more than a historical interest in what happened to the misfits in the A.E.F. that the mental strain upon our new Army will be much more violent—particularly if we go to war and more particularly if we send another expeditionary force. We have no figures to reveal the insanity toll of the British escape from Dunkirk. But our psychiatrists know enough to call it "horrible." We do know, however, that of the casualties lately returned to Canada from the war in the Low Countries, thirty per cent are booked for hospitals for nervous and mental collapses.

This is indeed a dismal tale, but we may as well know what we're up against. Untold, it will be just as dismal. The nerves of the combat troops of today are in for a terrific shellacking. Any war veteran will understand. Anyone, civilian or soldier, who has seen a shell-shock case will understand. What with dive bombers, panzer divisions, parachute troops, new elements of surprise, speed and audacity, aerial high-explosive bombs weighing a ton, mobile pillboxes bristling with rapid-fire cannon—all these are making the soldier's lot just a bit tougher. Ask the British. Ask Mussolini. Personally we asked Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, head of the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation, and Lieutenant Colonel William C. Porter, psychiatrist at the famous Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C.

And 300,000 More to Come

Moreover, we read the proceedings of a meeting of Selective Service and Army induction psychiatrists held in Washington. Dr. Sullivan presided. After that we waded into the records of the Veterans' Administration, chin deep in melancholy. If you're one of those persistently cheery fellows, whistling while you work, an indefatigable silver-lining collector, you ought to call occasionally at the Veterans' Bureau. It will even you up a bit. Aside from a new buzzing in the front of our skull, a couple of new frustrations and obsessions and a twitch or two that we didn't have before, we seem to have come through in fairly good shape. We did blench, however, when told that if we get into this war they're counting conservatively on 300,000 casualties, exclusive of fatalities, in the first eighteen months. Basing their reckoning on experience, domestic and imported, somewhere near forty per cent of these will be neuropsychiatric cases. And whether this 300,000 is based upon actual battle here or abroad they didn't say. They prefer to be reticent on any subject touching on the possibility of a second A.E.F.

There aren't enough first-rate psychiatrists to go around to have at least one available to every one of the six thousand draft boards. What to do in such circumstances was a most important decision to be made by the Psychiatric Advisory Committee. The committee was well selected—Dr. Sullivan, Dr. Winfred Overholser of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, Dr. Harry A. Steckel of the American Psychiatric Association and the chairman, Mr. Frederick Osborn, chairman

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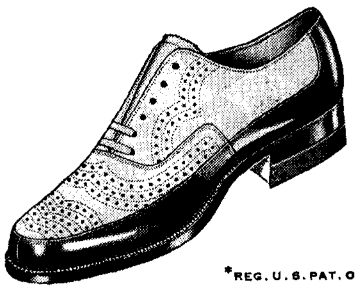


*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

of the President's Civilian Advisory Committee of Selective Service. At their call famous psychiatrists arrived in Washington—Dr. Howard W. Potter of New York, Dr. Roscoe W. Hall, Dr. Ross McC. Chapman, Dr. Wendell Muncie, Lieutenant Colonel Charles B. Spruit, Lieutenant Colonel Porter, Captain Dallas G. Sutton and so on through an imposing roster.

It being impossible (and some thought inadvisable) to have a psychiatrist sitting with the local board members, a guide for the physical examiners was written by the William Alanson Psychiatric Foundation. The examiners were bidden to remember that the men they were looking at were not merely candidates for a year of military training but were to be reserves for the subsequent ten years. Therefore, it was important that no lad giving off signs of latent insanity, feeble-mindedness or nervous disorders be inducted. If the examiners had any doubt about the candidate the nearest accredited psychiatrist should be notified and the two should be brought together.

Casualties from the Beginning

There would, of course, be complications. In sparsely settled regions and small towns where the local doctors know everybody and their families, there would be the tendency to accept the local zanies on the theory that they were always a bit wobbly aloft but harmless, strong and willing. Army routine and discipline would make a man of him. Besides, he'd doubtless make a heroic warrior inasmuch as he didn't have sense enough to be afraid of anybody. But the doctors were bidden to reject such merry-andrews because, experience proved, routine and discipline were just what these children don't need. Under the kidding of their buddies and the nervous exactions of modern warfare they'd soon become casualties. Furthermore, there would be a slight tendency of local boards to shunt their town clowns into the Army, knowing they'd break down in uniform. Thus they'd become the problem of the federal government and not a financial burden on the home community.

Anyway, the psychiatrists told the local doctors what to look for in setting aside the likely neurotics and psychiatrics. They were asked to detect signs of five types—mental defectives or deficients, psychopathic personalities, the morbids and depressives, the psychoneurotics and the schizoids—the fellows likely to come down with dementia praecox.

The list of the signs, omens and portents the doctors are asked to look for is more than merely interesting in considering the personnel of our new Army; they may very well give you a clue to why you yourself, male or female, may occasionally be a public pain in the neck. Are you sensitive about the appearance of your hair or scalp—say, premature baldness? Are you a trifle touchy about the shape of your head? Have you a Durante schnozzle, Gable ears, a Joe Brown–Martha Raye mouth or Eddie Cantor eyes? And do you wilt when your jolly friends rib you about them? Are you scared of the girls? Are you a free weeper like Zasu Pitts or Wally Beery? Well, don't worry. You may not be a prepsychotic personality after all. But the doctors may turn you over to a screwball sleuth just in case of a tie.

Are you a cutup? The unfailing life of the party? A card? Are you so sure of yourself that people begin to yawn the moment you appear? Now don't take on. You may be nothing worse than a first-rate bore—a show-off, an exhibitionist, an All-America halfback who can't get over it. You might become a hero in the Army, barge right into the enemy's middle and get the Distinguished Service Cross from a grateful government. Such success will have a tendency to make you somewhat more of a nuisance, however, and the psychiatrists think that life is already hard enough without adding a number of loudmouthed wowsers with the D.S.C.'s. But maybe you're merely harboring a few harmless delusions. Or maybe it's an inferiority sicklied o'er with a defensive buffoonery.

Anyway, if the doctors follow the suggestions of the psychiatry board they'll ask you to step aside for a moment and have a word or two with the head of the state hospital. How he'll handle you depends upon your accessibility. He may ask you to take off your clothes and be seated. No man, sane or otherwise, is at his defensive best when nude. Peeled down to your hide, you're likely to be a little less of the braggart and more the guy you really are. What he'll ask you once you're shed of your tailored armor depends upon your personality, upon what he's seeking, what he suspects. Go ahead and talk to him. It's all confidential.

These screwball sleuths aren't always right—particularly when they have so little time to give to bug-hunting you. After the Armistice in 1918, when the American and French armies sat down for a bit of rest, the psychiatrists managed to catch up with them. It was great fun. They knew it was much too late to throw March hares out of the service but they did a lot of examining anyway. They did it blind—knowing nothing of the subject's record. Some of their conclusions revived the eternal question, "Who's loony now?" They reported as one who should never have been admitted into the Army a fellow whose chest wasn't broad enough to hold all his medals for efficiency and daring. They said they'd have rejected an airman who happened merely to be the most proficient plane tester in America—a fellow with numerous championships and awards. Out of the French air corps they'd have thrown an ace who had downed seventy-three German ships and whose Croix de Guerre carried seventy-three palms. And so on.

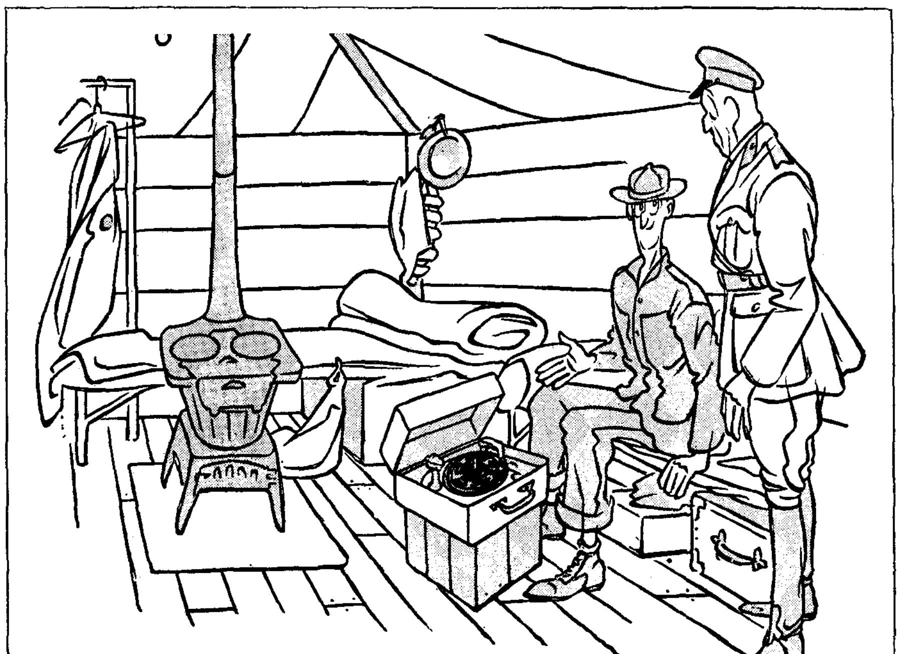
The examiners are asked to look sharp for the moody ones, the fellow with scenic railway or chute-the-chute emotions—in the clouds of elation today and in depression's pit tomorrow. They're asked to report the lads who are sure they're misunderstood, unappreciated, discriminated against, who lapse into periods of gloomy silence over fancied wrongs, who are eaten with jealousies, who can't stand criticism. They're likely to be psychoneurotic to the last drop and the Army can get along nicely without them. So can any other organization. They dramatize themselves, are suckers for anxieties and obsessions. They're apt to be hypochondriacal, too. The government wants none such in the Army; it has enough of them in its civil agencies in Washington.

One Personality is Plenty

If you're a morose character, shiftless, untidy, nomadic and, somewhere between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, have gone sloppy in action and thought—if you've abandoned for the worse the social interests and habits to which you were trained by hopeful parents, you're possibly schizophrenic. The word derives from the Greek for "scissors" and it means that you have a split personality. You're a bit queer—pixilated. Of course, we're all a trifle queer and being a schizoid does not eliminate you from some pretty noble company. In the scissors corps have marched such famed ones as Chopin, Wagner, Robespierre, Napoleon, Calvin, Kant, Whistler, Rousseau, Schiller and Spinoza. Also, lest you get chesty about it, were Judas Iscariot, Jesse James, George the Third and numerous other public enemies.

But the Army won't take you schizoids if the psychiatrists can help it. Even without the warning of the doctors they won't let you in if you're an epileptic, although several pretty good soldiers were that way—Julius Caesar, for example, and Peter the Great. They won't accept you even as a bandsman although George Frederick Handel threw fits and was a pretty good musician between them. The Army has no rightful place for you if you're clearly antisocial—a lone wolf, an incorrigibly tough guy, although Gebhard von Blücher, the celebrated Prussian field marshal; Wallenstein, the Austrian general, and others too numerous to mention were personalities on the antisocial side. We could add the names of several American heroes but won't. We've learned our lesson. To name any one of them would be begging for an awful beating which would surely come from patriotic societies.

In proportion to their numbers the classifications most likely to cave in under the nerve and mental strain of army life, in peace and combat, are (1) officers, (2) married men, (3) men over forty. To boil it down, it's worry that gets the officers and the married



"That's the wife, sir. She comes to me by electrical transcription"

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Time for new Champion SPARK PLUGS

National Spark Plug Change Week May 5 to 11

NOW IS THE TIME, and here is the way, to correct sluggishness, poor gas mileage and poor engine performance in your car—have your spark plugs checked and cleaned by a Champion Spark Plug dealer, and if they have been in service 10,000 miles or more have new Champions installed.

National Spark Plug Change Week now serves as an annual reminder to hundreds of thousands of motorists that changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles actually saves them money, and at the same time revitalizes the performance of their engines.

Champion Spark Plug dealers offer special spark plug service during "Change Week" which includes testing, cleaning and adjusting—services which enable you personally to see whether new spark plugs are necessary.

When you buy spark plugs demand Champions because no other spark plugs give the same championship performance which has made them the choice of racing champions everywhere. No other spark plugs have the patented Sillment seal which keeps Champions free from troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* This exclusive feature alone makes Champions your logical choice if you want the performance your high-compression engine and today's modern anti-knock fuels are capable of.

There is a Champion dealer near you who displays the familiar Champion "bow-tie" sign which is the sign of dependable service. Have him revitalize your engine today!

The Sign of Dependable Service

MORE POWER
MORE SPEED
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

HERE'S THE CHAMPION FOR YOUR CAR

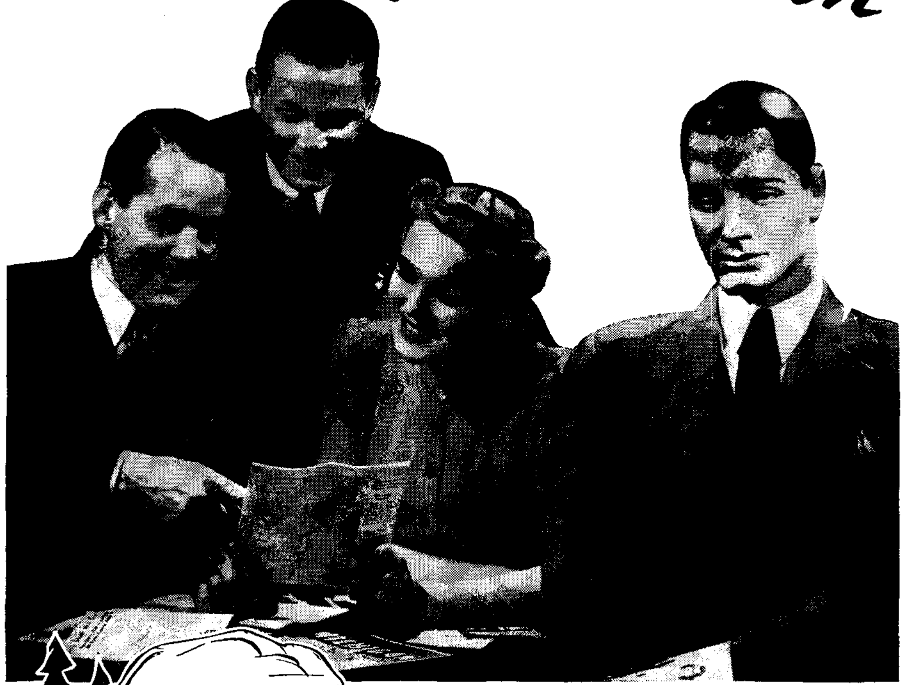
MODEL	YEAR						
	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
AUBURN	H10 14 mm. Hds.						
AUSTIN AM. BANT.	C7	C7	C7	J8	H10	H10	H10
BUICK	15	15	15	J8	J8	J9	Y4A
CADILLAC	7	8 cyl. J8 Others 7			Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
CHEVROLET	J5	J8	J8	J8	J8	J9	Y5
CHRYSLER	Reg. Hds. J8					J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
CORD	C7	H10	H10	H10			
DE SOTO	Reg. Hds. J8					J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						

MODEL	YEAR						
	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
DODGE	Reg. Hds. J8					J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
DUESENBERG	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M		
FORD	Models A & B, C4						
	Big V8 18Mm. 7	7	7	7	All Mdls. H10		H9 Com. or H10
	'38 Big V8 14 mm.			H10			
	'32-V8 C4		60 H10	HP H10			
FRANKLIN	C7	C7	C7				
GRAHAM	7	7	7	H10	H10	J10 Com.	
	Superchgd & 95 Ser. H10						
HUDSON	All Reg. Hds. J9						
	All Hi. Hds. H10						

MODEL	YEAR						
	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
HUPMOBILE	C7	C7		7	7	7	7
LAFAYETTE	7	7	7	7	7	7	
LA SALLE	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y4A	Y4A	
LINCOLN	7	7	7	7	7	H10	H9 Com or H10
MERCURY					H10	H10	H9 Com or H10
NASH	To '29-6 L-Hd. C7 Ov. Hd. 15 14mm. J5		J8	J8	J8	J9	H9 Com.
OLDSMOBILE	7	7	J8	J8	J8	J9	J9
OVERLAND					J8		
PACKARD	J8	J8	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4A
PIERCE ARROW	12s-J5, 8s-C4	H10	H10	H10			

MODEL	YEAR						
	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
PLYMOUTH	Reg. Hds. J8					J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J9	J9
REO	C7	H10					
	1935 Alum. Hd. 7						
STUDEBAKER	All Reg. Hds. 8 Hi. Hds. 7					Cham. J8 Comm. 8 Pres. 8	
STUTZ	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M		
TERRAPLANE	All Reg. Hds. J8 Hi. Hds. H10						
WILLYS 4, 6 & 8	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	Reg. Hds J9 Hi. Hds H10	
ZEPHYR		All Models H10					H9 Com or H10

They Couldn't Sell Dan on a Michigan Vacation

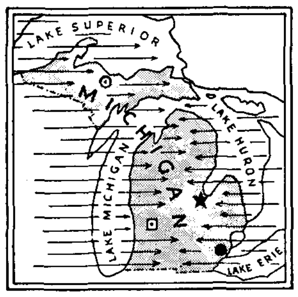


Why not? When 12 million persons every year find in Michigan everything they seek in a summer vacation, why shouldn't Dan be convinced? But he just sat there. Well, take a look at Dan and you'll understand.

Although others related experiences of last summer's happy vacation in Michigan, talked enthusiastically about what they and their families were going to do, and go, and see this summer. Dan didn't say a word. He didn't even hear what was said.

But, after all, Dan is the only one deaf to a summer vacation in Michigan for, you see, Dan is a dummy!

But *you* and your family will like Michigan this summer, its sunny days and cool nights, its clean, sandy beaches and sky-blue waters. You'll thrill to the memorable places you can see and photograph . . . such as the ancient historic forts, Indian villages, Tahquamenon Falls, the Irish Hills, Kitch-iti-ki-pi Spring, Lake of the Clouds, the Pictured Rocks, the Soo Locks, Blue Water Bridge. You'll enjoy the Brockway Mountain Drive, or the drive from the world's motor capital to the auto-less quiet of Mackinac Island. Ferry through the famed Mackinac Straits. Get away from hurry and worry in the vast reaches of Michigan's mysterious sand dunes, or in the Ogema Forest or the Hartwick pines. You'll find it instructive to visit the world famous Greenfield Village, the Grand Rapids Furniture Museum, the Little Netherlands. You'll admire the Jackson Cascades, and enjoy the symphonies at the National Music Camp.



We'll gladly answer any questions you may have and send you descriptive literature. Dan wouldn't be interested but just let us know that you are.

Michigan is Air Conditioned

To the North lies great Lake Superior. To the West lies Lake Michigan. Bordering Michigan on the East are Lake Huron, Lake St. Clair, and Lake Erie. Michigan breezes are water-washed and cool. Humidity is temperate. The entire state is air-conditioned by Nature.

Direct All Inquiries to P. O. Box 1080, Lansing, Mich.

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men. Similarly shorn of extras, natural erosion undermines the nerves of the men over forty. Nothing could be much more interesting than to listen to the psychiatrists think aloud along these lines. We did, sitting a little fearfully in their midst, flinching every time one of them fixed a penetrating eye on us. It got so bad that in defense we took the offensive and asked them to give us a phrased picture of what they'd regard as the model recruit. He doesn't sound human, and probably isn't. His like will not be found in all the 16,500,000 enrollees from whom we're picking our new Army and of whom an average of thirty-two per cent are being rejected for physical and mental shortcomings. But here he is:

He must be a moderately social person with no vast ambitions. He'd be a fatalist, a man with an enthusiasm for things as they come. He mustn't be too refined, squeamish. He must be a philosopher in a small way, not resentful of wrongs, fancied or real. He'd have a certain gaiety and a well-disciplined sense of humor—not enough, mind you, to be unable to restrain himself when confronted by a brand-new mail-order-house lieutenant. He must have no undue attachments to the past nor a deep fondness for absent people or distant places. He should be a man to whom nothing he has left behind is essential, who harbors no great idealisms of persons, things, governments or doctrines. And, to stop with a thump, he should be somewhat athletic.

Of course the psychiatrists drawing that portrait for us (and we've quoted them almost verbatim) add that the heroic fellow would have to be a perfect physical specimen without too much brains. Just enough brains to pass the tests which are put officially at the ten-year intelligence level. That's the minimum of course. You can have more and still be acceptable. Of course they won't pass you if you're a dope addict, a syphilitic or a habitual drunk. Some of the psychiatrists would throw out a man who, although not an alcoholic, has been arrested twice for intoxication.

The Revealing Physique

Everyone knows that there is a certain affinity between physical abnormalities and mental layoffs. And even the psychiatrists allow that such connotation isn't exact. But if your legs or arms are unusual in one way or another, if your neck is too, too swanlike, your feet too plankish without being exactly flat, your chest too bullish or spinsterish, the alienist will most likely seize upon such phenomena to engage you in conversation. He's instructed to put you at your ease too, remarking your prize physical peculiarity jokingly. But in no time he'll be digging into your libido and other personal sides—if he has time. In four or five minutes he can't do much alone, but if you'll co-operate he's apt to get a lot of information out of you. And it isn't all solemn.

"They had me up for blinking my eyes," said a rejected enrollee to his pal.

"Wadya mean blinking your eyes?"

"The physical doctor said I blinked my eyes too much and to see the doc in the next room. This doc in the next room asked me what kind of guy my old man was. Boy, you ought to heard me."

"Wadya say?"

"I said: 'Listen Doc, if you're thinking of taking my old man into the Army you're nuts. My old man's been slap-happy ever since I was born. He only got out of the county flea bag three months ago.'"

What the psychiatrists want, and should have, is more time to examine possible psychotics before they become firmly embedded in the Army rolls. As it is, they are not giving the summoned enrollees even standard tests. If the man is passed by the physical examiners, all of whom are as anxious as the draft boards to make a good numerical showing, he's whisked off to a reception center. He is given an aptitude test which, at best, is no more than a forty-second stepcousin to an intelligence or a psychometric examination. The aptitude test tells the Army what sort of mechanical work the man's best fitted for. In due time, and always too busy to be turned over to a psychiatrist, he's either assigned to a unit or he finds his way into a replacement center. If he goes to a unit the psychiatrist sees him no more—unless of course he becomes a mental or nervous casualty and is broken out of the Army. The psychiatrist claims that such calamity might be averted were he to have fifteen minutes with the registrant. Given that much time per man, they are certain that they could eliminate more than half of all those who are now or presently will become unsuited for Army service.

No Place for Screwballs

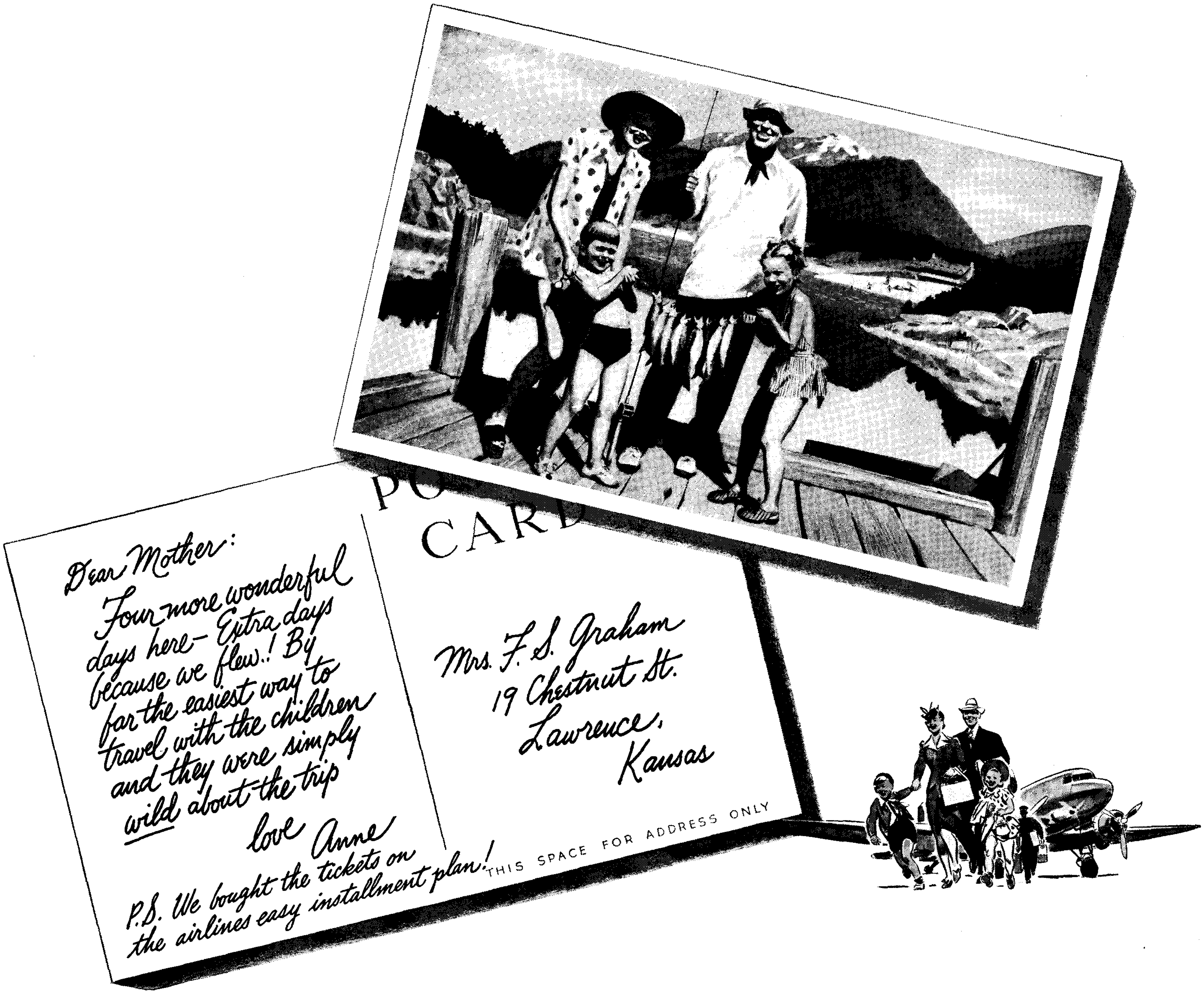
Therefore, the hope of the psychiatrists is that they will be given the right to go over the men in the replacement centers—that all men should pass through replacement centers and that neuropsychiatric staffs be maintained there. Thus, after induction but before being assigned to a unit, every draftee could be given complete exploration. But the Army seems to be bent on numbers and speed. The psychiatrists have all they can do to keep out from under the new Army steam roller.

Some of the psychiatrists have an idea that will probably land in the wastebasket although we talked to several general officers about it and they were loud in their applause. The doctors suggest that there be a ten days' cooling-off period between the time that the enrollee is accepted by the draft board and his report to the reception center. The Army argues that this would result in a large number of desertions, that if given ten days to cool off the man would take off. We wouldn't know about that.

But the doctors' idea has appeal. Not only would the psychiatrists have opportunity to look into the background and habits of the recruit during those ten days, but the man himself might be spared a lot of embarrassment. Too often, immediately after being notified to appear before his draft board, the enrollee quits his job, sells his personal possessions, becomes the guest of honor at a purely liquid farewell brawl only to return a couple of days later having been rejected for having too few teeth or an unserviceable eye. Bad teeth, one of youths' legacies from the depression, are responsible for 17% of the draft rejections. His pride is hurt, he's kidded almost into melancholy, he's out of work, he has lost his car. The government's lost a friend.

The psychiatrists contend that given the necessary time with each enrollee as he appears before his draft board, they could eliminate fifteen out of every hundred and save the United States millions of dollars to say nothing of saving the Army from unguessed calamities. As it is, with no more than four minutes to a man, they're afraid that they are catching only two per cent of the potentially psychotic. And that means that of every hundred men whisked into the Army, thirteen may sooner or later be shipped back ticketed for the psychiatric ward. Or worse, their latent insanities may overtake them at some critical time in battle. It wouldn't be the first time that a battle was lost because of a screwball.

Ask the general staff.



Dear Mother:
Four more wonderful days here- Extra days because we flew.! By far the easiest way to travel with the children and they were simply wild about the trip
love Anne
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Chips in the Stars

Continued from page 14

One look into that spacious playroom and bar made George realize this was simply Ciro's in shorts. Associate producers and directors were grimly absorbed in gin rummy. A dozen famous stars were sprinkled about and all of them were busily outcharming the others. Near the fireplace people were swarming around a pudgy little man wearing brown chaps and a huge white sombrero. Even in Palm Springs Mr. Steinberg was entirely surrounded by parties who were only too anxious to be the caboose on his gravy-train.

George took a deep breath and entered the room. By using his elbows where they would do the most good he presently emerged at Mr. Steinberg's elbow. Until today George had had only four fleeting glimpses of the studio's Number One genius and even so he was still three up on anyone else making under five hundred a week.

George cleared his throat. "Mr. Steinberg," he began, "the studio—"

The producer had the fretful eyes of a nervous oyster and a complexion to match. For one blank moment he stared at George and then he gave him a toothy smile. "On week ends no formalities it gives," he said warmly. "Ancil you gotta call me!" He looked at George again. "What name is it?"

"George Evans. I'm at the studio and—"

Mr. Steinberg patted him on his back. "You think I don't know mine own employees?" he asked in a hurt, fatherly voice. "Mine own supervisors I never forget! When we get back to the studio we talk about your next assignment."

"Supervisor?" George said bleakly, fearing that the situation was getting out of hand. "I'm afraid there's been some mistake. Miss Meyer—"

New guests had arrived and were pressing in on their host. Before he could help himself George was shunted back to the outskirts of the crowd. He found himself face to face with Miss Sandra Noren, who was forever making a regal entrance right past his desk. Miss Noren was the studio's current foreign siren, via Vienna and way points, and a traffic-stopper in any language.

She was a very blond party with sultry blue eyes and all the right curves distributed where they would be most decorative. George was tall enough and dark enough to set her off to good advantage, and after carefully inspecting him she gave him her slow, measured smile.

"I do not know you," she said huskily. "I'd like to. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said George, feeling that this was very fast dialogue from a stranger. "Unfortunately, I was just leaving."

"I'll join you," she said. "We shall have just one little vodka and then dinner together."

GEORGE was still nodding numbly as she led him to the bar. Two vodkas later she was well into her life story, omitting only the names of certain influential gentlemen like Clarence McKellar, the studio's top director and her current sponsor. When she sensed George's attention was wandering she slipped her hand over his.

"Always Ancil's parties are like this," she said. "Forty guests and never—never more than one attractive man." She lifted her eyes slowly and George felt he was called upon to answer.

"I always liked that speech," he said politely. "I remember when you first did it in Six Loves Had I."

Sandra stared at him a minute and then that slow smile curved the corners of her lips. "Ah," she said, "a sense of humor I like." She patted his hand. "Someone like you I could like very much, George."

George only wished certain secretaries could have heard that. This might be the big league but he was doing all right. He was more and more aware that this was his big chance to get into the chips. Wasn't Peggy always saying that careers were made at parties like these? Here he might even meet someone who would give him a chance in the scenario department! Then, too late, Peggy would realize what a mistake she had made.

"You know," Sandra was saying thoughtfully, "I have seen you before, George. Of that I am sure."

George swallowed, hoping he wasn't going to be exposed before he had at least met a few of the executives. If they were to remember he was just a reception clerk they would never believe he could write.

Sandra's lovely brow was furrowed with unaccustomed thought. George's face was vaguely familiar. She had seen him at the studio only the other day. If she could not remember his position he was a recent arrival and . . .

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "How stupid I am! Ancil's new find you must be! The actor he brings out from the Theatre Guild."

For a moment George felt like throwing in the sponge then and there.

"Actor?" he said coldly. "Shall we go to dinner now?"

GEORGE was never really certain how they ended up in the party at Haldeman's Stables. They had had dinner at The Happy House with some of Hollywood's most famous and pretty people and it seemed that simply everyone went to the Stables' Saturday-night parties. George, already down to his last ten dollars, found himself swept along with the crowd. Sandra was trying out her best routines on him and the sight of her interest awakened that of a number of starlets. While this popularity was all very nice, George was soon convinced he couldn't afford much more of it. He held a conference with himself in a telephone booth and discovered he was down to two-seventy-five.

HE WENT back to the bar determined to take a firm stand with Sandra. He found his lady was out on the floor doing a schottische to the music of three Western fiddlers. She saw George and blew him a kiss. Her partner turned then and George saw he was a big, red-faced man who seemed to think he was Wild Bill Hickok, judging by the hard look he gave George. George frowned right back at him.

A lone cowboy was standing at the bar beside him. He was moodily studying his whisky and George felt a sudden sympathy for this one real cowboy exposed to all these would-be wranglers.

"This must seem pretty phony to you," he said.

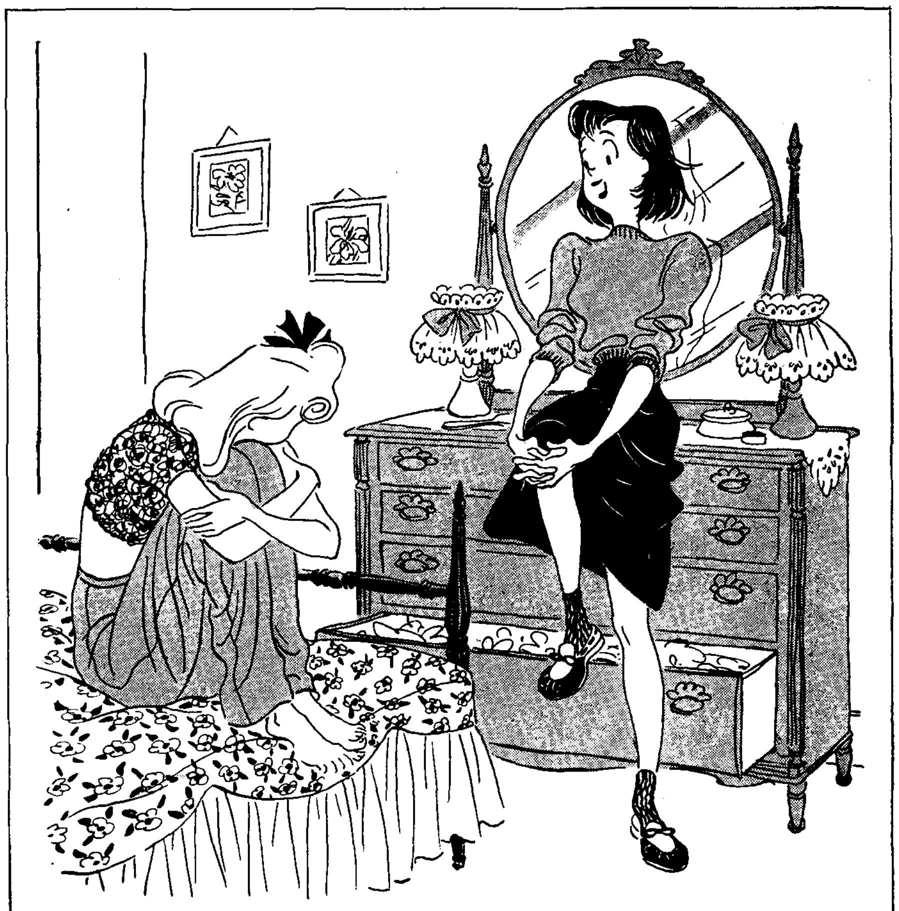
The cowboy nodded. "I loathe it," he said bitterly. "You don't know how I wish I were back in Thun Valley. I broke in my act there."

"Act?" George said faintly.

"I'm a ballad thinger. I thpin ropeth while I thing cowboy thongs."

Completely shattered, George turned away as Sandra and the impersonator of Wild Bill Hickok came into the bar. On this closer view of his rival George turned slightly green. The man he had been exchanging scowls with was that eminent director, Clarence McKellar. Too late George recalled the gossip that Mr. McKellar was so taken with Sandra that he had once tried to horsewhip an actor who took her love scenes too seriously for his own good.

Sandra didn't make things any easier by slipping her arm through his as she introduced them. "I tell Clary he must



"It's really serious between us—he's given up one of his three other girls already"

HILDA TERRY

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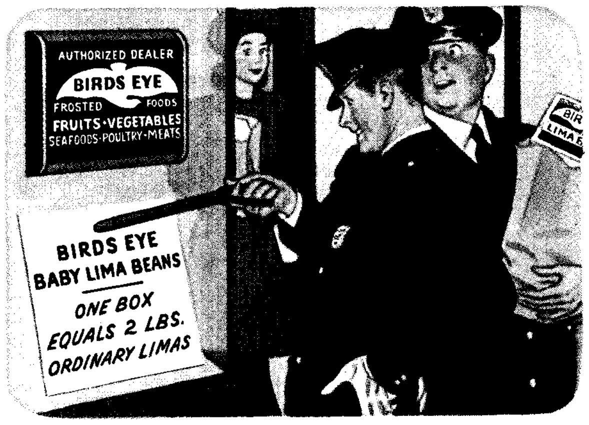

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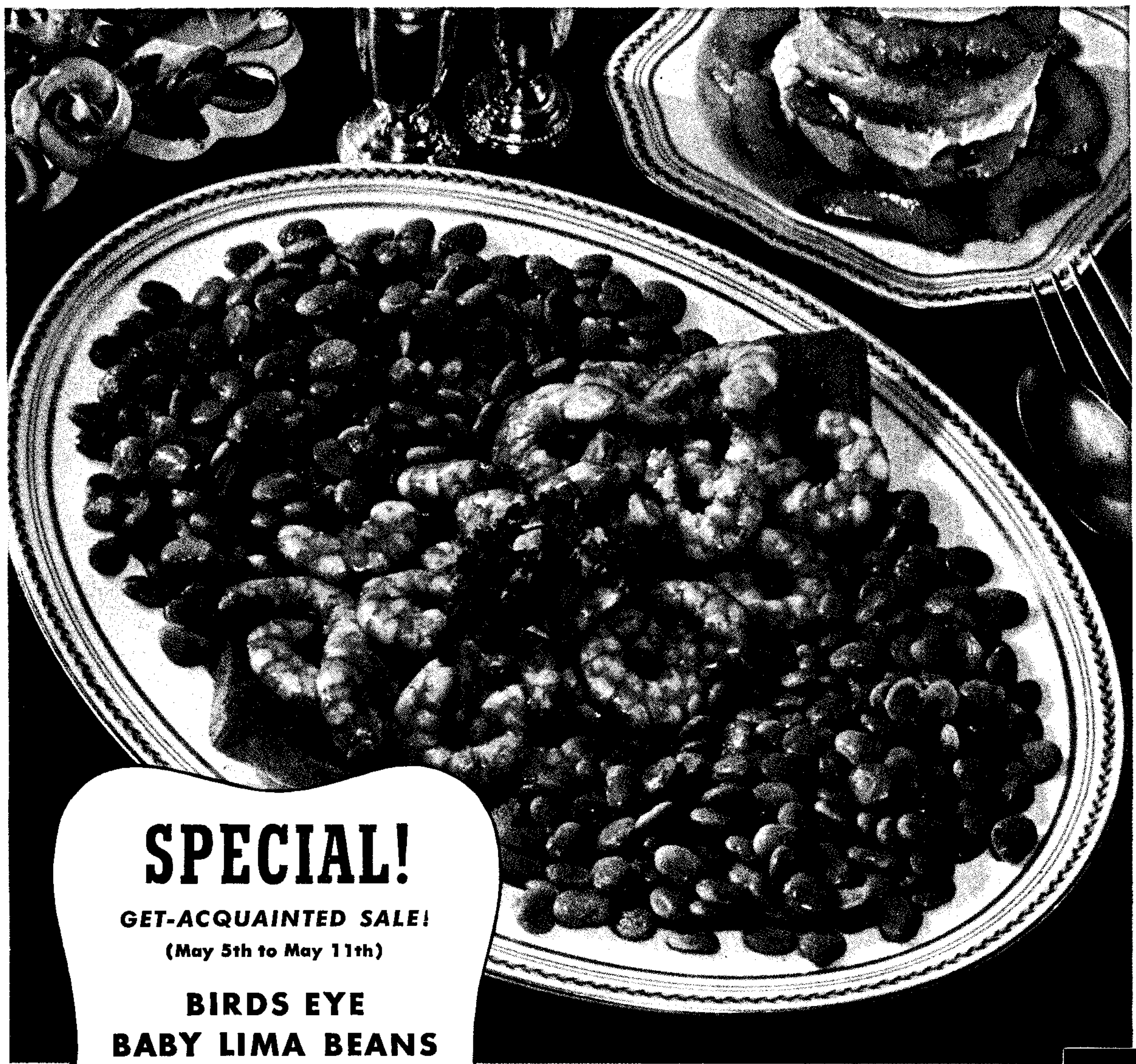

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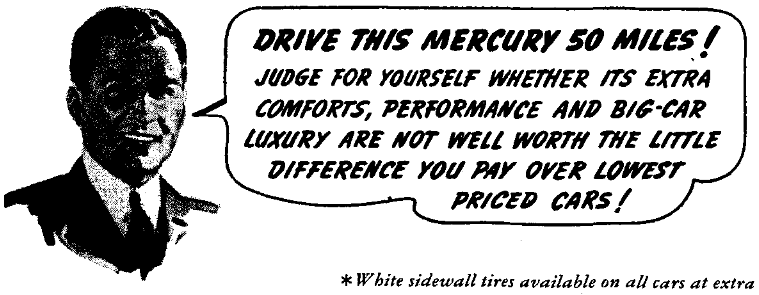
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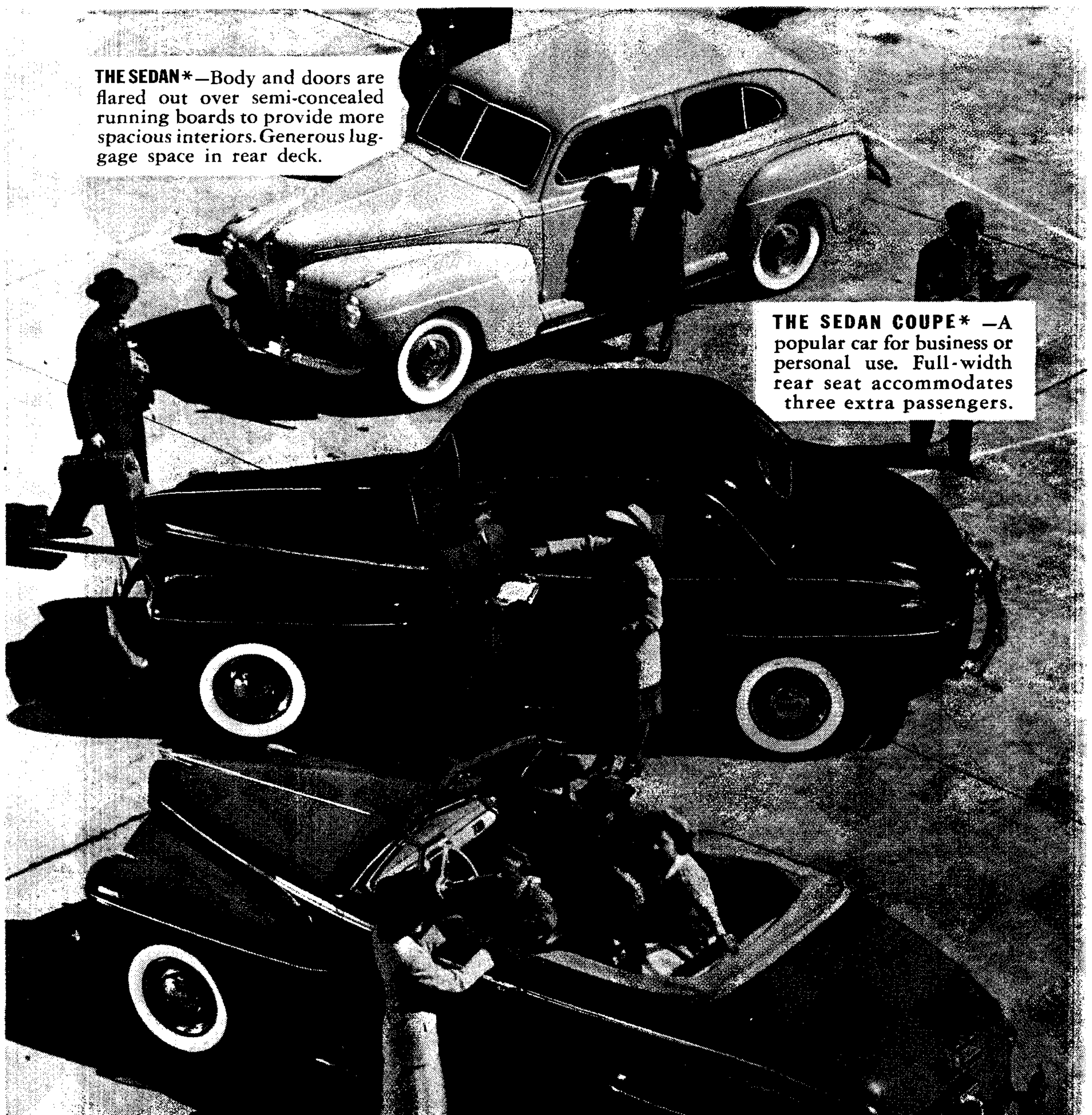

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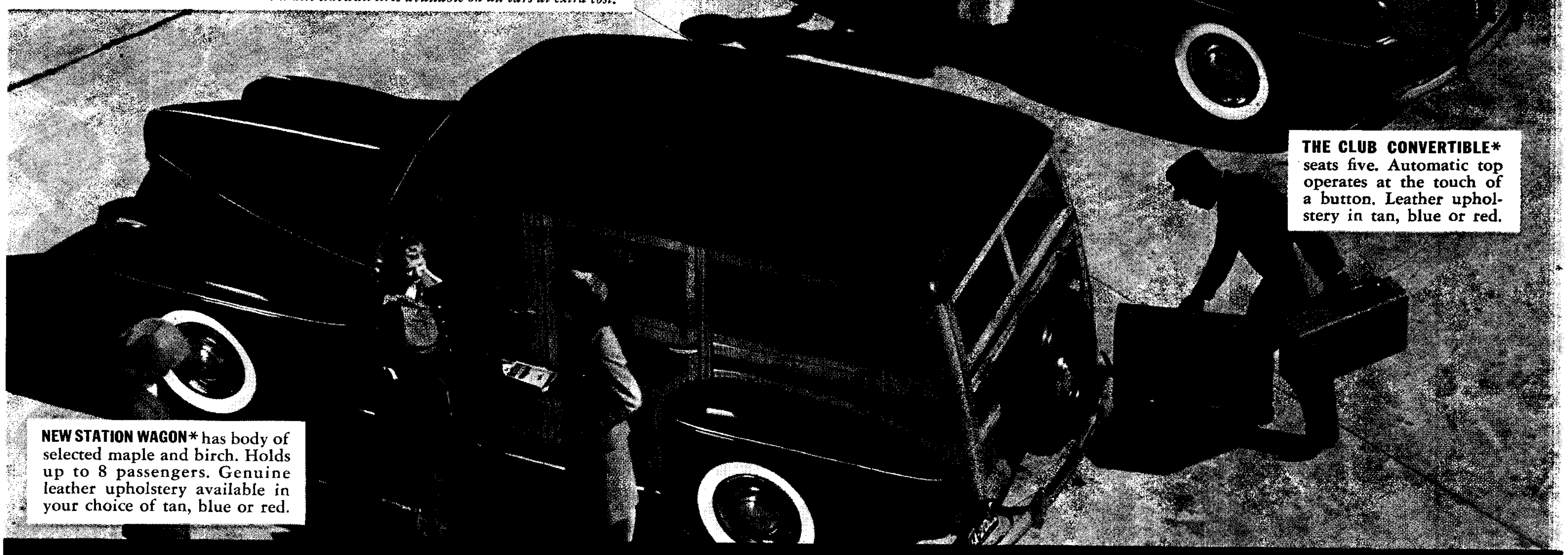

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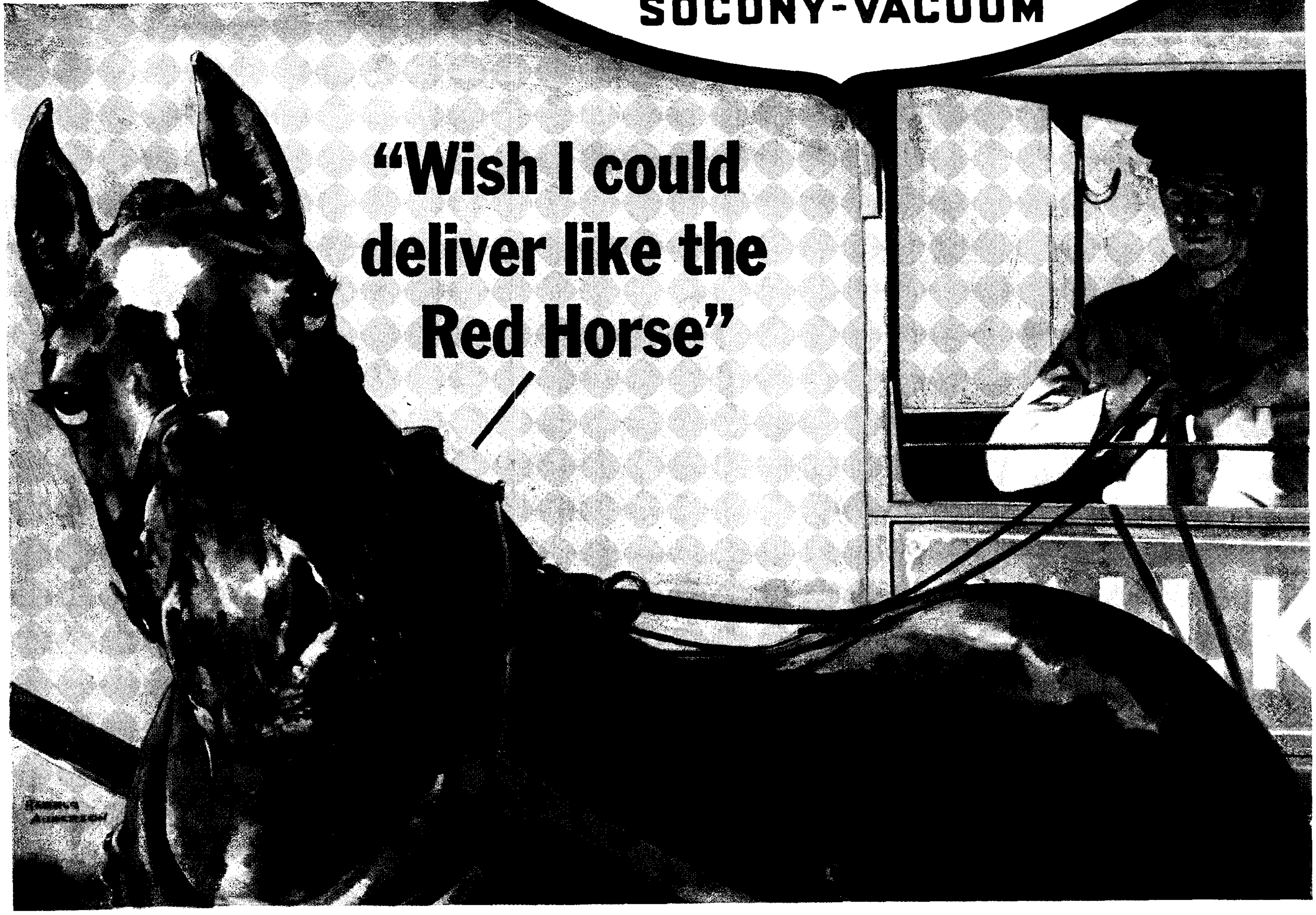

"Wish I could deliver like the Red Horse"

not be the big jealous boy," she said archly. "Because he is late coming down is no reason we must be at home, is it, George?"

"No," he said weakly. "No. I mean, of course not."

"Ha!" said Mr. McKellar. His heavy eyebrows grew into one bushy, ominous line. "You're an actor, eh? Never heard of you."

Sandra gave a tinkling laugh. "Of course you have not. I told you Ancil just now brings him from the stage."

"I don't believe it. Not the type."

Any other time George would have appreciated that vote of confidence. Sandra's voice was suddenly as cool and crystal clear as if it were on a sound track. "You mean I do not know an actor when I say so?" she asked. "Because you, Clary, have no oomph—"

Mr. McKellar looked as if he were about to strangle. He downed his drink in one gulp and slammed the glass on the bar. "Always it's me that's wrong. Some day, Sandra—"

She already had George's arm and was leading him toward the dance floor. "Not another word do I listen to," she said coldly. "You can go home and to yourself be rude."

GEORGE had no hope that Mr. McKellar would be so easily disposed of. Throughout the dance he kept one apprehensive eye on the bar.

Miss Noren was as close as his next breath. "You dance beautifully, George," she said softly. "Beautifully." For a moment her eyes met his. "For someone like you I could care very much, George."

George had a hard time not reminding her that that was where he came in. She noticed his strained expression and she smiled. "You have a strong face," she said. "Men with minds of their own I like."

"That's fine," he said unhappily. "I'm afraid I couldn't change now, anyway. Peggy always said—"

Sandra drew back from him, watching him beneath veiled lashes. "So?" she said slowly. "There is someone else then?"

"There used to be. I mean—"

But Miss Noren had already slipped into her favorite role from Daughter of the Danube. "I know," she said in a hushed voice, every dramatic fiber responding to this sure-fire situation. "But tonight, my little pigeon, we shall forget all the yesterdays. Tonight we shall be gay. Gay!" Her voice fell away to a whisper. "For us there may never be a tomorrow."

George had good reason to believe she was quite right. Mr. McKellar was bearing down on them with a belligerence that made George wish he had kept up his boxing lessons at the Y. M. C. A.

"You better get your coat," he said. "I have a feeling we'll be leaving any minute."

Sandra's lips parted at the realization that George, too, must be swept with the romance of their meeting. She had barely left the floor when the director laid a beefy hand on George's shoulder, spinning him around so that George was looking right into his bloodshot eyes.

"Actor, eh?" he said darkly. "I called the studio and that new ham isn't even down here. They've got him in a Turkish bath. What do you say now?"

George carefully removed the hand from his shoulder. "I didn't say I was an actor. That was Miss Noren's idea. Just because she met me at Mr. Steinberg's—"

Some of the belligerence faded from the director. "Steinberg's?" he said. "You're staying with Ancil?"

George, remembering he was down now to two dollars, nodded firmly. It had started to rain and he had no intention of sleeping in his roadster.

"That's right," he said coolly. "I—I'm down here on a confidential matter. Extremely confidential."

Mr. McKellar stared at him and his ruddy face gradually assumed an ashen hue. His agent had called him only that afternoon to inform him the studio might not pick up his option. The agent had it on good authority that the bankers, alarmed at Mammoth's being between pictures again, had ordered Ancil to retrench. In fact, they had already sent out one of their bright young men to look over the studio. His recommendations would determine their final decisions.

Mr. McKellar was beginning to perspire. "You—you wouldn't be from New York, would you?"

George was growing increasingly fretful under this cross-examination.

"'That's neither here nor there," he said. "My business in Palm Springs concerns only Mr. Steinberg.

The director's darkest fears were completely confirmed then. Only a banker would dare be that curt to Clarence McKellar. He was aware that George was watching him and somehow he mustered a wan smile.

"Ha!" he said bleakly. "I was just kidding, George. To prove it, I'll buy you a drink!"

IT WAS some time before Sandra finally realized that her erstwhile love had no intention of letting them depart without him. She had found the two of them in the bar where Mr. McKellar was giving out with his most impressive backbone-of-the-industry manner.

Only after the director had them in his limousine and they were speeding toward the Sand Club did Sandra begin to suspect that Clary's interest in George was more than a belated attempt to pacify her. His growing concern could mean only one thing: Clary had found out George *was* from the Theatre Guild and he was being nice while there was still time.

The rain was a steady downpour now and little puddles were forming across the road. The Sand Club was the Mohave's answer to Monte Carlo and driving fifteen miles in the rain just to lose your money didn't sound real bright to George. The director laughed away his objections.

THE club came up to George's direst expectations. The rooms were decorated in early Cecil B. De Mille and everywhere he looked there were overstuffed men and underfed women. Beyond the long, handsome bar was a tiny dance floor where a rumba band held forth. Down the stairs was the largest game room George had ever seen.

"How about giving the dice a rumble?" said Mr. McKellar.

"I can't afford it," George said simply.

The director gave a hollow laugh at this common fetish among bankers.

"Don't be silly. I'll get the chips. It's my party."

He bought a hundred dollars' worth and shoved them at his newest bosom friend. "Go ahead," he urged George. "We'll split the winnings!"

"Winnings?" George said dubiously. Then, not wanting to hurt Mr. McKellar's feelings, he shrugged and turned toward the table. Sandra gave her sponsor a thin smile. When the director nervously demanded its meaning she lifted her shoulders in well-bred amusement, Metro style.

"It is only that so soon you are friends; so soon you must show him the sights. It is very touching, Clary."

"Not so loud!" he said in an anguished whisper. "He's a very important man."

"You find that out late, my little pigeon. Already Ancil has personally discovered him. And if you think I am not going to be in his first picture—"

He strangled on his drink. This was no time, however, to inform her that George was far more important than any mere actor. He could do that after he had aced himself in. Once he was set with the bankers he could put in a good word for Sandra. That is, if he still felt like it. Right now he wished she had never left Vienna.

"Honey," he said hoarsely, "we'll talk this over in the morning. I want to see how George is doing."

He was doing terrible. Conservative as he had been, he was already down to thirty dollars. When he bet against the house, the player immediately crapped out. If he backed the house the players made their points. George began to suspect that this unusual coincidence had a lot to do with the Sand Club's always seeking new patrons. The old ones probably wised up.

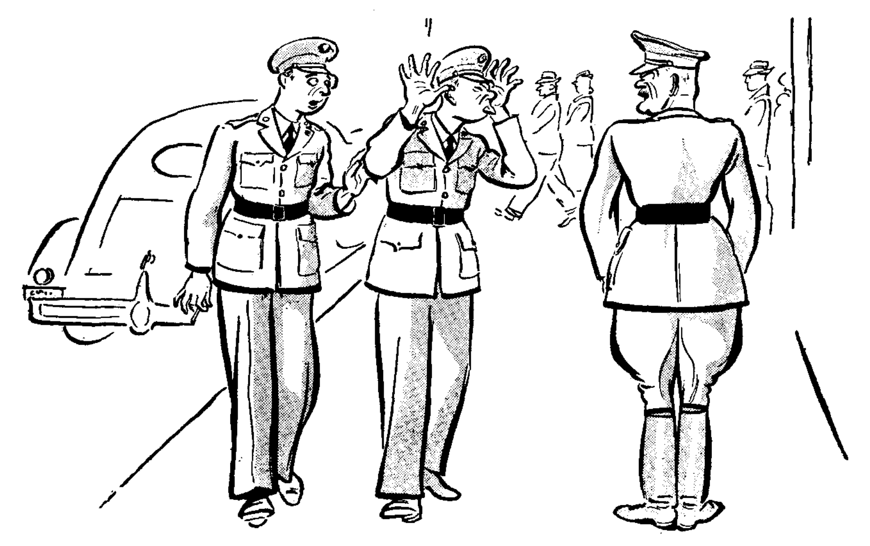
"Tough luck," said Mr. McKellar, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder. George nodded and the director gave him a fine, false smile. "By the way," he said casually, "I'd appreciate your frank opinion on something. How did you like my last picture, George?"

George didn't even look up from the table. "It was awful," he said truthfully. "It really smelled out loud."

Only when the director's suddenly limp hand slid from his shoulder did he realize such frankness was not always appreciated. Mr. McKellar had the ashen coloring of a man who had just learned there would be no reprieve.

"I'm sorry," George said uncomfortably. "I guess we all have to lay an egg now and then."

Mr. McKellar rallied a little. "That's



"Ixnay, Jules—the new regulations say you just don't have to salute them, that's all"

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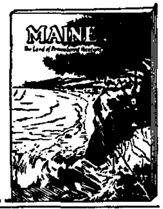

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big of you, George," he said wanly. "Big of you."

When the dice reached George he had only ten dollars. He put it on the line. He came out on a six and after half a dozen tries, made it the hard way. He let the twenty ride and promptly came out with a natural. Hoping he was getting into the groove, he didn't drag. His next roll was a pair of sixes. One look at those boxcars and he turned away as the keeper of the cubes raked in his money.

"Hard lines, chum," said a crisp voice. Chris Ketridge, one of the celluloid colony's syndicated gossipers, was standing there. He knew George as he knew everyone who might occasionally stumble over some choice chatter.

"Sort of stepping out tonight, aren't you?" he asked curiously. "Tossing away your money; giving Sandra a twirl around the night spots—"

Both the director and the studio's most expensive importation were staring at him. The director was the first to recover. "Maybe you've heard something, Chris?" he asked hoarsely. "I didn't know you even knew George!"

"Know him?" Chris said lightly. "We're old pals. George writes out my pass every time I come to the studio."

THERE was one stricken moment as they looked at George. Sandra paled. "Pass?" she said faintly. George's face was gradually assuming its rightful place in her memory. "Pass?"

Chris had sighted a pair who were reported to be on the verge of a merger and he was anxious to get away. "Why not?" he asked cheerfully, starting for this new quarry. "Doesn't he run the reception desk?"

Miss Noren shivered as if she were emerging from a horrible nightmare, awakening to something more dreadful than the dream. She turned blindly to the director. "Take me away," she said weakly. "Some place I must faint."

Mr. McKellar ignored her. His face was displaying emotions that would have sent Boris Karloff scurrying home to his mother. His shattered ego completely revived, the director was filled with the wrath of a man who had been outrageously swindled. "Reception desk?" he raged. "After telling me you were a banker!"

George had been embarrassed enough by their reactions on learning his present state in life. Now, as a topper, it appeared that Mr. McKellar had suddenly gone insane.

"Banker?" he said blankly. "I didn't say anything about being a banker."

That was the crowning insult. George hadn't said anything about being a banker! "Lose my hundred, will you?" roared the director. "Tell me I laid an egg, will you?"

He slapped George's face.

George's new career fell apart then and there. If this was what you had to put up with to become a writer he didn't want any part of it. Better to be a failure for life than go around red-appling people like this.

"Okay," he said, bringing one up from the floor, "you asked for it!"

He punched Mr. McKellar right in the nose. The director reeled back against the dice table and Sandra screamed as he gradually sank to the floor. Two bouncers appeared out of nowhere and hustled George out of the club. Once they had him outside, they applied the old once-over—lightly.

IT WAS still pouring when the first gray light of dawn found George nearing El Rancho Steinberg. It had taken him hours to hitchhike in from the club. Not only was he drenched to the skin but each bone and muscle had a little ache all its own. He was filled with misery and the sodden despair of a man who, having lost all else, would now lose his job.

Safely in the house, he took off his shoes and went creeping up the stairs and down the corridor to his room. He had barely closed the door when he heard a shrill voice somewhere in the distance. He whirled but no one was in sight. He remembered there was a light near his bed. He was tiptoeing toward it when, coming around the corner where his bed should be, he came to a halt.

A desk light was on and there in his pajamas and bathrobe and with his back toward the door, was Mr. Steinberg using the telephone. George stifled a moan as he learned he had slunk into the wrong room. Of all the rooms in El Rancho Steinberg he had had to pick the producer's suite!

"But I can't make no sense of this horoscope," Mr. Steinberg was wailing into the telephone. "Fancy prices I pay you to be mine own private astrologist and still I got Jupiter in my Tenth House! And much longer I can't wait! Every day the bankers got to know what's holding me up. Some pictures I have to start shooting!"

George's eyes widened. The manila envelope he had brought to Palm Springs was lying at the producer's elbow. The sight of that filled George with mounting bitterness. If they sent him all the way down here just to deliver a horoscope it was high time he got into another business. What with producers who took their stars the hard way, a young man—

Then suddenly the whole Steinberg legend took on a new, earth-shaking meaning. Ancil Steinberg, who had either too many pictures shooting or none at all. Ancil Steinberg, who insisted that pictures start and end on carefully specified dates. Mammoth's destiny was strictly in the stars!

The astrologist must have reassured Mr. Steinberg. "You mean it?" he asked tremulously. "After the eleventh no more baleful influences I got? Remember, we Gemini can't be too careful!" He listened a moment. "Fine! That very day three pictures I start! And, remember, comes next month's horoscope, even better it's gotta be!"

He hung up the phone and as he did George could no longer control himself. He sneezed. The producer whirled and when he saw George standing there with his shoes in his hand he turned a slow, pasty gray. It was obvious he had heard far too much.

"I'm sorry," George said. "I—I sort of got the wrong room."

Mr. Steinberg was staring at him. Finally he wet his lips. "What name is it?" he asked weakly.

"George Evans. I brought your horoscope down from the studio."

Mr. Steinberg still had the stern stuff of genius within him. When a lesser man, say a supervisor, would have reeled under the blow, he was gamely trying to rally his reason. Let his enemies ever learn he was running Mammoth with the aid of the stars and he would never hear the last of it. Worse still, the directors would hear about it. It might even shake their confidence in him.

"George," he said faintly, "George, a little talk we better have."

ON MONDAY morning, as a fitting climax to a horrid week end, Miss Peggy Reardon was assigned to a new writer. She was in low enough spirits without having to cope with a new member of the sports-coat trade. Her date with that prominent profile, Mr. Jeffrey Moore, had revealed that George was only too right. He was simply a wolf with padded shoulders.

When she opened the door to her new writer's office her good-morning smile was replaced by an utter blankness that was still very becoming. Sitting behind the desk and carefully measuring some cough medicine into a spoon, was George. George, acting just as if he belonged there!

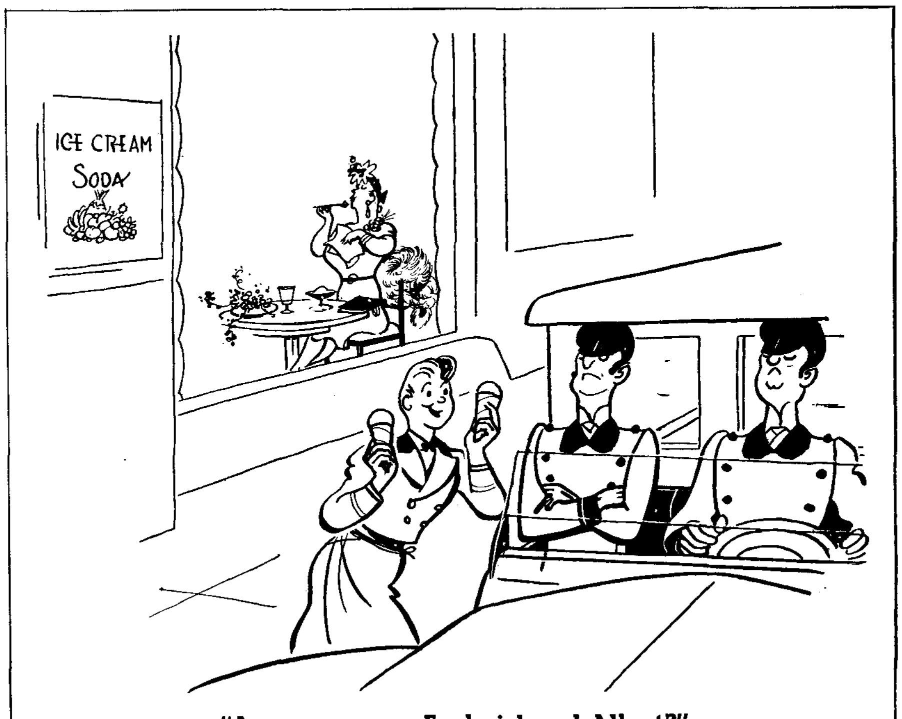
"George Evans!" she gasped. "Have you gone crazy? If they ever find you in here—"

He looked up from his spoon. "This happens to be my office," he said with the quiet dignity of a successful author. "My—my story finally came to Mr. Steinberg's personal attention. I have already signed a long-term contract."

"Oh, George!" she said. The way she said it made him forget all his intentions of showing Miss Reardon she had made a fatal mistake. After all, Mr. Moore was only an actor and it was an established fact that lady secretaries always preferred writers. Knowing that, George didn't even ask her if Mr. Moore had been shown up as simply two profiles in search of a face. He said nothing at all. He would have to remember he was to go on saying nothing at all. Mr. Steinberg had made that very clear.

She could stand his silence no longer. "I missed you over the week end, George," she said wistfully. "What did you do?"

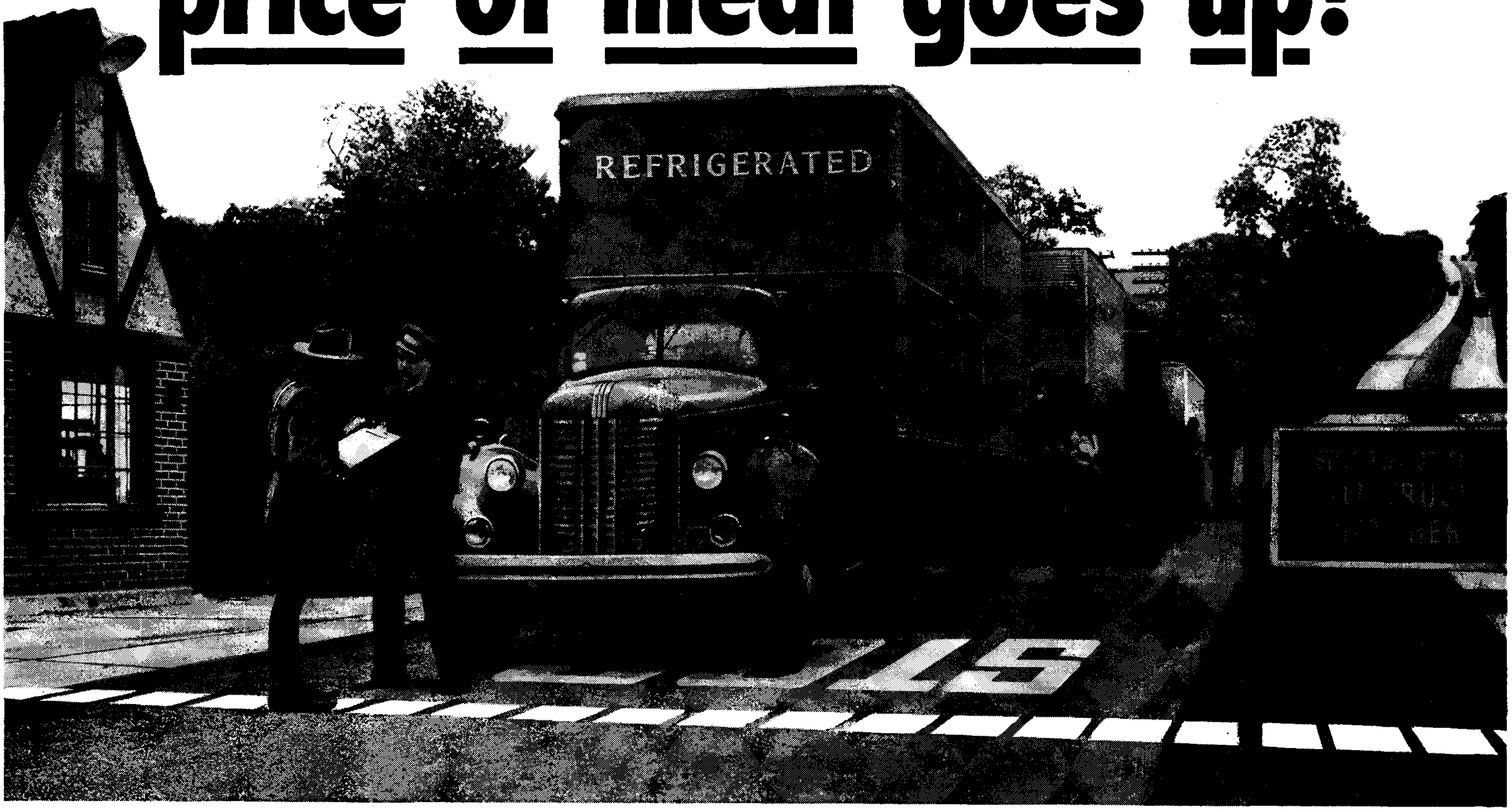
"Nothing exciting," he said innocently. "I caught a little cold."



"Are your names Frederick and Albert?"

GENE CARR

Dotted line shows where the price of meat goes up!



Trucks cut your living costs–save you money every day, on your food, clothes, and everything else you buy . . .

WHILE you're slicing into that juicy sirloin steak, take time out to thank trucks for the part they're playing in your every day life.

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SLOWS PRODUCTION

But peak efficiency has not yet been reached. For example, due to conflicting weight laws, a *one*-truck load may suddenly become a *two*-truck load the moment it crosses an interstate line.

In another state, special clearance papers must be signed. Or, it may be extra license plates. Or a different insurance form.

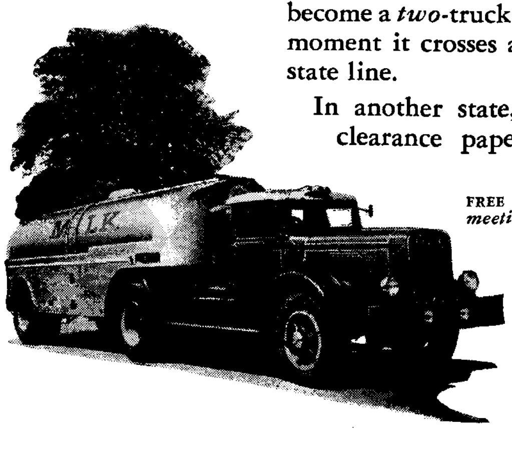
Whatever it is, these trade barriers stop, or slow, or handicap the very transportation system that's doing most to cut your living costs.

BLOCKS NATIONAL DEFENSE

Trade barriers also retard national defense. Shipments to munitions plants, to airplane factories, to navy yards, to training camps . . . tons of vital freight every day are being delayed by those "dotted lines" across our highways.

One hopeful sign is the action taken at the recent Council of State Governments. Their resolution calls for the elimination of trade barriers. Some progressive steps have already been taken. Others are under way.

Here is one of America's most urgent problems . . . one that reaches deep into your pocket book . . . and deep into the nation's primary lines of defense.



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This map, and further information on trade barriers, free on request.

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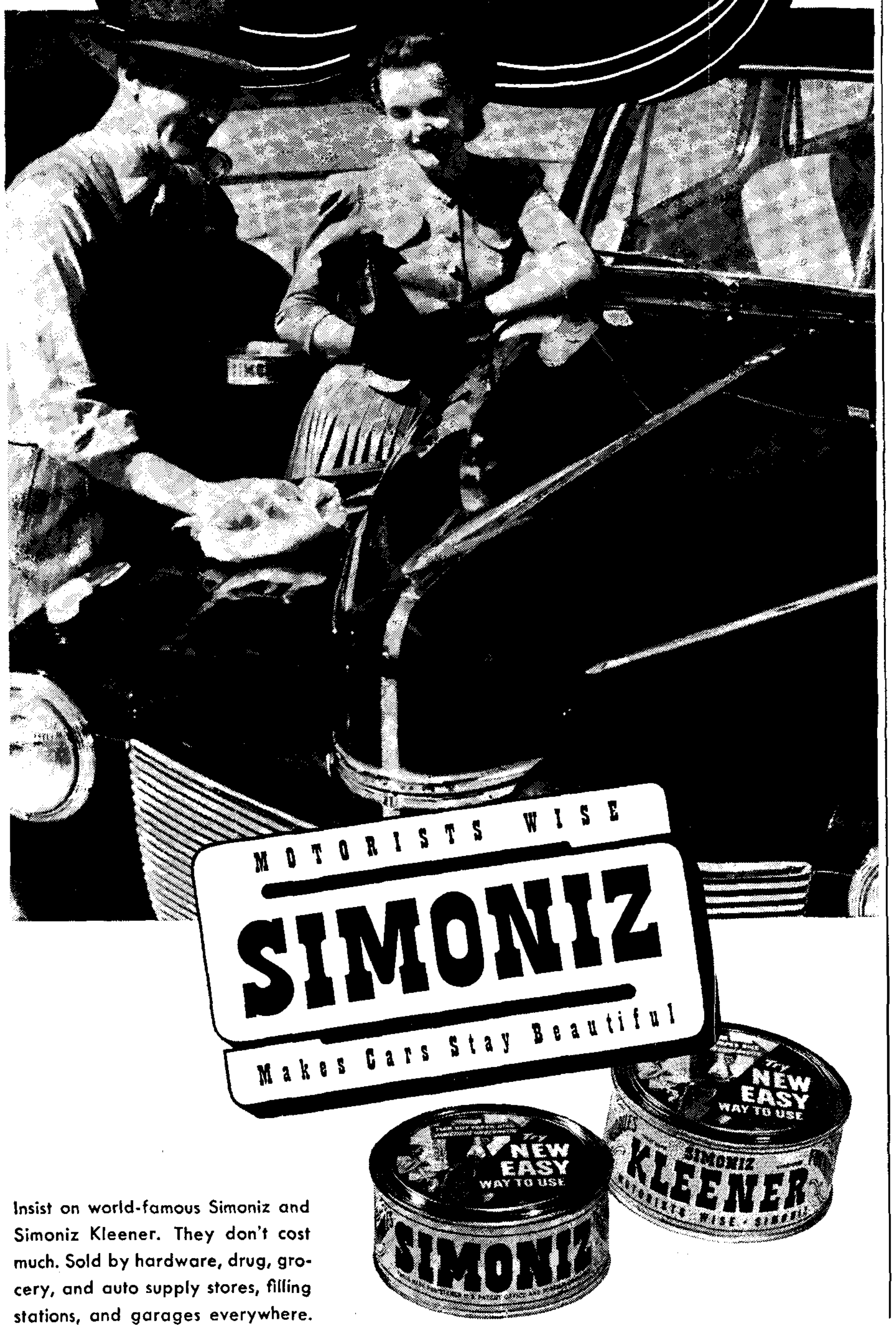


Insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. They don't cost much. Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations, and garages everywhere.

He knew when he had won. He knew when he was beaten. He has the memory of an elephant and the gentleness of a kitten. He's earned his rest. Meet brave old Exterminator

PRETTY soon now a bugler in a pink coat will step out on the racing strip at old Churchill Downs, purse his lips and tootle Boots and Saddles. And onto the most famous stretch of loam in the country will prance a thin, brilliant line of the world's best three-year-old thoroughbreds. Thus will begin the pomp and circumstance of the 67th running of the Kentucky Derby, with turf immortality and $60,000 awaiting the winner.

But there will be many thousands in the old spired grandstands who'll remember another war-year Derby . . . and the hopelessly homely gelding who won the 1918 classic for no other reason than that he was as game and as wise as he was bony. And he was awfully bony.

His name was Exterminator, and still is. He was fifth in line, that May 11, 1918, when another bugler and another bugle called the horses to their test. Nobody knew him. Nobody wanted to know him. He looked like Lincoln on stilts, compared with such sleek beauties as War Cloud, imported from England, and Kentucky's favorite, Escoba.

Exterminator had a nice head, with a perfect star in the middle of his chestnut forehead, and, if you looked closely, you could see the long muscles that stuck to his protruding bones. But the depressions over his eyes gave him the look of a bantering old soak, and when he walked he had a tendency to "toe-out." He was most unfashionably bred. His pappy, McGee, never could go more than a mile (the Derby distance is 1¼ miles) and his washerwoman dam, Fair Empress, had had most of her seventeen foals by the time Exterminator came along.

The Horse That Couldn't Win

He (you just can't call Exterminator "it") was in the Derby simply to carry the colors of Willis Sharpe Kilmer. Sun Briar, ace of the Kilmer stable, had not been able to get in shape. In a last effort to try to condition Sun Briar, Kilmer had bought Exterminator from J. C. Milam as a work horse. Trainer Henry McDaniel had watched Exterminator work a mile in 1:43 and believed that he would be able to draw some speed out of Sun Briar in morning workouts. Milam, who had paid H. D. Knight $1,500 for Exterminator as a hell-raising yearling, and who had had him gelded, sold him to Kilmer for $9,000 and two useless fillies a few days before the Derby.

McDaniel's plan failed. Sun Briar easily beat Exterminator in two special morning tests and the irate Kilmer, instead of recognizing Sun Briar's improved speed, pronounced Exterminator "yellow," and formally withdrew Sun Briar from the Derby for fear that the public would burn up too much money on this unprepared favorite. Nevertheless, Kilmer still wanted his racing colors carried in the approaching Derby and McDaniel coaxed him into letting Exterminator carry them.

That was why Exterminator happened to be walking to the post that day in the company of his superiors. Bill Knapp was on his back, thankful for the saddle that protected him from Exterminator's razory spine. During the parade to the post, dozens of friends dropped by Kilmer's box to sympathize with him that the great Sun Briar was not ready, just as the Morning Telegraph of that day had editorially sympathized.

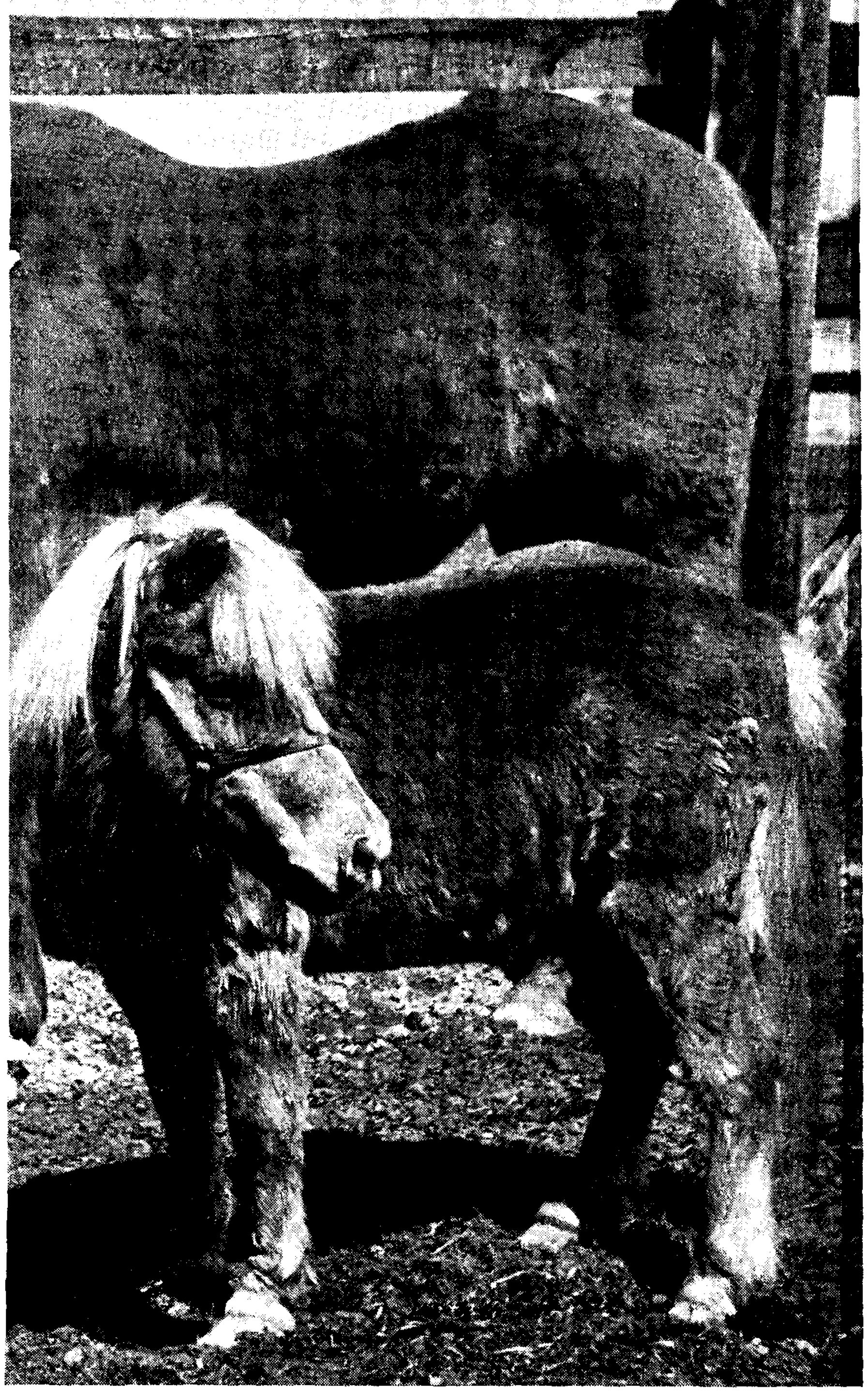
To make matters worse, Exterminator, who had not raced since the previous July, when he finished fourth, seemed to go to sleep at the post. His only sign of life, in the midst of a few tons of rearing and fretting thoroughbreds, was the blissful moving of his hoofs up and down in the mud, like an old mail carrier returning his barking bunions to a foot bath. But when the barrier was sprung, he wasn't left.

Trainer McDaniel had automatically instructed Jockey Knapp to make his move after six furlongs. But there weren't two more surprised persons in the country than McDaniel and Knapp when Exterminator responded to Knapp's urging and overhauled Viva America, Escoba and Sewell Combs—the horses ahead of him—as he passed the six-furlong mark.

Escoba, still full of run, overtook Exterminator on the dash down the homestretch, and for a moment they ran as a team—the prince and the pauper. But the pauper gave Escoba

OLD BONES

By Bob Considine



LEAVITT

Exterminator at 26 is still as sagacious and likable as he was at the height of the career that made him, in the opinion of many experts, the greatest thoroughbred in history. With him is his beloved Shetland pal, Peanuts

what was later called a challenging leer, and ran on to score a stunning upset victory which hasn't had a parallel since that day. He paid $61.20, and the somewhat dazed Kilmer, who at the last moment had bet $100 on his hopeless color-bearer, had, in addition, the winner's purse of $14,700 thrust into his hand.

Old trainers of the type of McDaniel and Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (who trained Gallant Fox, which made more in one year than Exterminator made in seven) will swear that, day in and day out, wise old Exterminator was the greatest thoroughbred in racing history. That is up for debate, especially among the adherents of Man o' War. But no horseman ever doubts that Exterminator was the most honest, least complaining and best-loved.

Before he was through, Exterminator raced the enormous total of 100 times. He finished first 50 times, second 17 times and third 17 times. He became world-known as "Slim," then "Poison" and finally "Old Bones." He beat the best sprinters in sprinting races and the best routers in distance races. He made reputations for dozens of jockeys and eight different trainers. He'd carry any weight the handicapper put on him, over any kind of track. He never relaxed his high good humor, and his human approach to problems still astounds the horse world.

He wilted only once in his life, in the homestretch, and that was when he was a tired old man. And Jockey Albert Johnson, who was up on him that day, and who loved him, refused to beat him. He won a little over a quarter of a million dollars for Kilmer. That sum won't be hard for some of the stars in the 1941 Derby, but it represented tremendous labor in Exterminator's day. For the most he ever won at one time was $15,725 for annexing Latonia's Independence Handicap when he was a six-year-old. There is little doubt that if

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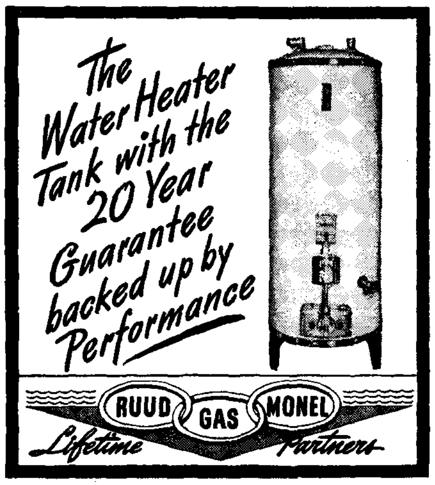

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he had campaigned in these days of swollen purses he would have won more money than any other horse in history.

Exterminator beat Billy Kelly, one of the great all-time sprinters, in the ¾-mile Harford Handicap, as a seven-year-old, and the same season he won his fourth straight Saratoga Cup, from Mad Hatter, a greater router. He won the 2¼-mile Pimlico Cup three years in a row and would have won it a fourth time if he had had a better ride. He won two Toronto Autumn Cups, the Ontario Jockey Club Cup and the Latonia Cup. No other horse ever did that, or anything like it.

He had (and has) a highly developed sentiment. He was plainly shocked once when he saw one of his trainers drunk, though in his later years he liked a pan of domestic champagne as well as the next horse. But for all his sentiment, he could be stoic beyond description. One day at Havre de Grace, when he was a four-year-old, his post position was next to a foaming wild horse named Comic Song. To Exterminator's unconcealed displeasure (evidenced only by an occasional stare) Comic Song acted so badly that the jockey was pitched off. And then in a fit of temper, Comic Song threw himself on the ground and with a clatter of hoofs rolled directly under Exterminator. Bob Frend, then an assistant starter, later described it:

"There was Comic Song, kicking around under Exterminator. Right between Exterminator's front and hind legs. But darn' if that Exterminator would even twitch a muscle. He just stood there, contemptuouslike. Then, after a time, he turned his head, looked down and cocked an eye at Comic Song. Then he carefully stepped over Comic Song without even touching him."

Old Bones Takes Charge

The late great starter, Mars Cassidy, used to say, "Exterminator was the finest assistant starter I ever had." Cassidy had seen him do many remarkable things at the post—including the hard-to-believe but documented trick of taking charge of an obstreperous rival. When Exterminator happened to be in the second post position, and the horse on the rail was delaying the start interminably, Exterminator would lose his own magnificent patience after a while and simply pin the wild horse against the fence and hold him there so the race could start.

Old-timers swear mightily that he used to watch the starter's hands, which could account for the fact that although he was the most docile post actor of them all, he was never left at the post when the starter rang the bell. He knew when he was beaten. And he knew when he won. When he'd win he'd walk right over to the winners' circle without any urging from his jockey, and "mug" shamelessly for the crowd in the stands. When he lost he couldn't slink back to his barn fast enough, and for hours he would be inconsolable.

His memory must have been grafted onto him from an elephant. Once he was parading around the paddock before an important race, and out of the sea of faces watching him he picked Mrs. Charles E. Mickelwait, wife of the well-known horseman. He had not seen her for months, but he came right over to her and nuzzled against her hand. Seems she had brought him a box of apples for his last birthday. He'd sleep as passively as an old man on a park bench when they'd cart him around the racing world, while his equine traveling companions stood terrified through every curve in the road.

He was at the mercy of the handicappers. He carried 130 pounds or more nineteen times. The day he set the two-mile record of 3:21⅘ in winning the Autumn Gold Cup at Belmont (the mark has endured to this day) he carried 128 pounds and beat Damask, with 98 pounds up, by a head. Ten days later he was in Canada, winning the 1¼-mile Toronto Autumn Cup, though he had 132 pounds up, and My Dear, which ran second, had only 92 pounds. He never quit, but the weight finally crushed him. He picked up 135 pounds as a seven-year-old to win the Brooklyn Handicap in 1922 and administer to Grey Lag (126) the latter's only setback of the year.

It was a grueling race, close to world-record time, and for the first time in his life Old Bones turned his back on his dinner that evening. And always after that he ran more with his heart and his head than he did with his hoofs.

Exterminator and Man o' War were contemporaries, but they never met. Most oldsters will tell you today that Man o' War could run faster, but that Old Bones would have figured out some way to beat him. For he often beat fast horses in rather slow time by some mesmerism or other. Charles E. Mickelwait, who has been studying thoroughbreds for fifty years, recently rated Exterminator as the all-time tops, and grouped Man o' War, Twenty Grand and Sysonby in the second flight. Colonel Matt Winn, veteran Derby host, who hasn't missed a Derby since the first one in 1875, feels the same way.

"Man o' War was great," Mickelwait told us recently, "but he had his spots picked for him. He never had weight piled on him, nor did he campaign very long. All I know is that Riddle had Man o' War at Saratoga in 1920, right in his prime and rarin' to go in the Saratoga Gold Cup. Exterminator was there and ready, too, and then a day or two before the race Riddle took Man o' War out of the race. And Exterminator went out there on a slow track, with nobody to push him except a lonesome filly named Cleopatra, and set a new record for a mile and three quarters.

"Then after Man o' War's so-called great triumph over Sir Barton at Kenilworth—Sir Barton was a cripple that day—the Kentucky Jockey Club offered to put up $50,000 for a match race between Man o' War and Exterminator. But Riddle wouldn't listen," Mickelwait asserts.

Exterminator finished his career where he had raced as an unprepossessing two-year-old—on the leaky-roof Canadian circuit. On June 21, 1924 he raced for the last time. He finished third in the Queen's Hotel Handicap at Dorval Park, winning $200. The chart on that race reads almost like an obituary:

"Exterminator moved up at the same time as Spot Cash (winner), and saved ground at the head of the stretch, but could not menace the winner, and pulled up lame."

Kilmer decided to retire old Bones. But Old Bones denounced the decision. He was so incensed that he had to be put in a stall that was out of sight and sound of Kilmer's other horses, at winter training quarters. He was miserable. He'd break out in a sweat at the very memory of the good old days, and finally he grew so depressed over his inactivity that he was taken around to various tracks with the Kilmer string in 1925. The bustle and clatter of traveling, and a personal appearance before a great crowd in Montreal, soothed him enough so that he could accept with resignation his richly earned retirement.

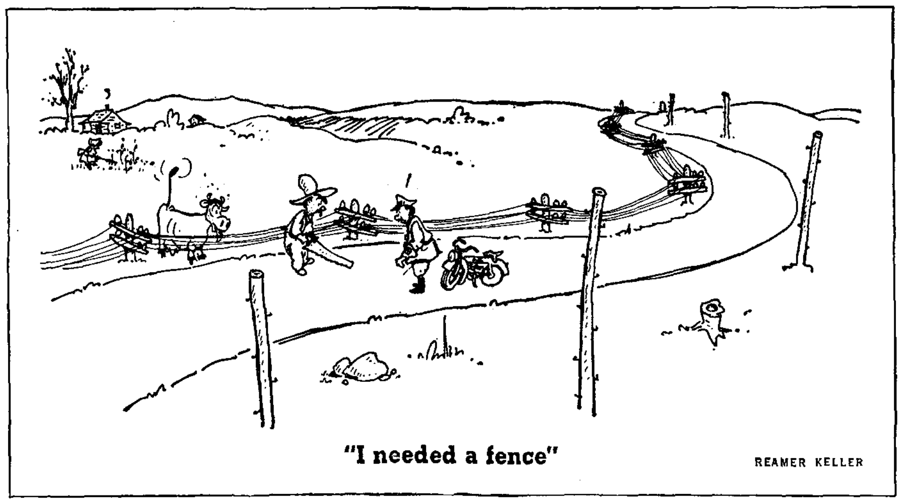
There's Always Peanuts

He still travels a little today, but it is only between the late Mr. Kilmer's estates, Remlik and Court Manor, in Virginia, and near Binghamton, New York. Old Bones galloped regularly each morning until he was fifteen, but has not had a saddle on his back for eleven years. He is in good shape but he grieved when Mr. Kilmer disposed of all but a few of the Kilmer horses last fall. His roomy stall had been placed where he could watch the youngsters and he became a kind of cracker-barrel philosopher around them. So when the vans pulled up and carted away his friends he was droopy in the head for days. But of late he has been frisking with his best friend, Peanuts, again, and there is a smile on the face of Mike Terry, the stud groom who has been with Exterminator for twenty years.

Peanuts is a Shetland pony who has been Exterminator's inseparable companion for sixteen years. He and Old Bones still stage impromptu races, all of which follow a severe pattern laid down by Exterminator. Exterminator lets Peanuts take a lead, which pleases the old pony immensely. Then, with a mighty creaking of horse machinery, Old Bones breezes past Peanuts, and looks back triumphantly as of old. Old Bones kids Peanuts a lot, too. He'll nip at Peanuts' withers until the old pony is full of indignation and ready to kick him. Then, a split-second before the kick starts, Old Bones will lean down on Peanuts and Peanuts' hind hoofs will suddenly be pressed so hard down against the ground that he won't be able to get them up for the kick. Old Bones really loves Peanuts.

As far as anyone knows, Exterminator got tough with a visitor only once—except the day he scattered a group of admirers by suddenly rearing up on his hind legs like a heroic Remington bronze. That was just a case of plain ham, however. But once he did get ornery, and nobody yet can decide whether his action was only a coincidence or whether it was just another example of his exquisite taste.

That was the time the German war hero, Count von Luckner, came to visit him, monocle and all. Old Bones took one look at him, blew a gust of wind through his nostrils and ran the horrified count right over the paddock fence.



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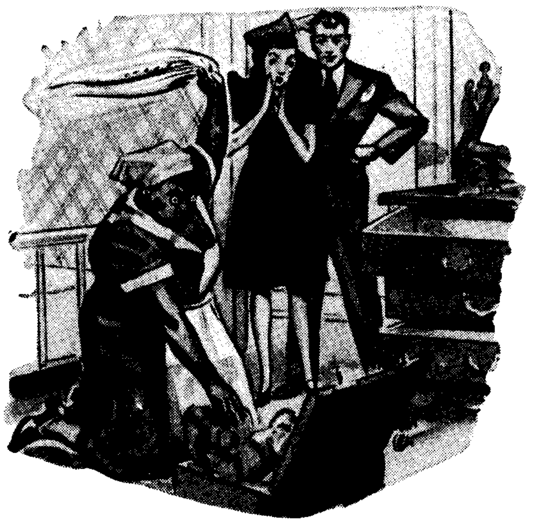
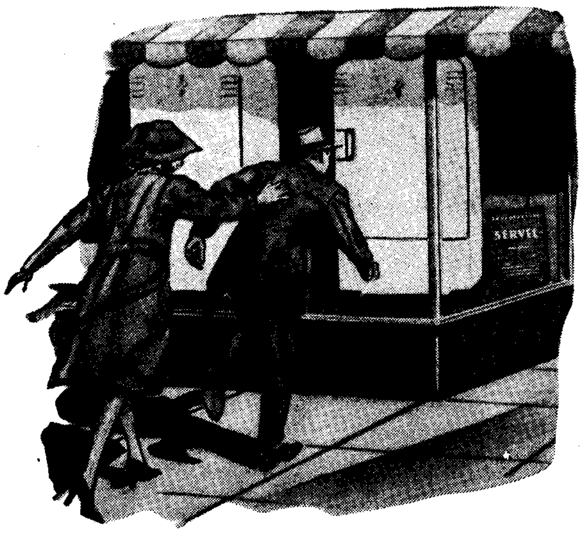


1 **"I'se quittin',"** **announces Mandy** heatedly one day last month. "Can't sleep nights on account of the rumbling of that ol' refrigerator. Then just when I'se makin' ice cream, it stops en-tirely!" "John," warns my wife, "if Mandy leaves, we're sunk. We need a new refrigerator . . . *right away!*"



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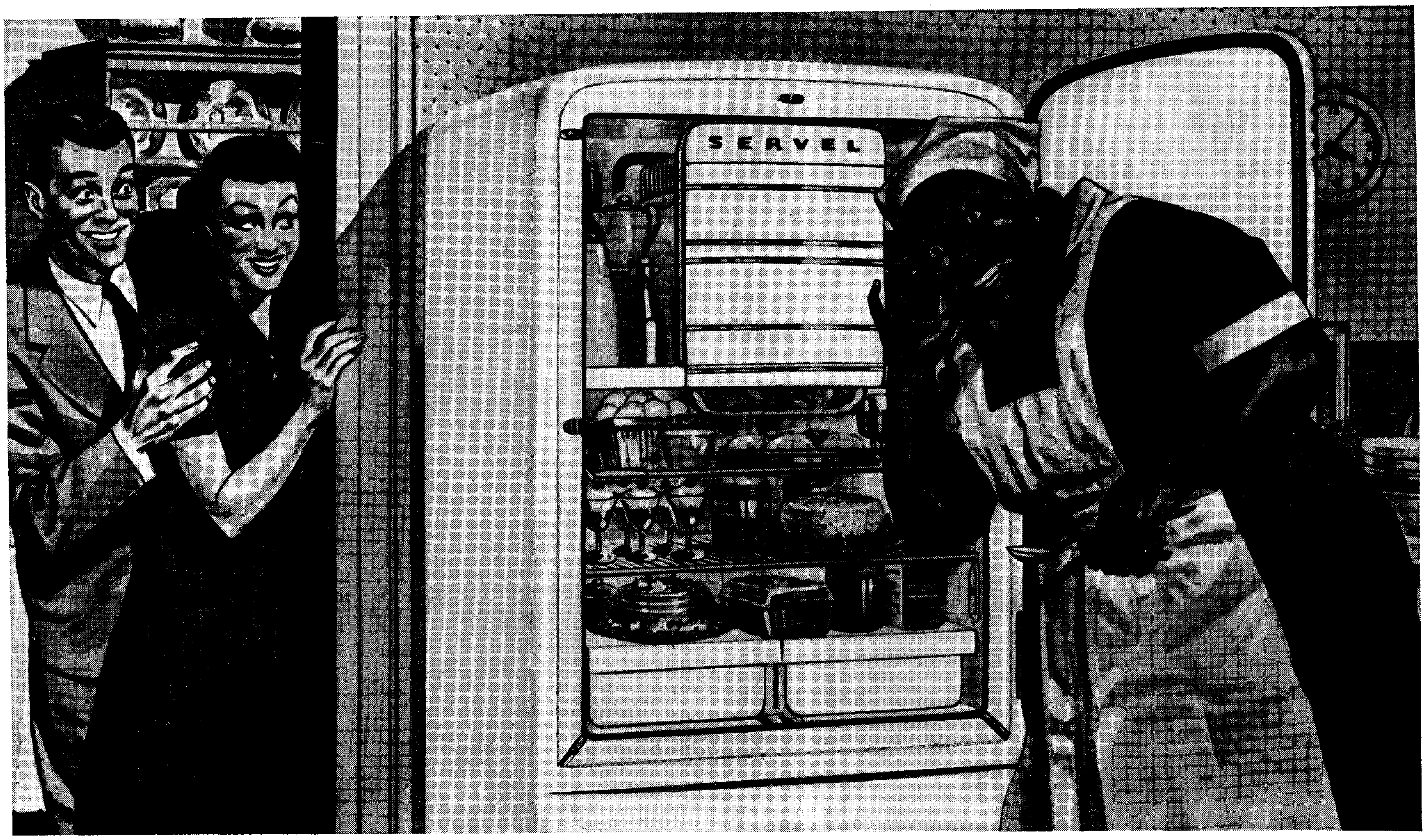

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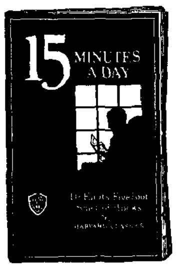

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Lady in Armor

Continued from page 18

He knew that Johnny Ellis would miss no move or inflection of what was about to happen. And so Jerry Hamilton made his drawl more deliberate, his voice more casual, his manner more placid as he advanced the rest of the way to the car and said, "Rita! I wasn't expecting you."

She jumped to the ground, vivid and incongruous against the venerable dignity of the plantation house. She held out a warm, firm hand and said, "Jerry! Twice as large as life and almost as natural."

Jerry kept it casual. He said, "Help me tote the bags inside, Johnny." His brain was racing. He was thinking, "What the devil is Rita doing here? What is she up to?"

They carried her bags inside. Johnny Ellis was paid off, and he departed reluctantly. Alone on the bumpy road, his diffidence vanished and he gave her the gas because he knew that for a few brief moments he'd be an important person in Karnak. They'd be waiting to hear all about it, and while actually Johnny had little information to divulge he felt he'd be justified in building it up a bit.

BACK at Chinquapin, Jerry led the way inside the house. He conducted this dramatically beautiful woman through the old reception hall and into a room which was paneled richly in black walnut and lined with books. He motioned her to a chair and stood looking down at her.

His face betrayed no definite emotion save, perhaps, astonishment. Her expression was one of amusement, not entirely untinctured by apprehension. But she smiled with her lips and said, with well-simulated gaiety, "Quite a joint you've got here, Jerry."

He said absolutely nothing.

"Regular Gone with the Wind stuff," she went on. "I feel like a Yankee invader."

He said, "You are."

"Is that nice?"

"No."

"You're supposed to be enthusiastic. After all, I'm your wife and you haven't seen me for almost three years."

With the utmost deliberation he scraped out the bowl of his pipe, filled it with fresh tobacco and lighted it. "What's it all about, Rita?"

"That's a fine question, Jerry. I'm your wife, ain't I? What could be more natural than that I should develop a sudden passion for being with you?"

"Let's don't clown, Rita." His clear blue eyes looked her over. "What've you been up to, Rita? What sort of a jam are you in?"

There was a sudden startled light in her greenish eyes—a light that might have betrayed her had she not screened it so quickly. She passed the long, slender fingers of her right hand through her flaming red hair and crossed one shapely leg over the other.

"You're a suspicious lad, Mister Hamilton." She hesitated before going on. "The truth of it is, Big Boy, that I got sick and tired of being a second-rate torch singer in smoky night clubs. So I grabbed a rattler and here I am."

He shook his head. "That's not the whole truth."

"It'll do until I think up a better story." She smiled. "I figured I would look pretty good to you after all these years."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Indefinitely. Maybe permanently."

"Hmmm!" He was weighing his words. "I've been asking for a divorce for a long time, Rita. I'm still asking for it."

"Sorry. Nothing stirring. I adore you too much." She paused. "By the way, the lads at the station seemed surprised to hear that you were married."

His face flushed. "They probably were. I've been keeping it a secret."

"Why?"

"Because I figured that sooner or later you'd meet somebody you wanted to marry. And that when you did you'd give me a divorce."

"And also," she hazarded shrewdly, "because you really didn't want her to know you were mortgaged."

His body tensed. He rose and walked up and down the room. "Something happened in New York or you wouldn't be here."

"You seem pretty positive."

"I am. I know you. I'd be glad to help . . ."

"You're too modest, Jerry. So if it's all the same to you, I'm sticking. I have an idea that Southern gents don't pitch their wives out into the gutter . . . or should I say, the crick?"

He said quietly, "Now that Karnak knows all about you, I'm not going to give them more to talk about by putting you out. But you aren't staying permanently, Rita. I couldn't stand that."

"You'll have a chance to try."

"And one more thing. If you do stay, you'll be Mrs. Gerald Hamilton. The name means something around here."

"Jerry, my dear! I assure you that I shall be such a perfect lady you'll be bored to death with me."

He picked up her suitcases and started for the stairway. She followed and watched him snap off the downstairs lights. She glanced, not without approval, at the stalwart figure of this man to whom she had been married for more than three years, but who actually had been her husband only for a matter of three hectic weeks.

He conducted her to a pleasantly spacious room, deposited her grips on the floor and opened a closet door. "You'll find bed linen there, Rita. You can make yourself comfortable for tonight."

"Thanks." Green eyes taunted him. "Not leaving so soon, are you?"

"Yes," he said. "I am. I want you to get that angle straight."

She heard him moving steadily, firmly down the hall. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "He's got it bad," she told herself. "I'm curious to meet the girl."

IT WAS only natural that the advent of the vivid, flaming-haired Rita would turn Karnak topsy-turvy. But the odd thing about it was that the persons most intimately affected showed it least.

Take Dale Meredith, for instance: You'd expect something dramatic from her. Didn't everybody know that she'd always been in love with Jerry Hamilton? Hadn't everybody wondered why Jerry—who seemed to like her tremendously—had avoided her so scrupulously?

To all outward appearances, Dale took it in stride: She was one of the first to call on the newcomer, she helped sponsor Rita at the regular Saturday-night dance at the very tiny and unpretentious Country Club of which Karnak was so inordinately proud. She was cordial without being effusive. She was so perfect about the whole thing that some of the citizens commenced to wonder whether she might not have known all along that Jerry Hamilton was married.

And this was the very thing that Dale had wanted them to think.

But if Dale took things in stride, Lisbeth Morrow was different. Pudgy, moonfaced, wealthy, vitriolic Lisbeth did the talking for herself and for all those less articulate persons who were thinking pretty much as she thought. It was a topic that never seemed to bore Lisbeth, and she invariably started her dissertations with, "Don't get the idea that I'm a bit surprised. I always thought . . ."

These thoughts were invariably shrewd rather than charitable. She had always thought—by way of example—that still waters ran deep and that Jerry Hamilton had been a natural hellion for all his quiet manner . . . "Just the sort of man, my dear, who would get himself tied up with a night-club redhead." She had always known that Dale was heartbroken because Jerry wasn't more attentive, and she had always thought that Dale suspected the truth—although sometimes she had thought that Dale had known nothing and was now prostrated by grief. She spoke of Miss Meredith now as "Poor, dear, unfortunate Dale. Her condition is pitiable—really." She spoke of Rita in whispers and usually prefaced her remarks by, "Of course, I haven't met many women of *that* sort. . . ."

BUT second only to Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow's delight was the ecstasy of the loafers and hangers-on whose headquarters were the malodorous confines of Lefty Bragan's poolroom. Rita gave them plenty of food for gossip. It was they who first learned by some mysterious grapevine that she had been Rita Fenton in New York, and while they were unable to learn any details concerning Miss Fenton, that bothered them scarcely at all. They made up stories: juicy, racy, spicy stories, in each of which the picturesque wife of Jerry Hamilton was the torrid central figure. They talked earnestly, lecherously and boisterously . . . when they were alone. But after the first couple of weeks they quit saying things when Neil Berkeley happened to drop in.

There was something for the books . . . this Neil Berkeley reaction. Neil was a considerable character: tall, handsome, moderately wealthy, the political czar of Karnak, quiet of voice and suave of manner . . . the hardest-riding, straightest-shooting, meanest-fighting man in the county. Thirty years old, and though most of the single girls in Karnak had been mad about him at one time or another, he'd never paid the slightest heed to any of them. What was more, if he'd had his moments away from Karnak, the lads at Lefty's didn't know it—and they didn't dare do much gossiping about Neil. It was generally conceded that to incur Neil Berkeley's anger was definitely unhealthy.

Summing up the situation in the light of what already had happened, it was agreed that you'd naturally expect Neil to go for Rita. Neil had good sense and keen eyes. After that first Country Club dance, Mr. Neil Berkeley had appeared to concentrate on the newcomer quite considerably.

Karnak matrons were being unusually nice to Rita—partly because they liked Jerry Hamilton and partly because they were curious. There were little parties and informal gatherings to which she and Jerry were invited, and Neil always managed to be there. It was apparent, too, that Rita had been attracted to the handsome Mr. Berkeley. "And that," decided Karnak as a whole, "spells trouble."

Neil's reputation was pretty well established. For all his quietness, for all his gentle, well-bred manner, Neil was accustomed to getting what he went after. Stories were told about his physical prowess . . . stories that had become legend. But here was a new angle. And this angle involved Jerry Hamilton.

Jerry and Neil had grown up together. They'd never been buddies, really—but there had been a mutual admiration. They'd made football history at Karnak High and gridiron memories at State. You'd always say, talking about Neil Berkeley, "He could break any man in the county in half. Except maybe Jerry Hamilton."

Always "except." You'd remember Jerry when you said it: bigger and broader than Neil; homely rather than handsome, placid rather than intense . . . and finally you'd shrug and dismiss the whole thing from your mind as one of those debates that had no conclusion because nobody ever remembered seeing Jerry Hamilton mad, much less in a fight. They said about him, "Boy! if Jerry ever did really swing into action . . ." But they knew he never would. At least they had thought he never would.

But here was Neil Berkeley openly, eagerly and arrogantly pursuing Jerry Hamilton's wife. Picking her up in his car and riding her about the countryside, seeking her out when she came to town shopping, dancing almost every dance with her at the Country Club and taking her out under the trees during intermissions.

All right. Suppose Jerry ain't crazy 'bout her. S'pose she ain't his type. They're still married, ain't they—and no man of the Hamilton family is goin' to stand for too much foolin' around with his wife. The boys at Lefty's would consider that angle and raise their eyebrows. They'd say, "If them two fellers ever got together . . ."

There was a tiny minority that didn't particularly relish the situation, and chief of this minority was Angel Verner.

Angel Verner had been sheriff of Karnak County for twelve years. He was thoroughly competent and uncompromisingly crooked. The job, which was legitimately worth about six thousand dollars a year, had netted Angel never less than twenty thousand a year . . . conditions in Karnak being what they were.

Mr. Verner had been thinking that things were getting out of hand. Until Neil Berkeley had started going all out for Rita, Angel had believed that he might convince his chief of the wisdom of seeing that the Meredith girl was defeated in the general election in November. Neil could get away with anything if he had a mind to.

NOW—as Mr. Verner summarized it sadly—Neil Berkeley didn't seem to give a damn fo' nothin'. He shrugged off Angel's suggestion: "She was nominated, Angel. So what? You've got plenty of money. We play smart. We don't stir up any trouble, and at the end of her term we shove you back in. She couldn't do anything if she wanted to. Maybe she'll quit before the time's up . . . when the novelty wears off."

That was the way Neil was talking. You couldn't reason with him. He wouldn't even listen to Smith Edge, the county clerk, and Smith was a real smart feller. Dawggone women, anyhow . . . 'specially redheaded ones.

As for Dale Meredith, she wasn't finding life particularly pleasant. It wasn't easy to be always acting a part, and here she was trying to pretend that she was absorbed in the prospect of being sheriff of Karnak County.

It was that way for the remainder of September and throughout October. The women of the county were excited at the thought that the political powers did not intend to oppose her. Long before the fifth of November there had been an upsurge of community virtue, and

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thoughtful persons had conferred lengthily with Dale.

Dale tried talking it over with her father, but they didn't get very far because they were too much in agreement on the point that the situation was slightly on the ridiculous side. Peter Aylesworth was of little help . . . nothing that happened in America could surprise him very much, and he really didn't know enough to give advice.

Not until nightfall of November fifth—election night—did Dale Meredith face facts. And it was a chance remark that brought her up short—a gay, popular phrase flung at her by her kid sister Peggy who breezed into the house and said, "It was a great battle, Mamma, but you won."

Dale smiled affectionately at her energetic younger sister. "Behold me," she said, "victorious but punch-drunk."

There was a sound from Peter Aylesworth, a chuckle, which caused Dale to look at him. He was staring at Peggy, his eyes twinkling, his sensitive lips parted in a smile that was half appreciation and half amusement.

PEGGY was standing before them, vibrant with excitement. She was the incarnation of youth: it showed in every line of her richly promising young figure and in the brightness of big gray eyes which were undimmed by experience. Soft yellow hair curled about her shoulders and clung affectionately to the rounded contour of her throat. She was a joyous seventeen, with all the exuberance of that enviable age, and yet at the same time with that maturity that comes soon and gracefully to girls in the South. She stood there with both hands on her hips, head slightly on one side, delightfully unaware of the lovely picture she presented. Then suddenly her face and her body became alive, and she threw her arms about Dale with a gesture of spontaneous affection.

"You done it, Sis," she said as though scarcely believing her own words. "And am I tickled pink!"

Dale said, "You're such a silly infant."

"Infant!" Peggy drew herself to her full height with mock dignity. She turned her sparkling gray eyes on Peter Aylesworth. "Am I an infant?" she demanded.

He shook his head and answered with odd seriousness: "I'd scarcely say that, Peggy. You're a most attractive young woman."

"You see," exclaimed Peggy, turning triumphantly back to her sister. "It's a woman I've become. Masculine eyes can detect what yours fail to see." She was part way up the stairs before they realized she was going. "Come up and see me some time," she called gaily back to them. "I'd love to be personal maid to a lady cop."

PETER reached for his pipe, lighted it and watched Dale from the protection of its smoke. "Charming girl, your sister," he commented. "And I gather that she thinks rather highly of you."

Dale shrugged apologetically. "Peggy thinks everything I do is wonderful. But this time . . ." She hesitated, and her voice became a thought more serious. "This time, Peter—I'm afraid there's a trifle more to it than appears on the surface."

"So-o?" Peter was too innately British to ask personal questions, and so he continued casually on the general subject of Peggy. "It's her enthusiasm, her effervescence . . . I think that's where her charm lies. We English pride ourselves on the wholesomeness of our girls. Peggy has that same quality, yet she's so definitely American. And she gets so much fun out of being that way."

"I'm glad you see that." Dale was obviously pleased by Peter's flattering analysis of her younger sister. "As for me, I'm a little on edge. Maybe I was attaching too much importance to what this election might mean to Peggy."

And this time Peter made no effort to conceal his amazement. "To Peggy?" he echoed interrogatively.

"Yes." Dale leaned forward. "To tell you the truth, Peter—I'm really worried about Peggy. And Neil Berkeley."

"My word! What an odd combination."

"Precisely what I think. But a combination, just the same." Dale paused for a moment and then took a fresh start. "Neil is devilishly attractive. He's handsome and colorful, and Peggy has grown up in the atmosphere of Neil's amazing power in this county. Seventeen-year-old girls haven't an awful lot of balance; they naturally incline to worship gods . . . whether or not they're false gods. I'm afraid that's the way Peggy feels about Neil"

"In love with him, you mean?"

"That's what she *thinks*." Dale had the grace to smile. "And this particular situation is complicated by the fact that Neil has been unusually attentive to Peggy. It would seem ridiculous to say that he is in love with her, but dangerous to assume that he isn't."

Peter was thoughtful as he tried to fit the pieces of puzzle together. "It still doesn't come out exactly even," he commented carefully. "What has all this to do with Peggy's delight in your election as sheriff?"

"Don't you see," explained Dale, "this would seem to indicate that Neil isn't half as black as we've painted him. Being overboard about him, she's always been inclined to soft-pedal his faults and exaggerate his virtues. He's a picturesque person, and Peggy has always thought that the people of Karnak have been unjust in their estimation of him.

"Now look back on what has just happened: Neil could have blocked my election, in spite of the nomination. He didn't. Why he didn't we don't yet know. But to Peggy it would seem to indicate that he's perfectly willing to have an honest person at the helm for the next four years. The fact that that person is Peggy's sister accentuates her feeling that Neil is a much-abused young man. Furthermore, it's another personal bond between herself and Neil. Or am I getting too involved?"

"Not at all . . ." Peter was too polite to say what he actually was thinking. He fancied that Dale was attaching too much importance to the situation. Neil Berkeley looked like a very charming gentleman, despite the violent episode that Peter himself had seen on the courthouse veranda the morning of primary day. And as for Peggy . . . well, perhaps she looked like a child to Dale, but she certainly did not appear that way in Peter's eyes. Most definitely and positively not. He made an effort to change the subject and succeeded admirably.

LESS than a half-hour later Otis Meredith came home, and with him was Jerry Hamilton. Jerry's eyes were smiling and his big hand completely engulfed Dale's tiny one. She tried to make it casual . . . but these meetings with Jerry could never be quite that way. Yes, he was married . . . but he was still the same Jerry Hamilton. There was nothing she could do about that.

Rita—Jerry explained—was playing bridge somewhere—Rita and the Johnstons and Neil Berkeley. Dale thought his cheeks flushed slightly when he said it, but she wasn't sure. She wasn't sure about anything these days. And later she joined the men on the veranda and said point-blank that she wanted to talk to Jerry alone.

He rose and smiled down at her. "You're the sheriff," he chuckled. "Orders is orders."

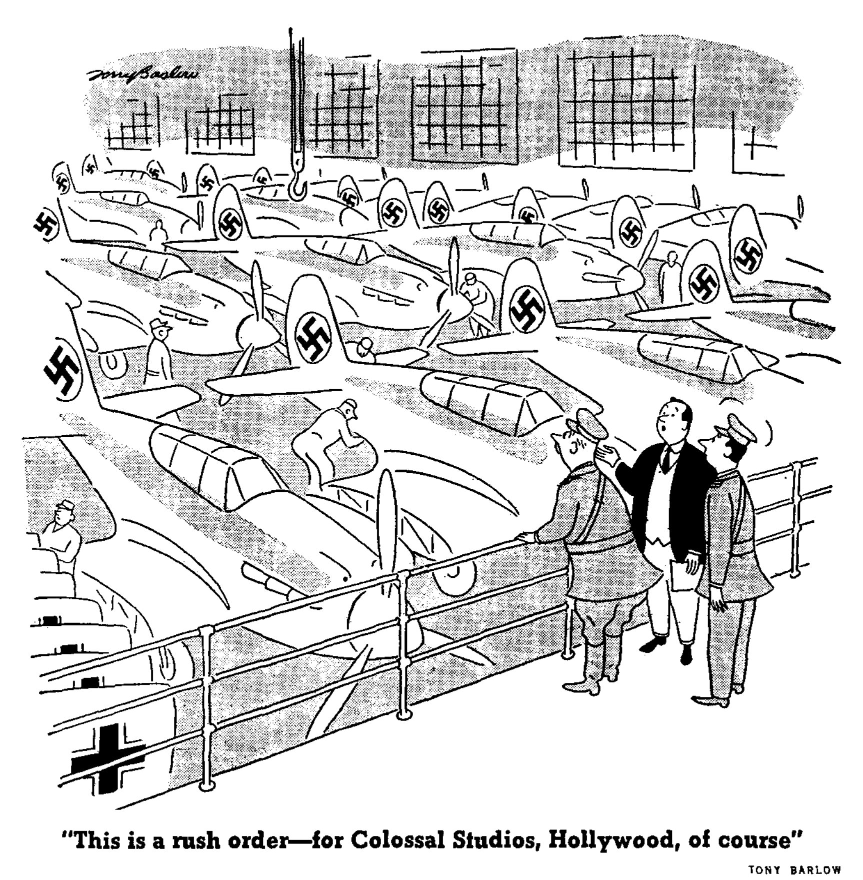
They settled themselves in an old-fashioned garden seat under the live oak. It was pleasantly cool there, and public enough to keep her from being too self-conscious. She said, "I'm going to ask you questions, Jerry, and I want you to promise not to laugh at them."

"I'll try . . ."

"I've had two months to prepare for the shock of being sheriff," she went on. "And tonight—knowing I'm it . . . I'm still flattened."

"It does seem fantastic."

She leaned forward in the seat so that her head was very close to his. "I'm going to make a little speech, Jerry. A nice speech full of things that you'd



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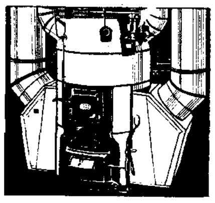

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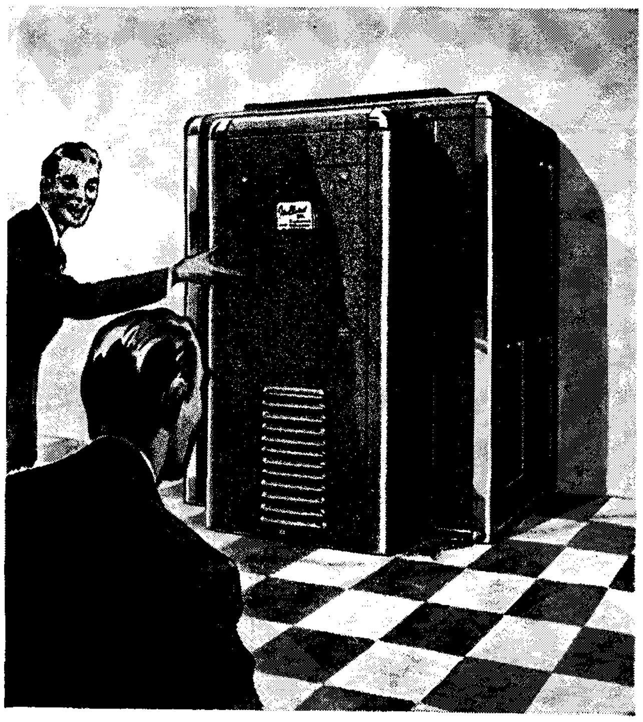

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think were platitudes if you didn't know me as well as you do. It's a speech"—she hesitated for a moment—"a speech about civic duty."

He said quietly, "I've been waiting for it."

"So you knew?"

"Naturally. You had a problem: either get out—or follow through."

Her heart skipped a beat. That was the sort of thing that hurt every time she thought of Jerry's being married. He knew her so startlingly well.

"People have been telling me things. We put up a ticket so that decent people could protest against all the things Neil Berkeley and his crowd have been doing. I've been elected as the result of a huge joke. But that doesn't alter the fact that this county is filthy with graft and corruption . . . and that the duty of any honest sheriff is to clean things up."

"Go ahead, Dale."

"I hate politics. I loathe the limelight. But this thing has been thrown at me. Neil Berkeley let me get in because he thought I'd regard it as a nice new play toy. I'm asking you this, Jerry . . . have I got a right to do that?"

He said quietly, "You're putting me on the spot, Dale."

"Which means you think I ought to take the job seriously?"

"Something like that. You've got an awfully pretty chin, and you've stuck it way out."

SHE said, with an intensity that surprised her: "I've been studying—really I have. I can recite the code, almost. I know the sheriff's powers. Everybody in the county knows what's been happening . . . but it's been like the weather: nobody ever does anything about it. If I start something . . . maybe Neil's crowd will realize I'm not playing. Maybe they'll calm down while I'm in office."

"Perhaps."

"I've thought of sounding a warning."

"What sort of a warning?"

"I figured that if I padlocked Carney's place, they'd understand what it meant."

Jerry nodded thoughtfully. Carney's was the most discernible eyesore in the corrupt Karnak County system. An old residence, just inside the county line, it was a resort where gambling flourished openly.

"If I close that place," said Dale, "it will impress people. It's something they'll be able to see and understand. Actually, Carney's doesn't mean much. It is insignificant compared to the real graft that's been going on. But it's—well, it's tangible. Am I being clear?"

"You're being very clear," endorsed Jerry. "I get your point perfectly. You'll close the place. That will be your way of announcing to the Berkeley crowd that you intend to have a clean county administration."

"Precisely. And I think Neil Berkeley will be smart enough to read the handwriting on the wall."

"Yes. But remember this." Jerry pointed at her with his pipe as though to lend emphasis to his words. "When Neil Berkeley gets angry, Dale . . . he's poison."

THE office of the sheriff of Karnak County was not beautiful. Dale had walked into it her first day as sheriff and immediately rushed to open the windows. Even now she hesitated to close them, despite the first touch of autumn coolness. Mr. Angel Verner, former incumbent, had left his mark.

It was a large, square, gaunt, high-ceilinged room. There were cracks in the plaster and stains on the floor. There was a huge golden-oak desk scarred by heavy boots; there were filing cabinets, cuspidors, ash trays, stacks of musty papers, a copy of the state code, an array of ancient magazines and newspapers, a stack of documents from police departments all over the country giving front and profile views of unprepossessing gentlemen who were wanted.

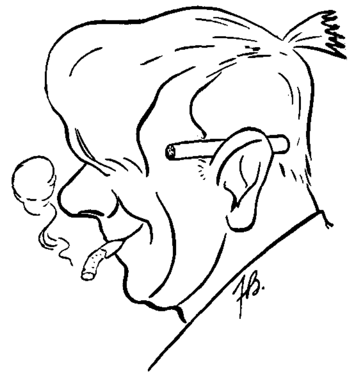
During her first three days as sheriff, Dale Meredith had done what she could to make the room moderately neat and sanitary. She was careful not to carry her reforms too far, lest she provoke merriment. No curtains at the windows, no flowers on her desk, no feminine fripperies of any kind. But she felt that she was well within her legal and esthetic rights in restoring the place to some semblance of cleanliness.

The room adjoining her office was the waiting room of her deputies. She cast one wild look into it and threw up her hands in despair. If that was the way they wanted it, that was the way they should have it. But she kept the door closed.

The initial surprise and excitement over the unusual situation of finding itself possessed of a female sheriff had gone from Karnak County. There had been a steady stream of visitors and would-be advisers; there had been scores who sprayed humor about the office. But now Sheriff Dale Meredith was a fact—and was accepted as such. An odd fact, perhaps, and an incongruous one . . . but a fact nevertheless. And so, this morning, she was unmolested and ready to get to work.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 39



In thirty-five years Chicago's Fred Balk has run a gamut of jobs from patent-medicine manufacturing, truck driving and interior decorating to writing poetry. Became a cartoonist five years ago when he discovered that drawings actually and occasionally brought checks. Like many of his contemporaries, he *sometimes* includes himself in a cartoon (note the flapjack flipper in the picture on page 55).

She walked to the door of the deputies' room and beckoned to Ed Clarendon. That lean, lanky, good-natured, lackadaisical individual let the front legs of his chair down to the floor, parked his pipe on the window sill and followed Dale into her office.

Ed Clarendon was a type, without, however, being a character. He was a good, solid, middle-class citizen, who was universally liked and ineffably lazy. He had been a deputy sheriff for fifteen years, was more than content with his average annual income of approximately two thousand dollars . . . and, left to his own devices, would have been happy to remain a deputy for the rest of his life.

And he was also Jerry Hamilton's brother-in-law.

The *marriage of Jerry's sister, Mar*tha, to Ed Clarendon had been no social triumph. The Hamiltons were classified in Karnak County as "quality folks." The Clarendons were referred to vaguely as "good, honest, respectable people." But Ed and Martha had been in love with each other, and there seemed to be no good reason why they should not marry. The result had been twelve years of contentment and two healthy children: Millie, aged nine, and Donald, aged seven.

Martha had a little money of her own. and they were without want. She asked nothing of her brother, and even chided him for spoiling the two kids. It was a neat, compact, happy home. If Ed was completely lacking in ambition, that made him no less a devoted husband and father.

Although he had been a deputy through *all* the years of graft and corruption in Karnak County, no one had ever dreamed that he was anything but honest. No Clarendon could be. It was understood that there was a good deal of work to be done officially that was honest . . . and this routine grind devolved mostly upon Ed. Serving of papers, executing court orders, helping fix the jury lists, doing the scores of odd chores that have to be done by someone. He went his way happily, and if he was aware of the crookedness all about him he was content in the knowledge that he had no part in it and received no benefits from it.

AND now Dale sketched to him the details of her plan to close Carney's place. She knew that this was the one man on her staff (she intended to replace the others one by one) whom she could trust implicitly and upon whose expert advice she must lean.

He listened patiently until she finished. "You ain't aimin' just to play house, are you, Dale?"

"No."

"Some folks is goin' to be mighty s'prised."

"So I judge." She leaned forward. "Closing Carney's is meant to be a warning. It's something the people can see and understand. What I want to know is: Can you close it up—tonight?"

"Why shuah, Dale . . . shuah. There won't be nothin' to it."

"How will you go about it?"

"Casual an' easy. I just drift out an' have a quiet, friendly talk with Carney hisse'f. I tell him the lid's on, an' no foolin'. So he closes up, real quiet . . . an' that's all there is to it."

"There won't be any trouble?"

"Shucks, no. Things like that is done simple . . . with just a few well-chosen words. Co'se he'll think Neil Berkeley will fix things for him to open again later, but as fo' him closin' when I ask him to . . . why, that's plumb certain."

"Good. And if it's that easy, I'd rather you do it alone, Ed. I don't trust the other deputies."

"Reckon you got somethin' there, Dale. An' as fo' that dope about the syndicate that was buyin' up property under forced sale . . ."

"We'll go into that again tomorrow. Meanwhile you're sure you won't run into trouble tonight?"

"Positive, Dale. Carney ain't no fool. He'll do it the easy way."

Ed Clarendon ambled into the deputies' office. He didn't notice that Jeff Owens had left the office, and it would have meant nothing if he had noticed.

Jeff was a big fellow, and a good deputy: Ed himself would have been the first to admit that. Crooked, sure; but who wasn't . . . except Ed himself. And Jeff had been listening at the

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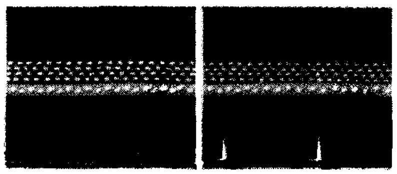
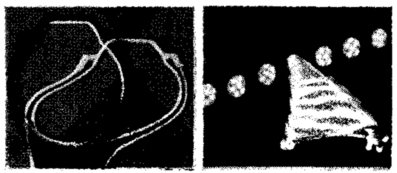
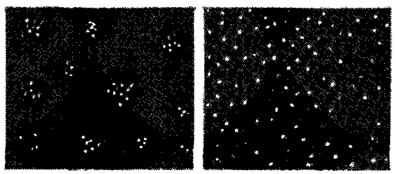


THEY FEAR NO SKIDS because the instant brakes are applied, seven continuous ribs break into individual, tilted tread blocks (A to B) wherever they touch the road. Note (B) how blocks cut through water, mud, slush—grip the road and hold it! This *active* tread — a moving, working, safety device — controls skids, stops you quicker.



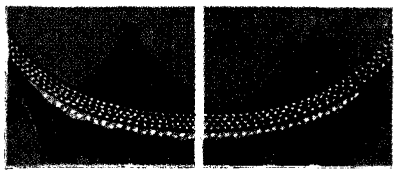
THEY FEAR NO BLOWOUTS. Drawing (C) shows terrific distortion of a tire rounding curve at high speed, when weight on outside tires may be *doubled!* Now, see how (D) "U.S." *safety bonding* saturates each cord in pure latex, cushions each ply in heat-resistant rubber to doubly protect against blowouts due to heat, impact, or speed.



Illustrations exaggerated

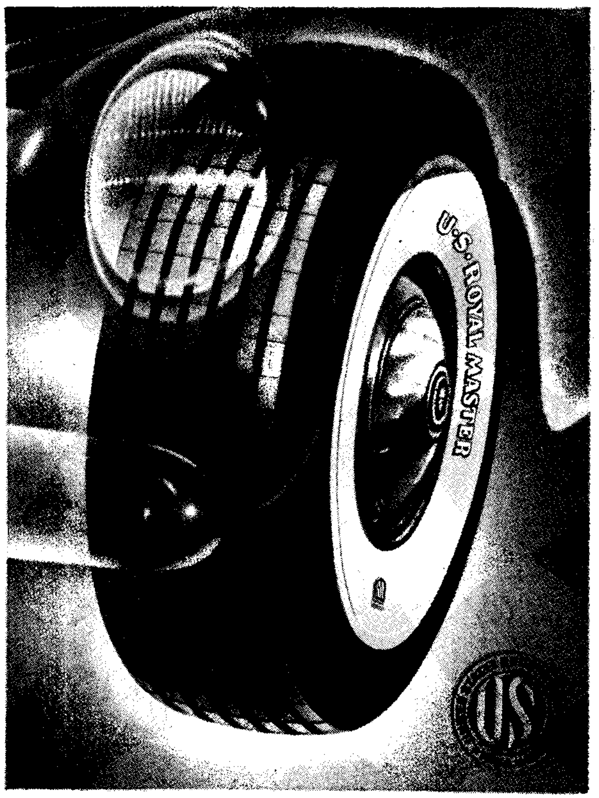
THEY GET MORE MILEAGE because of *Tempered Rubber** treads. In ordinary treads (E) carbon black, a toughener, tends to "clot" around zinc oxide, a vulcanizing aid. *This cuts down mileage!* In *Tempered Rubber** (F), less zinc oxide is used, "clotting" is minimized and carbon black uniformly dispersed. *This steps up mileage!*

THEY GET STEADIER RIDES. Seven sturdy ribs (G) give "railroad track" stability, provide firmer, *fingertip* steering. Special grooves (H) prevent stones from sticking in tread, quickly eject them—thus eliminating annoying "click." And Royal Master's sleek, streamlined beauty adds smartness to the finest cars.



THEY GET A BONUS of non-skid mileage that's almost double! When treads are half-worn (I), Royal Master owners have them *regrooved* by U. S. Tire Dealers. See how (J) *regrooving* has restored the depth of the anti-skid rubber. Only Royal Master's *extra* strength plus *extra* quality of rubber makes *double* mileage possible.

THIS FREE BOOK tells you: how to save 20% of your tire expense; how to find the joker in "bargain" tires; how to double your non-skid mileage; how to prevent blowouts; how to control skids—and hundreds of other tire facts that save money and may save your life. Get your free copy at your U. S. Dealer's or write to the U. S. Rubber Co.



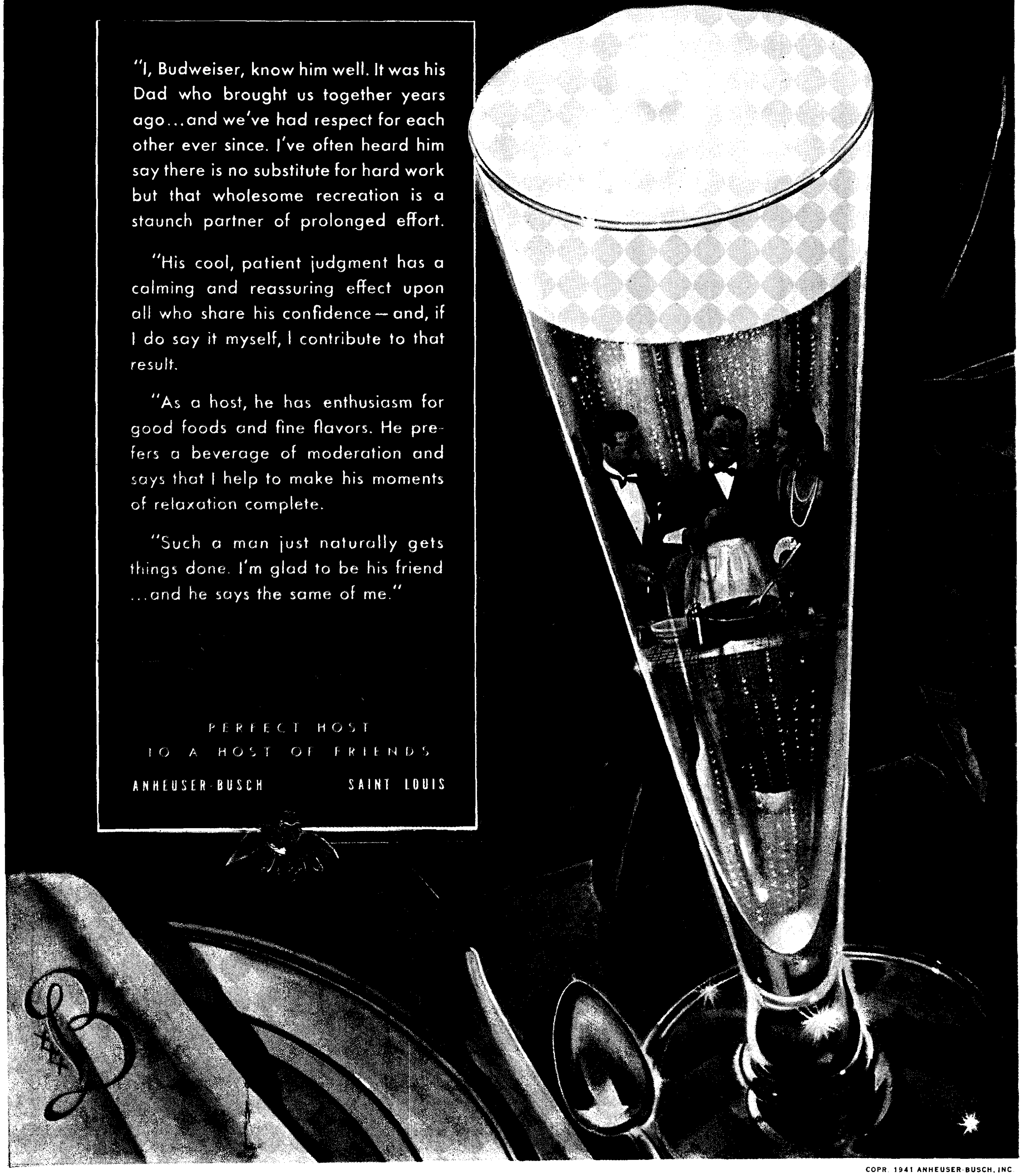
"ONCE YOU RIDE ON U. S. ROYAL MASTERS YOU'LL NEVER BUY ANY OTHER TIRES"

**Patent No. 1,984,247   No licenses ever granted under this patent.*

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York • In Canada: Dominion Rubber Co., Ltd.

. . . and he says the same of me



"I, Budweiser, know him well. It was his Dad who brought us together years ago...and we've had respect for each other ever since. I've often heard him say there is no substitute for hard work but that wholesome recreation is a staunch partner of prolonged effort.

"His cool, patient judgment has a calming and reassuring effect upon all who share his confidence—and, if I do say it myself, I contribute to that result.

"As a host, he has enthusiasm for good foods and fine flavors. He prefers a beverage of moderation and says that I help to make his moments of relaxation complete.

"Such a man just naturally gets things done. I'm glad to be his friend ...and he says the same of me."

PERFECT HOST
TO A HOST OF FRIENDS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH SAINT LOUIS

COPR. 1941 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.

door to the conversation between the new sheriff and her one reliable deputy.

So Jeff Owens went straight to the home of Angel Verner, the former sheriff, and he talked long and earnestly with that stocky gentleman. Thereupon Angel drove downtown to the MacDonald Block and thence to the offices maintained by Neil Berkeley. The sign on the door said "Cotton Broker," which was one of the least of Neil's activities.

For a long, long time Mr. Verner talked with Mr. Berkeley. The ex-sheriff employed picturesque and profane vernacular. Neil Berkeley seemed calm, unruffled . . . and you might have said, indifferent . . . unless you happened to be regarding closely the cold, calculating light in his deep black eyes.

NEIL looked handsome and debonair as usual. Even in the privacy of his office he was immaculate . . . dandified even. His voice was soft and gentle: "So she's really figurin' to start somethin', is she?"

"She sho is, Neil. This heah raid on Carney's is a gesture . . . that's what Jeff heard her say. It's liable to git the county all excited, an' maybe enthusiastic."

"You're right, Angel. Virtue rises up suddenly and unexpectedly, and it can get downright annoyin'."

" 'Tain't just closin' Carney's, either," Mr. Verner persisted. "She's started snoopin' an' you know dawggone good an' well, Neil, that if she knowed where to look an' what to look for, she could uncover enough to send ev'y one of us to jail fo' twenty yeahs."

Neil Berkeley nodded thoughtfully. "I've been thinkin' of that," he said. "Ed Clarendon could get to be a downright nuisance. The other deputies there would never tell her how to look for things. Even if she puts in new ones—which she certainly will—they won't know either." He lighted a cigarette. "You know, Angel, I've been thinkin' that we've got a fight on our hands."

"I been tellin' you that ever since the prim'ry, Neil."

"And I didn't believe you. I was obviously wrong." He smiled. "She's asking for it, Angel. Maybe we'd better see that she gets it."

"Now you're talkin'. . . ."

"Yes, I'm talkin'. I'm figuring that Ed isn't very healthy for us if she really means business . . . what with all Ed knows. So if something was to happen when he went to Carney's tonight . . ."

"Somethin' fatal, you mean?"

"You seem to get the drift. Well, it would look like a deputy had met with a bad accident tryin' to close up a notorious gamblin' house. And unless Dale Meredith is dumber than I believe, she'll understand that she'd better watch her step."

Mr. Verner was neither surprised nor shocked. "You mean she's makin' the first move, an' you're makin' the second, an' that if she's smart she'll back away quick."

"Something like that." Neil reached for a newspaper he had been reading when Angel came in. "I think you understand what to do, Angel. Just be sure you handle things discreetly."

"But positively, Neil—positively." At the door the former sheriff turned and grinned. "I'll feel a heap safer with Ed Clarendon out of the way."

He reached the vicinity of the courthouse in time to see Dale Meredith walking away with a trim, slender man—a man whose left sleeve was empty. "That English feller," murmured Verner. "She sho seems int'rested in him since she found out Jerry Hamilton was married."

Nor was Angel Verner the only person who had noticed this. All Karnak was talking about it, though mildly, since there had been so many other conversational morsels more delectable.

Peter had got into the habit of calling for her at lunchtime and in the evening. And Dale liked it. Peter took things so casually, intruded so little . . . and knew so much.

THEY all had lunch together: Peter and little Joyce, Otis Meredith and his two daughters. Then Dale went back to her office and Peter resumed his reading. He was back at the courthouse at five o'clock and this time they climbed into Dale's car and drove out into the country.

Peter breathed deeply of the pine-laden air. "Jolly country," he commented.

"It's nice—when you get used to it."

"I'm afraid I'm growing too accustomed. You're spoiling me, Dale."

"How?"

"That steak-and-kidney pie you made. It was top-hole, really. And porridge in the morning. Tea in the afternoon—"

"Some afternoons."

"The little things I'm accustomed to. You're being too good a hostess. I'm getting uncomfortable."

"I didn't—at your home."

"This is different." He looked at her. "People . . ."

He cut the thought off sharply and she turned toward him.

"What about people?" she asked.

"Nice village, Karnak. But I'm afraid they talk a bit too much."

She frowned. Then laughed. "About us, you mean? That's silly."

"Is it?"

Something in the way he said it brought her up short. "Why, of course . . ." and then a thought crowded into her brain. She tried to smile it off. "You can't take Karnak gossip seriously, Peter."

"Right-o, Dale. I shall take your word for that. But whenever I seem to be getting underfoot . . ."

They lapsed into silence, and the new thought persisted. Except that it really didn't seem new. Just an old idea coming to life again. Peter was an attractive man, a gentleman—intelligent, courteous, considerate . . . and now, unattached. Of course, folks were talking. She sighed, and reflected that it was better to have them discussing herself and Peter than to be wasting sympathy on her because she'd suddenly discovered that Jerry Hamilton had been married for three years. . . .

It was dark when they returned to Karnak. After dinner Peggy went off with some of her young friends, Otis Meredith went back downtown to his drugstore, Joyce went to bed and Dale and the young Englishman settled down over a chessboard.

They played intently. His game was strong enough to give her rook odds, and he defeated her twice. She looked up at him and laughed. "You're too tricky," she accused. "You teach me the answers to your pet openings and as soon as I learn them you spring a new one on me."

"I'm a very surprising person," he retorted good-naturedly. "And if you've had enough of this, maybe I can catch a good-night smoke on the veranda . . . if it isn't too cool for you."

She threw a coat about her shoulders and they walked up and down on the porch.

THE night was quiet. Dale felt relaxed, mentally and physically. Perhaps things were not so tragic, after all. She had much to be thankful for . . . and a job to do. She didn't have to sit at home and think . . . and think . . .

An automobile roared down Marsden Avenue at terrific speed. It slewed into the curb in front of the Meredith cottage, and a slim, girlish figure leaped out and started up the walkway. Peggy called, "Dale! Dale . . ."

Dale ran down to meet her sister. She said, "What's the matter, Peggy? You're hysterical."

The younger girl clung to her.

"Dale," she choked. "Something awful has happened."

"What? Dad?"

"No. . . . I just heard downtown. Ed Clarendon went out to Carney's place. Tried to close it up. . . "

Something cold and awful crept into Dale Meredith. Knowing the answer, she still asked the question:

"What happened to Ed?"

Peggy clung tight. "Ed's been shot, Dale. They murdered him."

(To be continued next week)

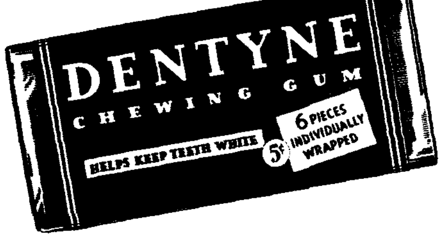
"...and you also have free use of the community kitchen"

FRED BALK

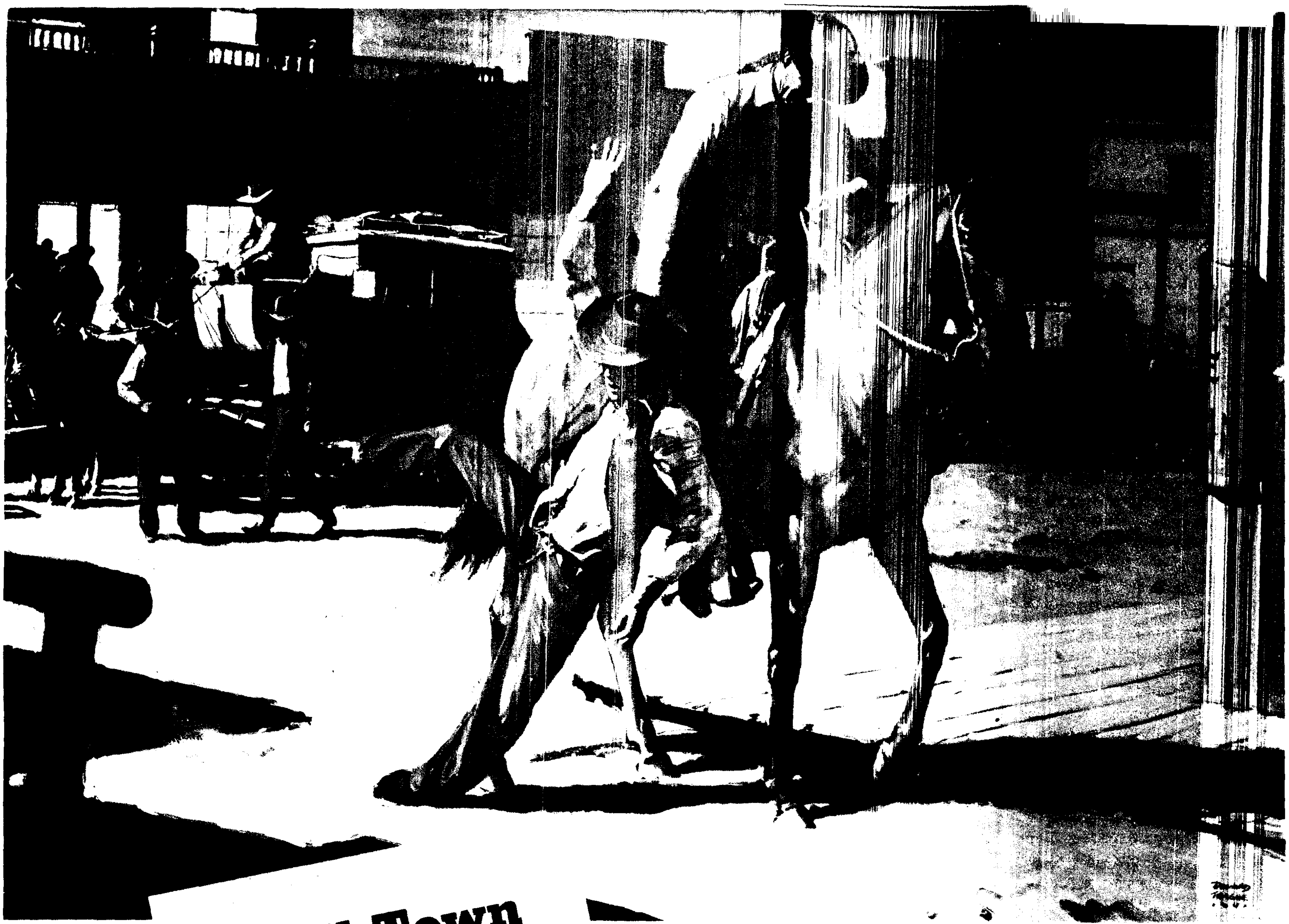
I never take chances

It seems sort of silly to take a chance when I know there's one thing that's sure to please me. I mean Dentyne chewing gum • That Dentyne flavor, for instance, is so mouth-refreshing, so warmly delicious. And that good firm chewiness is so pleasant • But even more than that, I know I'm not just getting pleasure out of Dentyne. I know every time I chew it, Dentyne is helping to keep my teeth bright and sparkling and to make my smile more attractive • So when I buy chewing gum, I say . . . "Dentyne, please!"

Dentyne



Helps keep teeth white . . .
mouth healthy



He had the Texan at a drag and he moved up the street with the man cursing

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

DAN MITCHELL, marshal of the town of River Bend, informs Cap Ryker's Texas outfit—just arrived—that it must behave itself. Then, when the newcomers become unruly and Mitchell tries to control them, Ryker, infuriated and vowing vengeance, rides away, with his punchers.

Heretofore antagonistic, Charley Fair, leader of the town's wilder element, and Ed Balder, who heads the businessmen, agree that, in incurring the enmity of the Texan (a power in the West) Mitchell has made a serious blunder. . . .

Among the marshal's enemies—and he has many—is the county's prosecuting attorney: Ford Green. Engaged to Sherry Gault, daughter of a prominent ranchman, Green knows that Mitchell is in love with his fiancée. He hates Mitchell and Mitchell, regarding him as a cheap politician, hates him. . . .

Jett Younger, an outlaw, steals some cattle from the Crazy L outfit. In the melee that follows, he kills one of the Crazy L punchers. Whereupon, Ed Balder and Ford Green (who hopes to be sent to the United States Senate by voters who regard him as a reformer) inform Bravo Trimble, the sheriff, that he must arrest Younger.

Trimble is an old man. He feels sure that he will be shot if he tries to capture Younger. Nevertheless, he prepares to do his duty. Fortunately Mitchell guesses the truth: That Charley Fair (who has hitherto protected the outlaw and who now professes to feel that he should be punished) has tipped the outlaw off—told him that Trimble will merely go through the motions of trying to find him. So, when the sheriff rides toward the cabin where Younger is supposed to be, Mitchell and his friend, Tom Leathers, accompany him.

The three men find Younger in his cabin. The fellow—well guarded by four of his hirelings—puts up a fight, and makes his getaway. But Trimble is killed. . . . Incensed, feeling certain *that Fair has been instrumental in the death* of the old sheriff, Mitchell returns to River Bend and tells Fair, quite frankly, what he thinks of him. Then: "Charley, you tell Jett to stay out of this town, if he wants to live." . . . Meanwhile, Ford Green has been considering ways and means for getting rid of Mitchell. The next time he sees him, his eyes, suddenly lighting up, begin to glow with deep, cold fire. Mitchell is his enemy—*Mitchell must go.*

V

MITCHELL ate at his corner table while the light of day faded from the dining-room windows and the lamps began to gleam against their crystal ornaments. Sherry Gault came in with Ford Green and then Dug Neil and his wife and Harry and Juliet Sharpless—from the Star and Crescent ranch in the Aspens—and all six made a cheerful group in the room; and once Sherry's eyes lifted, as though reluctant, and her glance came to Mitchell with its sober search, rousing in him an emotion stronger than any other human being had ever brought. At this moment she was for Mitchell the only living thing in the room, her face softly lighted and softly shadowed, her shoulders straight and graceful, her presence creating its beauty and its imperative call. When he passed her table on the way out she dropped her glance and deliberately ignored him. All he saw in that brief interval was the dry face of Ford Green turn to him and to Sherry in a careful appraisal.

Night came black and soft and warm to the town. Shadows lay solid against the unlighted walls of Willow, respectability once more drawing its skirts clear of the renewed bawdiness on Race. He went on to the stable, brought out the buckskin and moved into Race, into the yellow heat of its outshining lights, into the boiled-up dust of arriving Texas men camped on the edge of town, into the quick and wild and free calling of voices, into all the old smells and odors that emanated from men in their loose moments. This town had two characters, one by day and one by night, and those characters lived uneasily together by necessity; and some day would openly clash.

There was no difference in this night from a hundred nights that had gone before. His fight with Cap Ryker had seemingly made its little ripple in the current and had dissolved. Each night was a new night with new faces and new voices, with new quarrels and new laughter. Yet this newness was a deception; it was only a repeated echo of man's old hunger for release after long and lonely times on a dusty trail; and the voices said the same things and the quarrels rose from the same white-heated sparks of primitive vitality and pride. And beneath this apparent forgetfulness, old grudges lay solid and changeless, and of all these grudges the most enduring was the Texan's hatred of a trail town—and of the man who sat on a horse and enforced its law.

Nobody saw this or felt this so acutely as the man on the horse. Idling down Race, he watched the faces before him and beside him. He listened to the laughter and the live and resonant tones of those voices speaking, seeking to catch in this confusion some meaning for him. Jim Card stepped from The Pride and said to him, "You seen Hazelhurst?"

"No."

"He ain't shown up," said Card. "Time he was at his table."

Passing beyond Briar he noticed a man at Naab's Shooting Gallery. This one took up a twenty-two and dropped the moving ducks one upon another and put down the gun, swinging about. His glance came directly to the marshal and though that face was only one more face in the ceaseless tide of faces coming steadily out of Texas, Mitchell saw the man's lids creep together. In one more moment Mitchell had passed on, but warning flowed from that man and rang its clear bell in Mitchell's body.

(Continued on page 59)

Blues in Swingtime

By William and Milarde Brent

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

The story of how a hit song was born—it was the belated offspring of two lonely hearts

TOMMY CONLON walked into the Club Intime. He paused momentarily, just inside, to accustom his eyes to the semidarkness. The Club Intime, like most small Hollywood night spots, was so indirectly lighted there was scarcely none at all. In here Tommy was kingpin, in a small way. He was the entertainer. He played the piano.

Tommy liked the atmosphere of bars. He'd worked in a lot of them, and he liked this one best. Probably because it was a hangout for musicians. No one knew why. It just was. They dropped in between jobs or after finishing up at other places, and lots of nights, after closing hours, they gathered around for jam sessions. Tommy could really caress those ivories.

It was early, not yet seven o'clock. The bar was almost empty. There were two regulars, having a cocktail before dinner, and a mild drunk. Larry, the night bartender was on duty.

Tommy said, "Hi," and slid onto a stool. "Make it a bourbon and plain water, Larry, and dash in a couple of squirts of bitters."

Then he noticed the girl. She was sitting alone at the far curve of the bar. He'd seen her here before—last night and the night before that.

"Hello," he greeted her casually.

"Hello."

There was something about the girl that attracted his attention. He watched her surreptitiously, as he sipped his drink. Tommy didn't go in for women—as a rule. Four years of playing and singing in bars had made him wary. But this one seemed different, somehow. It wasn't just her looks. She had those, all right. A full mouth and green-gray eyes and a mop of amber-colored hair. It was sort of an independence about her. She didn't act like most lone women in a bar. None of those half-veiled glances, or coy mannerisms to attract attention. He wondered idly what her angle was. He knew the drink in the tall glass in front of her was a plain soda.

The drunk, slightly mawkish by now, asked Tommy to play a tune.

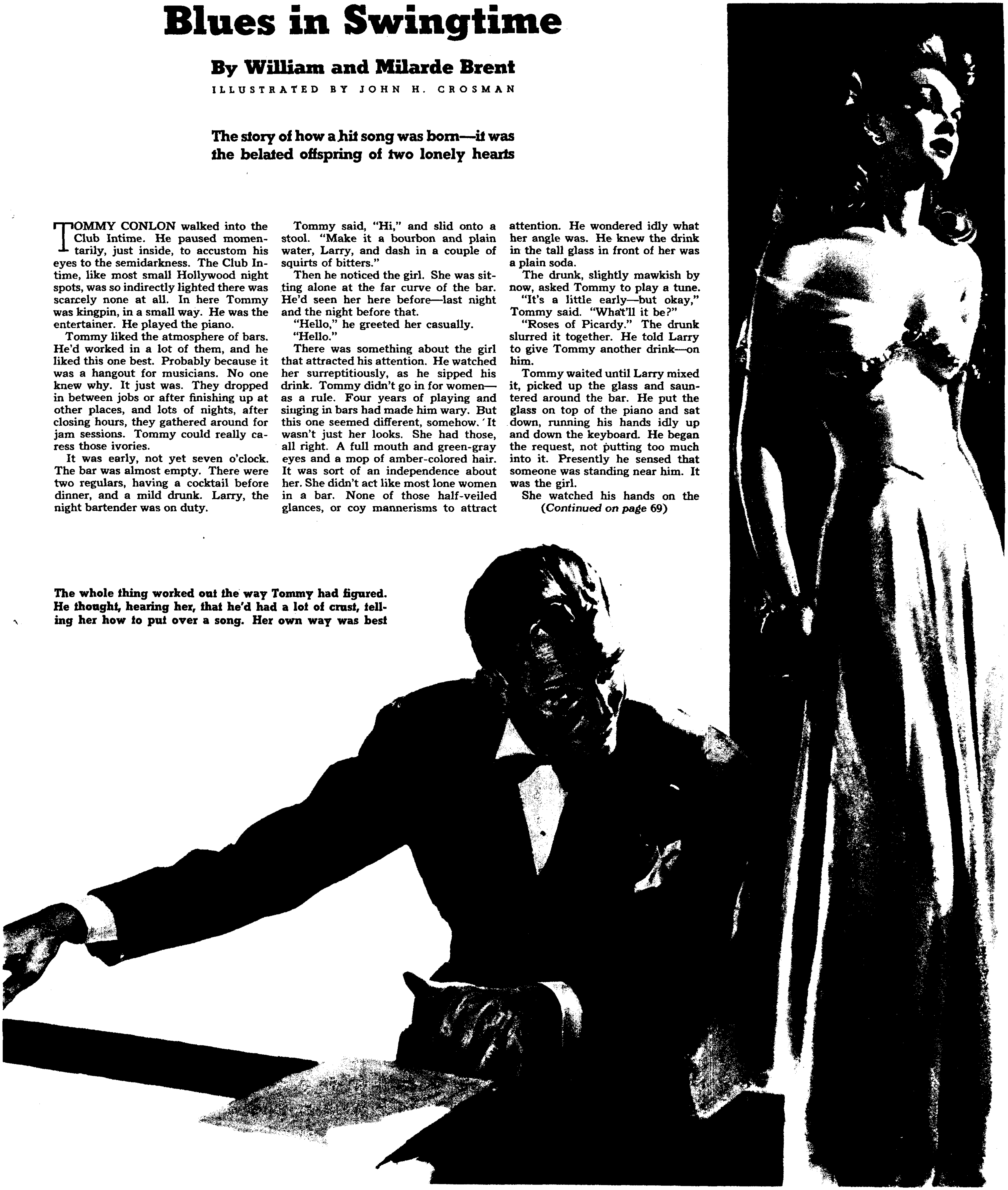
"It's a little early—but okay," Tommy said. "What'll it be?"

"Roses of Picardy." The drunk slurred it together. He told Larry to give Tommy another drink—on him.

Tommy waited until Larry mixed it, picked up the glass and sauntered around the bar. He put the glass on top of the piano and sat down, running his hands idly up and down the keyboard. He began the request, not putting too much into it. Presently he sensed that someone was standing near him. It was the girl.

She watched his hands on the

(*Continued on page* 69)



The whole thing worked out the way Tommy had figured. He thought, hearing her, that he'd had a lot of crust, telling her how to put over a song. Her own way was best

NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

PRISCILLA LANE

star of the Warner Bros. picture

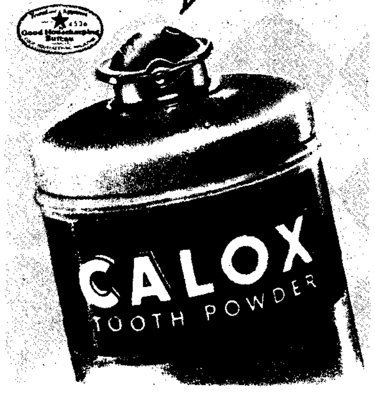
"MILLION DOLLAR BABY"

says a Hollywood smile has to have glint and sparkle *always!* Impossible? "Easy!" says Priscilla . . . "if you use good sense and a good dentifrice." Like Calox Tooth Powder!

PRISCILLA, AGE ONE got off to a fine start for sound, lovely teeth! A careful diet. Lots of sun. Plenty of visits to her dentist. Then she grew up and became interested in beauty.

"I'VE FOUND you can't beat the advice of Perc Westmore, make-up expert at Warner's." And that is Calox Tooth Powder, choice of so many well-informed stars for daily cleansing and polishing. If *you* like a brilliant sheen, try Calox!

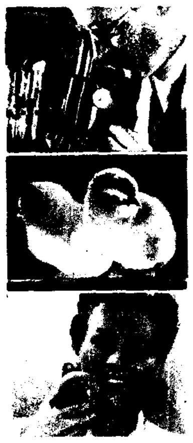
Helps your teeth shine like the stars'
BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE



1. CONTAINS FIVE CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder . . . it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT and smooth because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love Calox.



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Our New Army

Continued from page 16

killed while riding a white horse in 1917." The boys didn't argue with the corporal; just did a little quiet figuring.

MARYLAND

FORT GEORGE G. MEADE. Interstate strife seems to be rearing its ugly conk here. When a soldier with a heavy accent called a clerk at the fort to find out where he was to report for duty, the clerk asked an officer for advice. "If you can't understand him," said the officer, "he must be a Virginian. Send him down to that outfit."

SOUTH CAROLINA

FORT JACKSON, COLUMBIA. An unnamed selectee of the 121st Infantry, on guard duty for the first time, heard footsteps in the darkness. "Halt—who goes there?" he called out in his best military manner. "Officer of the day," came the answer. Here a sudden lull occurred in the conversation; the recruit couldn't for the life of him think what came next. "What's the matter, soldier?" asked the officer impatiently. "Have you forgotten the procedure?" "Yes," said the guard, "but I'll tell you one thing, mister. You better not come a step closer until I remember it, or you'll be a dead duck."

GENERAL

THE last word on "the best-paid army private in the world" is that Australian soldiers get the equivalent of $1.55 a day. Subject adjourned.

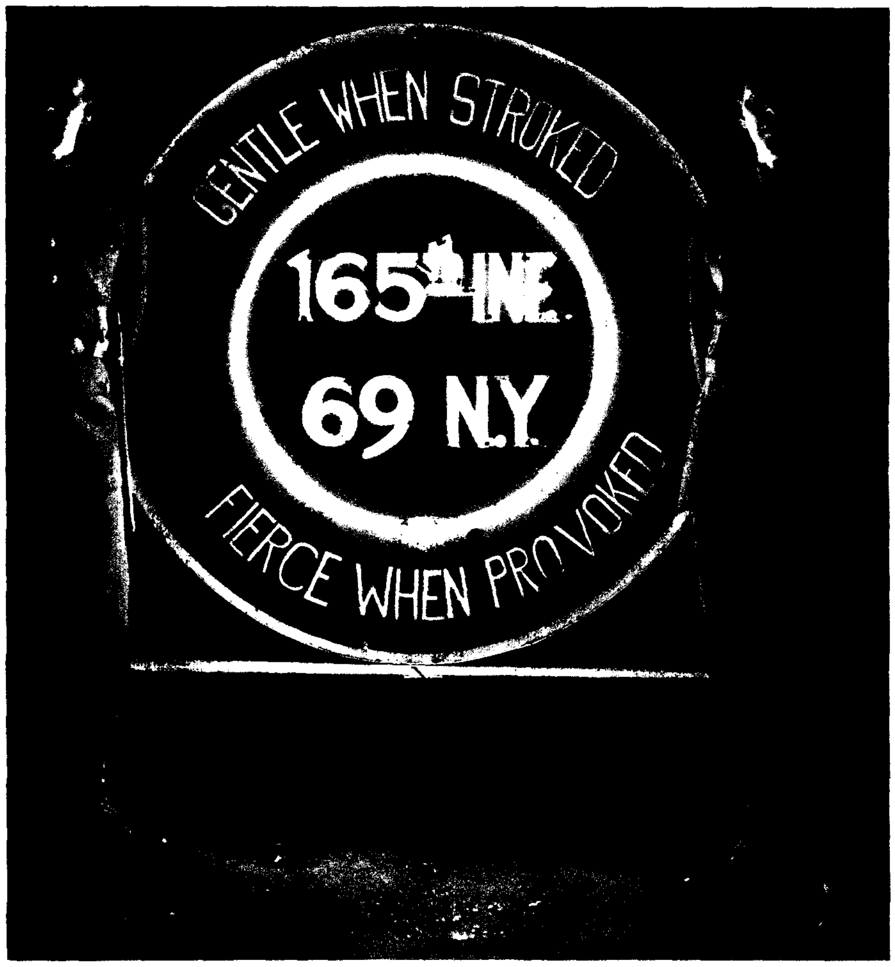
A SALUTE to the unidentified lady who phoned this department to find out which camps needed magazines and books. "I head a group of 300 church women," she said, "who feel we've been concentrating too much on helping Britain and have decided it's about time to do something for our own boys, too."

FROM what Major H. Van Wagenen, of the 121st Field Artillery at Camp Livingston, Louisiana, writes, we gather we were given a bum steer. Some time ago we announced that many of the camp's motor-show prizes were snagged by Detroit members of the Michigan National Guard. Seems now that twelve of the fifteen possible first places were taken by boys of the 121st—from Wisconsin. They've never even seen the inside of an auto plant.

FOR several days, painfully conscious of our shortcomings, we've been staring helplessly at a letter from Brooklyn, New York. It's signed, "Respectfully, James G. Phelps," who's about to be drafted and wants to know why we don't give prospective draftees some dope on what to expect. "For instance," writes Mr. Phelps, "living close to Fort Hamilton, I come in contact with old-time soldiers. The other night while having a few beers I got talking to a fellow who has been in the Army thirty years. I told him various things I was used to, like having my eggs done sunny side up, well basted, with the bacon crisp and the toast soaked in butter. He told me that the secret of getting what you want and when you want it is to take a firm stand immediately you get into camp; and if your eggs on the first breakfast are not served exactly right, to stand on your rights and send them back to the chef. I am going to follow his advice but I am sure there are thousands of readers who would appreciate some similar lowdown, so why not give it to them?"

WE WOULDN'T dast.

G. W.



ANGUTI

Members of the 165th Infantry (the old 69th of New York) at Fort McClellan, Alabama, advertise night and day with a neon sign made and donated by New York's Electrical Workers Union

Trail Town

Continued from page 56

He turned at The Drovers' and cruised up to Gatewood's house. The door was open and Gatewood made a small, narrow-shouldered shape in it. Gatewood said, "Wait, Dan," and came down the walk. He put his hands on the gate pickets and looked up and showed Mitchell a puzzled face. "Have you seen Irma?"

"No, Will."

"She went out for a walk. She likes to walk in the evening. But it is later than usual. I wish she wouldn't do these things. After a long, hot day I'd think the comfort of a porch would be good enough."

He was an urbane and polite man with some notions of culture. He was one of the town's steady and faithful citizens.

"If you see her," he said, "please tell her it is time to come home."

"Will," said Mitchell, "the night's for walking."

"What?" asked Will Gatewood.

"Heaven's up there somewhere," Mitchell said. But he quit on that, for there was no way of reaching this good and sober and heatless man's precise mind, no way of bringing to him the fire and sweep and disordered, prodigal wonder of life that his wife Irma now walked abroad to feed her soul upon. He added, "I'll tell her," and moved down Antelope. Then he recalled that George Hazelhurst was missing from The Pride and for a moment he thought of Hazelhurst and Irma Gatewood, recognizing them both as lonely ones who had no real place in this town. He circled the depot, listening to the dying simmer of the engine and rode the middle dust of Railroad Street. There was nothing but the track and open prairie to his left, but on the right side the black sides of buildings were against him and the blacker mouths of alleys made their ink-dark stains. As he rode he sat deep in the saddle, with his legs pushed against the stirrups and his rein hand lifted and ready to swing the horse. For a moment tension caught up with him—in memory of the other time he had been ambushed here; and tension remained until he reached the foot of Railroad and pursued Cattle Street to the foot of Race. In passing Race he gave the street a long survey and found the man he had earlier watched now gone.

The night was mild. Race, swinging into the heart of its revels, had so far offered no trouble. Out on the prairie the campfires of the homesteaders burned its round disk against the black and he went that way, hearing voices, roughened and turned drowsy by weariness, come across the earth.

IRMA GATEWOOD had been in the coach perhaps a quarter of an hour when she heard Hazelhurst come along the cindered runway and pause at the coach steps. He would be struggling, of course, with his own sense of right; for she had watched him a great deal and had come to believe that, either in spite of his trade or because of it, he had a very strong sense of honor.

She had never doubted he would come. She had never doubted, since speaking to him, that she would meet him. This was a part of her life surely marked out to happen, regardless of her marriage or her feeling of self-respect or of what the world might say about it. So deep was this feeling of inevitability that when she asked herself if she felt shame she could not honestly say that she did. What she actually felt was a great content, as though, after silence and oblivion and a blind threshing around for some kind of glory in her life, this was happening.

He came into the back end of the coach. She said: "I am at this end," and listened to him move on. He stopped beside her. She saw him vaguely against the car window. She said, pleased by the warm, full content his presence brought, "Sit down here."

"Mrs. Gatewood," he said, "I have done some foolish things in my life. You must know that. But if I should in any way hurt your reputation I'd never forget it. I shouldn't be here at all."

"Then why did you come?"

"You asked me to come," he said.

"You could have stayed away."

"No," he said. "You knew I couldn't stay away."

SHE said, "Sit down," and watched him turn in the dark and take the opposite seat. She had not been mistaken in him. Whatever else he was and whatever his past had been, he possessed his sharp rules of right and wrong. They were not the gentle and flexible rules of Will Gatewood. They were the definite and hard-formed rules of a man who had lived a dangerous life, had made his errors and saw them very clearly. A sinner, she thought, knew so much more about morals than a saint. But he had noticed her and her word had brought him here and the sense of that importance and power was like drink, filling out her tissues and making her giddy. She had been unimportant and unnoticed so long.

"This is our train," she murmured. "Where is it taking us? Would Paris be too far?"

He said: "Better not let yourself dream, Mrs. Gatewood. You will be badly hurt in the end."

"I do a lot of it."

"So have I. You see what I have become from it."

"What else can I do?"

"No use building a better world in your mind. If you do, you'll be living in it half the time and feeling miserable when you're not. Make the best of the world you've got—the world made by the folks of River Bend. You can't get away from it. You'll just get hurt if you try."

She said: "Which is real, my world or theirs?"

"Don't ask me that, Mrs. Gatewood."

"You ought to know," she told him. "River Bend's no more your world than mine."

"I made mine," he said. "You see how poor a job I did of it. If you want me to be bitter about these blind and selfish and petty people walking up Race and down Willow, I can't oblige you. Maybe some of them are blind, some of them stupid and selfish and little. But they're as happy as I am. Happier. They live more useful lives. They will die in peace."

"No," she answered, "I don't want you to be bitter about anything. What's the use of that? But if this isn't our world why can't we find one that is?"

"Escape?" he said. "I have tried that too. You can run to the bottom of the earth. It will still be like River Bend."

"Then," she said, "the difference is in me and in you. If there are only two of us, that's enough. Two people can make the biggest world of all."

He said very slowly, "You should not have asked me to come. I ruin whatever I touch."

"I have often been sad, often ready to cry for want of somebody to speak to, somebody to feel in the wind the things I feel. But I've never been afraid." She

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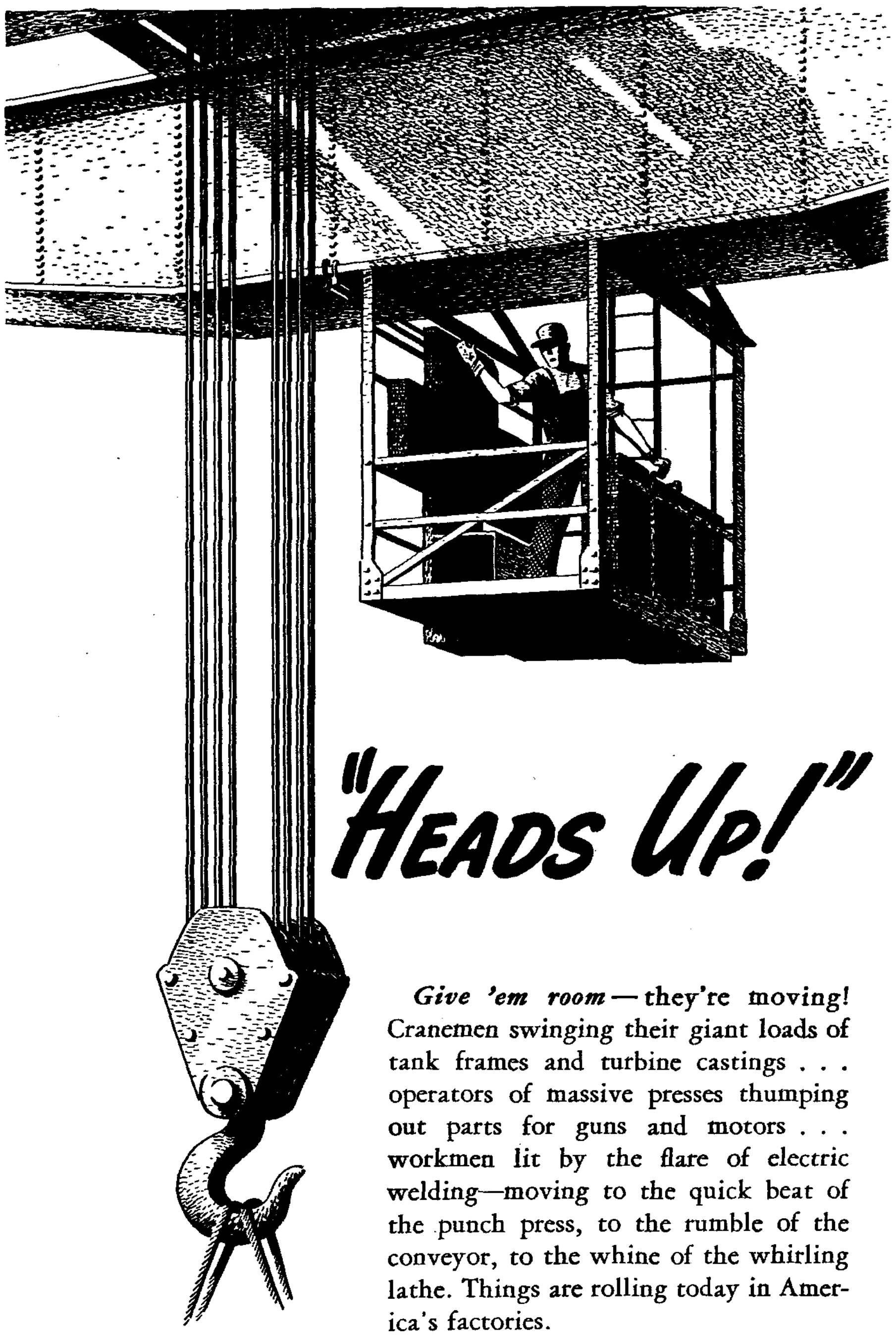

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reached out her hand in the dark, toward him, and her voice was musical and warm. "Touch me."

MITCHELL rode out to the homestead camp and found Bill Mellen squatted at the fire, spinning stories of the land's richness to the half-dozen men around him. Women stirred in the background and somewhere in a wagon a baby cried, the strangest and most gripping sound to Mitchell. He said at once, with concern, "Sick child?"

One man drawled: "No, just cuttin' teeth."

Mellen said, "This is Dan Mitchell, marshal of the town."

"I wouldn't want your job," spoke up another homesteader. "A hell of a town. A sink of rottenness."

"Good and bad," said Mitchell.

"What's good in it?" asked the homesteader.

"The same good that's in you," said Mitchell.

"What?" said the homesteader, and thought of that remark carefully. Bill Mellen looked up at Mitchell with interest. Mitchell said to the homesteader: "This man Mellen lives in the town. You think he's bad?"

"That's different," said the homesteader.

"Everybody's different," said Mitchell. "Everybody's good—and bad."

He was a mystery to them and he was saying things they didn't understand, for they remained silent in the way of people who, disagreeing, do not wish to argue. They had never ridden through the heart of a town night after night, watching the actions of people with the eye of care. They had never seen blackness and whiteness live side by side in the same woman, or courage and fear alternately surge through one man. They didn't understand him. Mellen, who saw all this as Mitchell saw it, smiled and shook his head, whereupon Mitchell idly changed the subject: "Where are you taking these people, Bill?"

"Chickman Flats."

"Only eight miles from town," commented Mitchell. "That's coming close."

"Everything on Bear Creek is just about taken up. Country's filling."

"My father," said the most talkative homesteader, "homesteaded Iowa. I never thought much about it, but it is a fine thing to stand on your own ground and sift the dirt through your fingers. Poor man's country."

Mellen rose from the fire. "I'll be by before sunup in the morning. I'll lead you out."

THE fretful child had ceased to cry. One of the men said, "Let's have some coffee," and a young woman moved up from the wagons. She looked at Mitchell steadily. She had a broad, undisturbed face; she had deep yellow hair and a strong shape and for a moment Mitchell saw her against the land, against the sun and the hard winds, untouched by it. She still held her eyes to him when he turned away and moved townward with Bill Mellen beside him.

"You're a funny one," said Bill Mellen. "I just don't think you give a damn."

"For what?"

"For anything."

"Solid lot of people back there."

"Some day you'll see something."

"What's that, Bill?"

Mellen shook his head. "I've been called a damned fool too many times. So I won't say—until it happens. Look, Mitchell, what happens to you when the trail's gone and your job's gone?"

"Another job, I suppose. In another town."

"You see? You don't care." Bill Mellen had always held a reserve toward Mitchell and now said so frankly. "I don't know whether I like you or not. Maybe I could if I tried. Some point there I never took time to think about."

"Not important, maybe," said Mitchell idly.

"You see? You don't give a damn. You don't tie to anybody. Man that wants friends has to open up. I get the impression you sit four feet above this town, laughing at everybody."

"No," said Mitchell, "not laughing."

"The nearest I ever heard you speak out was tonight, about people. Maybe that's why I'm talking like this now. Of course, there's another difference. I'm an Easterner at heart. Never fired a gun in my life. You're something else. Dig right down and that has some unpleasant aspects. A killer, for instance."

THEY had reached Willow. Bill Mellen continued on to Webber's House while Mitchell turned into Race. For a little while at the homesteaders' fire he had been relaxed and off guard. Now the weight of the town came hard against him again, like a yoke on his shoulders. It was eleven-thirty, with all the hitch racks crowded and the deep, strong rumble and shout and cry of the crowd passing from the saloons and dance halls. Riding abreast The Pride he saw a Texan come out and pause on the walk. He wheeled over at once.

"Riding or staying?"

The Texan looked up, deviltry shining in his eyes. "Maybe I'll stay."

"You're wearin' a gun. If you're staying, go back and leave it at the bar."

"Maybe I'll leave," said the Texan, amused.

"You're not sure?"

"Hard to make up my mind."

"I'll make it up for you. Pull out."

"Why," said the Texan, "now I know I'll stay, and to hell with you."

Mitchell put the buckskin onto the walk. The buckskin, clever in all this, wheeled against the Texan and flattened him to The Pride's wall. Mitchell reached down and caught the Texan at the back of the collar and swung the buckskin into the street. He had the Texan at a drag and he moved up the street with the man cursing at him and turning his arm like a loose pole. Mitchell rode the buckskin to the jail office door and stepped down. The Texan stiffened for a fight but Mitchell hit him on the ribs with an elbow, flung him around and pushed him into the jail office. The Texan backed away, his eyes shining yellow in the light. Mitchell gave him a careful look and saw that he wasn't really dangerous. He moved in suddenly and lifted the Texan's gun. He hauled out his keys and opened the cell door.

"Sure," he said, "you'll stay. You'll stay until morning."

"I've heard about you," said the Texan. "I've heard a lot about you. See if you can put me in that coop."

"Friend," said Mitchell, soft as wind, "don't make me do that."

He hauled up in the middle of the room and stared at the Texan with an expression completely unreadable. The Texan sighed. He looked down at his hands and he shook his head and stepped into the cell. Mitchell locked the door after him. He grinned at the Texan. "When you buck the tiger, friend, you've got to figure to get scratched."

"You're the fellow that busted up Cap Ryker. That's it. Why, now, I wouldn't like to be you at all."

Mitchell crossed toward the door and suddenly he was thinking of the other man marching somewhere in the night. Maybe this was a play. He turned around. "You got a partner in town?"

"My crowd's in The Pride."

Mitchell swung to the buckskin and cruised down Race, passing a group of men at The Pride's corner. They had seen him handle the other Texan and now they watched him in suggestive silence, nursing a pride of clan into stronger shape. There might be a break come from this, maybe on the next round after they had plenty of time to steam up. When he skirted The Dream he saw Tom Leathers stand with a shoulder against the dance hall's doorway. Texans moved in and out and brushed him as they went by. Leathers paid no attention, being completely engrossed by what he saw. To Mitchell he seemed less cheerful than usual, and he was sober. Mitchell crossed Sage and cut the corner of The Drovers'.

LEATHERS, having no better use of his time, made a swing around the outer edge of town and came down Race to take his stand at The Dream's doorway, watching the crowd. The Texans made hard work of their fun. They boomed into the dance hall as though time would presently end, claimed some girl standing on the floor and began to shout for the music, which was a piano, a guitar and an accordion. When the music started the Texans whirled and stamped and collided and cut their little jigs, serious as death and howling as they moved. Precisely at the end of two minutes the music ceased, regardless of melody, and the girls automatically swung their partners to the bar. The girls drank ginger beer, which was harmless, the house got a quarter and the Texans, glistening with sweat, once more began to shout for music.

There was only one girl Leathers bothered to watch and he watched her with the sharpest interest of which he was capable. These girls were necessarily robust for the work they did and all of them had been trained by Big Annie to smile and be gay. Rita was the lightest of the group and her smile, Leathers observed, was a thin, mechanical glow, soon dying. When she went whirling around in the arms of a Texan she closed her eyes, as though exhausted. Leathers endured that for a brief while and moved straight across the hall at her. The music was on point of beginning and another Texan came in beside Leathers to claim Rita. Leathers simply moved the Texan aside with a straight-armed shove. He had the makings of a first-class quarrel on his hands at once, for the Texan promptly surged back at Leathers. "Hell with you," he stated. "I'll tear your damned ears off."

Lee Soames, who was The Dream's bouncer, stepped into this immediately. Knowing Leathers, Soames shoved the Texan out of the way. Soames was six feet four inches tall and weighed two hundred and eighty pounds and he simply put his hand on the Texan's chest and walked him straight out of The Dream.

Rita looked up at Leathers, expecting to be seized and hurled around at the break of the music. Leathers waited for her quick, meaningless smile to come, but she only watched him, pale and black-eyed. "I'll sit this one out," he said, and led her to a table at the back end of the hall.

"Ginger beer?" he asked.

"No."

"Then the house will get no percentage out of this deal."

"You're not drinking?" It was only a way of making talk. She sat back in the chair, at his pleasure for the next two minutes, docile and uncomplaining.

"Came to town to get drunk," he said. "Something keeps delayin' it. Man's got to be in the humor to make a sucker of himself. I started out with some mighty magnificent intentions. What happened to them I don't rightly know."

She said: "I guess you've always got to have good reasons for doing things."

"Me?" said Leathers. "I'm just a fellow the wind blows around."

He thought of nothing more to say, and so sat still. Rita's shoulders were round and drooped and her energy seemed to die. She looked down at the table, waiting for him to speak and presently, when he let the silence run, she lifted her eyes and gave him her black, soft glance again. "Do you want me to talk, or do you want to dance?"

"No," said Leathers. "You don't have to entertain me."

"That's what I'm here for."

"I'm wonderin' about that."

She showed her first animation. "Don't ask me how I got here!"

"No," he said, "I never ask questions. The fool killer gets people who do that."

SHE put her elbows on the table and bent forward and held his attention with her eyes. They held a thousand years of pain and trouble, they had things in them that should have made her tough and bitter but he had never seen bitterness rise to the surface of her resigned face and there was no mark of this brutal life on her. It was that fact which struck him most of all.

"If you're through with me, I'll go."

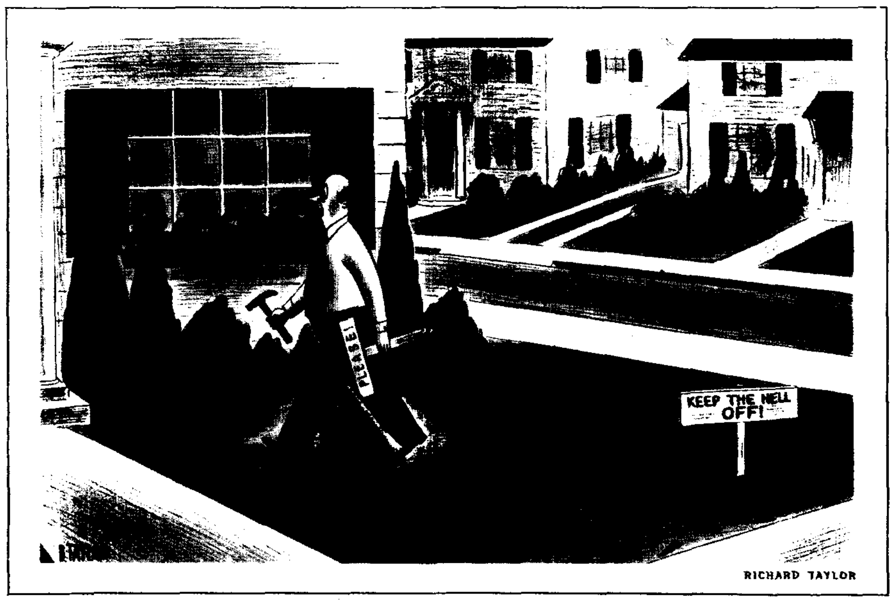
"That's all right," he said. "I'm no spellbinder."

"It isn't that," she told him. "I guess I'm afraid of you. You make me remember too much."

"Never knew I was anybody's conscience."

"I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I shouldn't be here. You're wondering how good I am and how bad I am, and how it happened, and whether there's anything in me worth bothering about. It is just the way you look at me. I wish you wouldn't. If you've got to watch me, do it the way these other men do. I'm used to that."

"I might look at some women the way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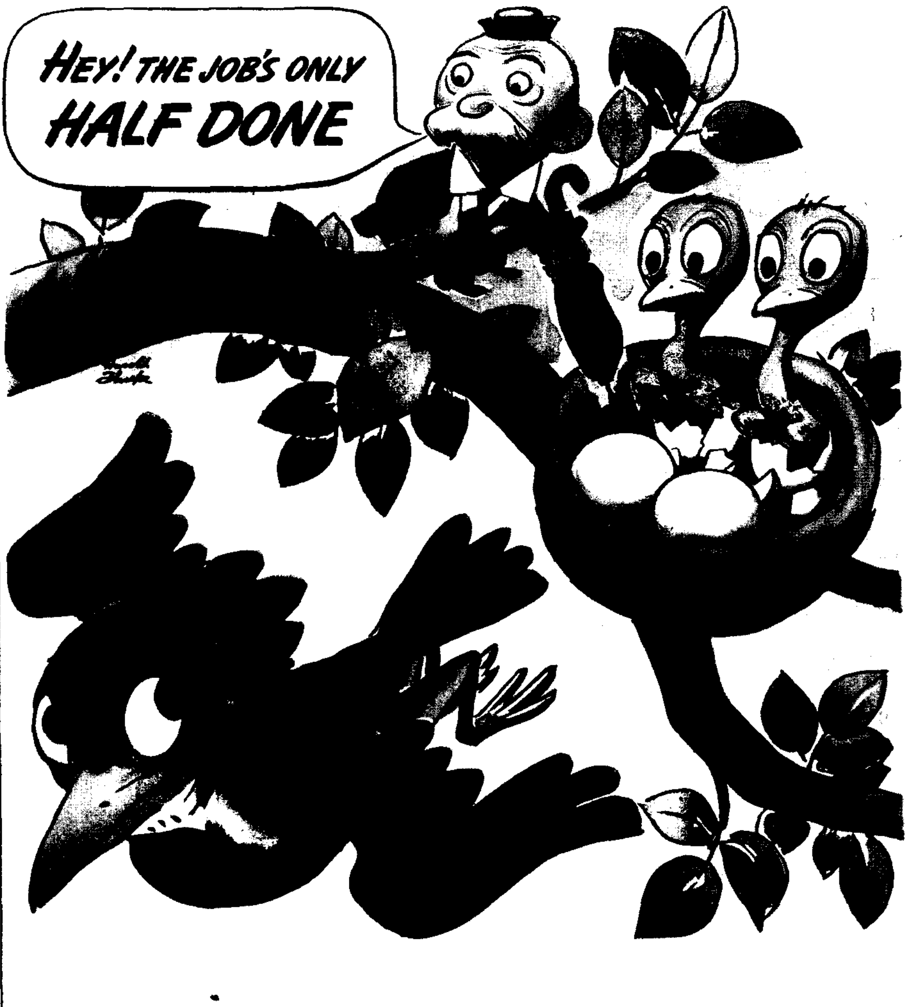
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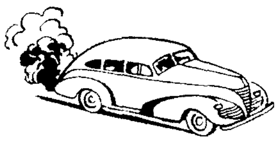

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those fellows do," he said. "But not at you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "If there isn't anything more—"

He said, "No, nothin' more," and watched her leave the table. She stood in the center of the floor, small and yielding and patient. A Texan ran in from the door and seized her, crying shrilly through the hall, and as he whirled her away she closed her eyes. Leathers got up suddenly from the table and left The Dream by a back door.

IT WAS near midnight when Mitchell rounded The Drovers', and some of the Texans had now collected in the street to ride beyond the river to the held herds. He threaded Bismarck Alley, passing the glow of Big Annie's curtained windows. A man came through a between-building space and arrived at the alley and fell flat in the dust, groaning softly. Mitchell reached the back end of Naab's Shooting Gallery and rode near its black margin. The buckskin, stepping at a steady pace, flung up its head and in the dark Mitchell saw its ears strike forward. Weight pushed its way through him again and in the uneasy quiet of this alley a warning rubbed across his skin. He was abreast the back area of Brinton's stable; and here the buckskin halted and swung around, it's head pointing straight at the back area.

Everything turned fine and thin and the run of time stopped; and in these suspended moments he lived the fullest parts of his life, waiting for the unexpected and the unexplained—waiting, too, for his own one clear impulse. That impulse arrived when he heard the buckskin exhale a strong blast of wind; his heels came down hard on the buckskin's flanks and he pushed fast into the area. The buckskin stumbled on a roll of wire and swayed aside and up from the pitch-black earth came a roar and a short thread of blue-tawny muzzle light, foreshortened because of its nearness. A man lay on the ground hard by and now fired a second time and seemed to be rolling to gain his feet.

Mitchell hauled the buckskin close about. He had his gun free and he fired three times, spotting the shots on the earth. He hit nothing, for he heard no cry following; but the buckskin, whirling like a dog, charged again and its feet struck solid material, and it bucked aside and was brought back by the quick pressure of Mitchell's arm, and its feet struck that shape again and brought up a short yell of agony. Mitchell dropped from the saddle and struck the man below him full in the belly. The buckskin, trained and responsive as it was, backed nervously away from any further contact with the man. Mitchell flattened himself full weight against the ambusher. He let his weight remain and he brought one forearm across the man's windpipe and held it there until resistance died. Reaching along the man's arm he caught hold of the gun and got it and threw it into the deep rubbish beyond him.

A SHADE flew up from the window of Big Annie's house and a woman looked out and pulled the shade down again. Men were running through the between-building spaces and one of them called: "Who's there?"

"Ad," said Mitchell, rising, "give me a hand. Send one of those fellows behind you for Doc Utten."

Somebody dogtrotted back through dark toward Race Street. But he had no need of going far, for the sound of firing had reached through town with its signal and now somewhere in the alley Doc Utten's voice calmly called: "Trouble here?"

Mitchell said: "Pack this fellow to the jail office where we can get some light on him."

Ad and one other man joined Mitchell. They lifted the still shape on the ground and lugged him down the narrow way of Briar Street to the corner of Race, and up to the jail office. People came out of the saloons and a crowd moved in and collected around the jail office door. Mitchell said, "Put him on the floor," and stepped back. This man was the one he had earlier seen at Naab's Shooting Gallery. The buckskin's hoof, striking him hard on the head, had left its round, swelling bruise; he lay insensible, with his eyes open and unrecognizing at Doc Utten who bent down and searched him with inquisitive fingers.

Mitchell said: "You know him, Ad?"

"He's been in town before," said Ad Morfitt.

"New to me," said Mitchell.

Tom Leathers pushed his way through the door and took one indifferent look at the victim. "Name's Irish Jones. I saw him couple weeks ago out in the brush."

"Alone?" asked Mitchell.

"No, he's one of Jett Younger's crowd."

Mitchell had been interested in this man but suddenly no longer was, now that the ambush had been explained. He said to Utten: "A bad bump?"

"He'll come around."

It was beyond midnight. Mitchell said: "Your town, Ad. Tell him to clear out when he wakes up."

"Better lock him up," suggested Ad.

"If we locked up everybody that wanted to shoot me," observed Mitchell, "we'd be running a full-sized boardinghouse." He reached the street and swung to the buckskin, who had followed him from the alley. The town was emptying and here and there lights went out and darkness slowly crept into Race. He turned about, riding toward the head of the street, and his eyes lifted and he saw Sherry Gault framed in the window of her second-story room in the hotel, watching him. He raised his hat and all the dark weariness went out of his face and he smiled at her, that smile a long flash against the bronze of his skin.

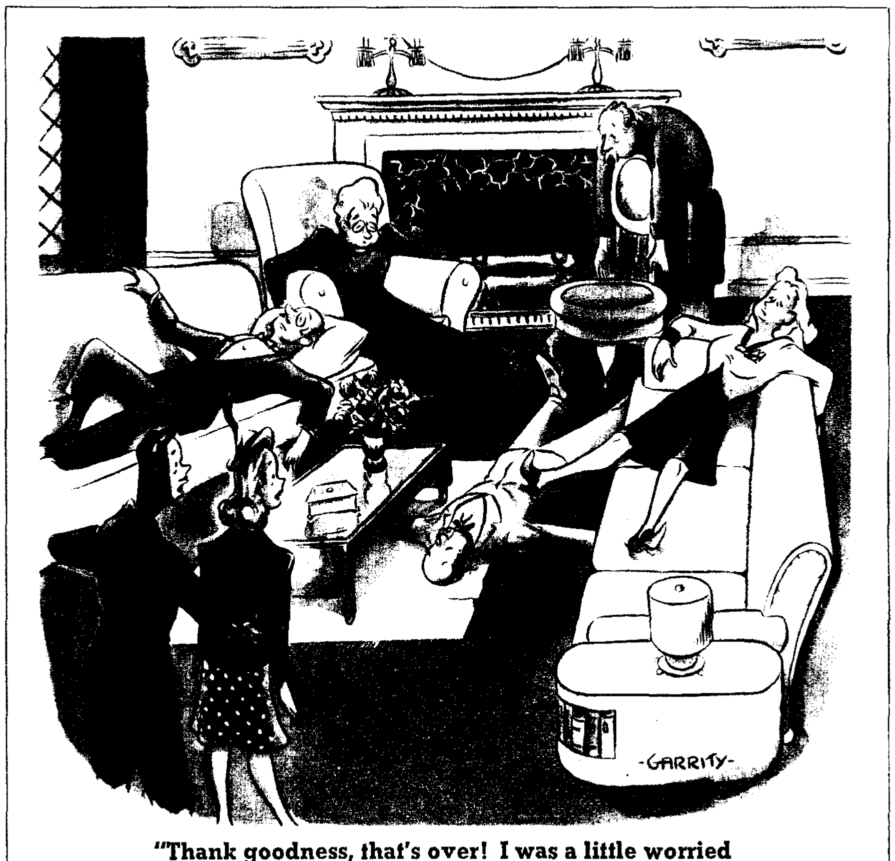
For her part, looking down at him, she saw the strangest, most unsettling picture at that moment. The lights and shadows of Race Street made a sullen glow and dust rose heavily like sulphur smoke—and out of this glow and smoke and evil he rode, a man emerging from the pit of hell. Each day he descended into those depths and was lost in the slime and heat, surrounded by the crying and the lust and the malevolence of sinners—and each midnight, the long tour done, he reappeared; and now his shoulders lifted and he smiled at her and turned to Brinton's stable. She watched him disappear in the stable and presently emerge and go down Bismarck Alley.

She had admired him. She had felt the tremendous pull of the picture he made against Race Street; for a little while she had been more than a spectator, for a little while she had shared his pride and deliberate, cool insolence toward the shapes waiting around him to pull him down. But as he walked into Bismarck she lowered the blind of her room and wheeled away with a long breath; and then she hated him and all her distrust rose and all her doubts about him grew strong.

MITCHELL started down Bismarck but turned back and stood at the edge of Brinton's a moment to watch a single shape move forward from the depot, well shadowed by the wooden gallery along Willow. When this lone shape reached the lights of Webber's, he recognized Irma Gatewood. She came slowly abreast him, on the farther side of the street, and she had her head lifted and she seemed to be watching the sky. He had a fair view of her face for a moment and it struck him that she walked in a dream and was aglow with that dream's goodness. Once in a rare while he had seen a completely free spirit; and she was such a one, detached from the earth and forgetful of it, and happy. She passed on around the corner of Neil's, toward Antelope.

Looking back on Willow he now saw Hazelhurst come along. Hazelhurst arrived at Race and had some impulse to turn into it, but presently he continued on. He stopped near Brinton's to light his cigar and by the matchlight Mitchell noticed the bare, stonelike set of the gambler's features. The match died and afterward Hazelhurst discovered Mitchell.

He said, "Evening, Dan," and started



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Shakespeare BALANCED TACKLE

on. He had not gone three paces before he swung around, aroused by some thought, and came back. He stood before the marshal and he looked into the marshal's face with one steely, searching glance. He said nothing and Mitchell said nothing but there was between them a passage of understanding. Hazelhurst threw his cigar into the dust and made a strange, shaking gesture with his head and walked away.

The last outflung shouts of the departing Texans pulsed over River Bend's building tops and faded. Mitchell followed Bismarck and turned into Big Annie's parlor. A bell tinkled somewhere in the back quarter of the house and Big Annie's voice called: "I'll be right in with the toddy." Rita sat on the stairway, arms tightly hugged across her breasts. Hearing him come, she looked up to show Mitchell the bottomless despair in her eyes.

MITCHELL stopped before her, looking down without speech. She had been a pretty girl and still was pretty except for her eyes; in them was a gray forsaken stillness. Out of somebody's home she had come to be one of the girls in Big Annie's, but of all the girls she alone still remembered what she had been, still had some remnant of self-judgment which came terribly into her mind.

He was a man in whom the sight of suffering left its broad, painful track; behind all his toughness, the soft spot lay. For that reason alone he had gone into the hills with Bravo Trimble. Now, seeing Rita so cramped and tortured by her thoughts, so brutally caught in a world too big for her, his pity came again, and without speaking, he set himself down on the step beside her and took her in his arms as he would have taken a little girl and listened to her sudden burst of crying rise out of her hopeless heart.

He had heard women crying before; in this town it was no novelty. He lived his days in the midst of broken people and the wreckage of dead faith. Yet he had never heard crying so deep and hopeless as this. This girl's tears dropped on his hand and her body shook and turned in his arms. Big Annie came in with the toddies and showed her instant resentment at Rita troubling Mitchell. She started to speak, and was stopped by Mitchell's expression. She went on to the front room and put down the toddies. She came back to the hall, standing formidably there.

"When a girl cries," she said, "she's got regrets. And when she's got regrets she don't belong here. A dance hall is no place for tears."

Rita pulled herself away from Mitchell. She sat lumped over, staring at the floor. "That's all right, Annie. I just got to thinking. Hard to stop that."

Leathers came in and saw all this and stopped at the door. He held his hand on the door and looked at Mitchell. Neither Mitchell nor Big Annie paid any attention to him and Rita didn't see him.

"Thinking you could go back and start fresh?" asked Mitchell.

Rita shook her head. "I know better than that. But still I can't help thinking."

"Maybe it wouldn't be so hard to do. Starting fresh, I mean."

"How?" asked the girl, and lifted her head. She noticed Leathers and her face changed. She put a hand across her eyes and flattened the tears. She looked at Leathers as though he were a stranger, so that he said, "Maybe I don't belong here," and started out.

Rita said: "It doesn't matter."

Leathers turned back to say something, but once again the others disregarded him. Mitchell was speaking: "Move two hundred miles away from here and who would know you? Out on the desert there's a thousand men mighty glad to have a wife, no questions asked."

"What would I tell a man like that?"

"Ah," said Big Annie, "tell him nothing. What would he tell you? Tell him nothing."

"You can't start by cheating."

"The bargain starts after you marry him, not before," Mitchell answered. He had his mind on this, he was planning it out deliberately. "Annie, you rustle around Race Street the next few days and raise five hundred dollars for her. We'll send her to Omaha. She'll take a train from there to Texas."

"What would I do in Texas?" asked Rita.

"Find a man and marry him. Take care of his house. Raise his family. Fair enough bargain, isn't it?"

"He'd know," said Rita. "Even if I didn't tell him. He'd look at me and know."

Mitchell shook his head. He was trying to think of the right words. There was no hard, fast distinction between right and wrong. Sitting on the buckskin, he looked down upon this town and saw the mixture of good and evil, he saw the white that was in people, side by side with the black. "Looking at you," he said, "no man would ever know. Listen to me, Rita. If one mistake damned a man or woman there'd be nothing but hell down here. If we couldn't start fresh every morning this would be a sad place full of sinners."

Big Annie, thinking along practical lines, said: "I'll raise that money in five minutes."

It was Big Annie and Mitchell who did the talking. Leathers said no word at all. He stood in the background, a careless man turned grave. He watched Rita with so close a glance that it made him seem severe; and it was to him that Rita turned. She looked at him a long while and then she said in her colorless voice:

"What would you do?"

He shook his head. "Don't ask me."

RITA put her eyes on Mitchell. "It is too late," she said in a dull, all-gone way.

Mitchell made a shrewd guess. "Maybe there was another man once."

"Yes."

Mitchell shook his head. He turned away. "There's nothing you'll be able to do about that."

"Ah," contradicted Annie, "a man's a man. One husband is as good as another. No man in this world is worth a year's thought."

"Wrong there, Annie," said Mitchell.

"You're sentimental," said Big Annie. "All men are, as long as it costs them nothing. If there was but one man for one woman, or the other way around, where would this world be? A woman takes the best she can get—which is sometimes a terrible choice—and does the best she can."

"You can't wipe out what's in your head," murmured Mitchell.

Leathers said: "Wish you'd both get out of here."

Mitchell and Big Annie stared at Leathers who stood solemnly by the door. "Go on," he urged. "You're both talking like a couple of damned fools."

Big Annie snorted, "From you," and disappeared into the rear of the house. Mitchell shrugged his shoulders and left the house. Leathers went over to the toddies. He said, "A favor to me. Drink this. I can't drink alone." He was himself again, cheerful and not caring about much. "This has been hangin' over me a long while. Drink it, sister. Never was a medicine like it."

"I don't like it very much," Rita said.

"Right now," he said, "you're doing a man a favor. How."

(To be continued next week)

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Determined Lady

Continued from page 12

saved and came on to Hollywood, this time by train. A big shot. The best she could do after four months was get a spot in the chorus for a Busby Berkeley musical called Varsity Show, starring Dick Powell and Fred Waring. She worked at her dancing and eventually got a solo dancing bit in the picture. Warners' gave her one of those little lulus, known as a term contract, and after she worked up to $100 a week, they gave her something else—the air.

Then she managed to get into the second lead in a coast production of Roberta with Bob Hope, and Lawrence Schwab thought enough of her to take her east when he did Once Upon a Night, a satirically named musical that lasted just about that long when a paid audience got a whack at it.

So she came back to Hollywood and started doing Westerns, playing opposite John Wayne in one and feeling acutely injured physically and terribly wounded spiritually. When she heard that Hal Roach was going to do One Million, B. C., she decided to put in her oar. Roach liked her test and said he'd think it over; she let him have a month's option.

"Eight months of that delicate form of medieval torture," reports Landis bitterly. "Each month another option and me riding those nags out at Republic and getting fat in the wrong places."

She finally landed the part at the insistence of D. W. Griffith, the famous director who was making a comeback. Roach kept her for Turnabout, Road Show and Topper Returns. Paramount borrowed her for Mystery Sea Raider, a smellerdrama. And she is now shared by Roach and Twentieth Century-Fox, a beautiful and touching amalgamation.

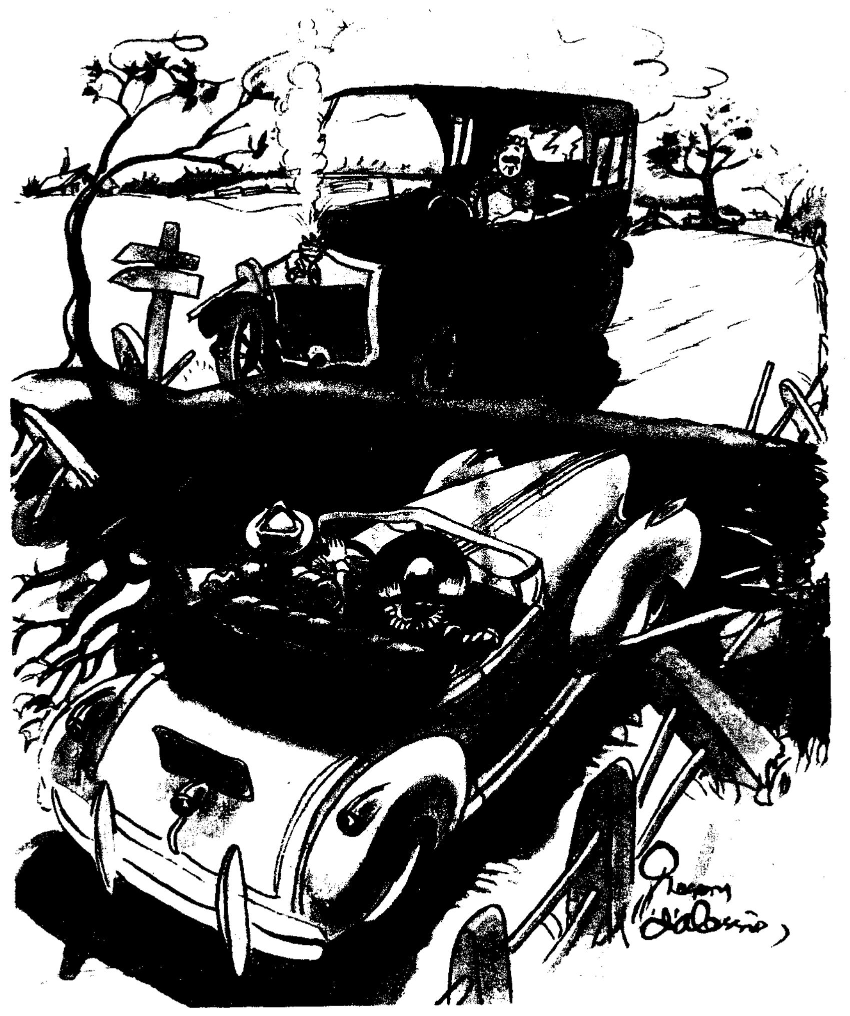
She lives with her mother in a little house in Brentwood that was formerly owned by Edna May Oliver and she is still an honest lady. She says flatly that her brother Lawrence is a fireman in San Bernardino and doesn't let the impression hang around that Lawrence is really an engineer, probably president of Westinghouse. Her older sister also lives in San Bernardino and has two children.

"Another little line about that, too," she asks. "Just say they're okay people; didn't move in when I landed in movies; don't expect me to keep them the rest of their lives."

On the personal side she has that figure and that blond hair and that independence. Her favorite authors are W. Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward, which seems fabulous and incredible, in the order named. The press gentlemen swear she is athletic. She wants to be a great actress, a great singer and a great mother. The publicity gentlemen at Twentieth Century phrase it this way: "There's only one cloud that hovers on the horizon. She's afraid of romance, fearful that she may fall in love and Cupid may play a trick on her."

This becomes a trifle bewildering when it is known that in addition to the gentleman annulled and married in the early San Bernardino days, she has also been the wife of Willis Hunt, Jr., from whom she was shorn only within the past year. Either Miss Landis is not confiding in her friends or Cupid is indeed playing her tricks. When questioned as to the possibility that the press agents might be wrong in this one minor matter, Miss Landis looked her interrogator firmly in the eye.

"What are you trying to do, my dear friend?" she asked, "Get me killed?"



"I have it. Let's swap cars"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Americans, Stop Being Afraid!

Continued from page 11

know-how to make our factories the most efficient and productive on earth. Depression and prosperity in America are reflected across the Atlantic, across the Pacific and across the equator. Above all, we Americans have a political and social system that enables us to earn our livings, rear our children, build our homes, work our farms and develop our industries *as free men.* These political and social ideas of ours travel outward across all the earth, affecting millions and millions of men and women and giving them hope.

We cannot disregard our own great influence. We do in fact have responsibilities toward other peoples; not merely moral responsibilities, but political and economic responsibilities. If we do not fulfill those responsibilities the rest of the world must surely collapse into chaos. *The world cannot get along without the United States of America.*

THIS does not mean that we must meddle in the boundary disputes of Europe. It does not mean that we should dictate to other peoples, or tell them what to do or what to believe.

It does mean, however, that we must be willing to stand firmly upon the principles that *we* believe in. It does mean that we must be willing to help keep those principles alive wherever man wants to keep them alive. If we don't, the principles will die, not only elsewhere, but right here among us.

That is the first point we must remember: that *we* in America affect greatly all the rest of the world. The second point is just the reverse: *what happens in the rest of the world must inevitably have profound effects on us in America.*

Suppose Germany wins this war. All of Europe will then come under a totalitarian system of government. All the hundreds of millions of people in Europe will become slaves to dictators. And if that happens, Hitler will also control Africa. From Africa, with hundreds of commercial airplanes, he will reach out to South America, where in fact he has already begun fifth-column activities similar to those that wrecked Holland, Norway and France. At the same time, if Germany wins this war, Japan will strike southward to the East Indies and take possession of many resources upon which the democratic world is dependent.

Thus, if Germany wins, the United States will find itself almost surrounded by governments hostile to our form of government, to our methods of earning a living and to our conception of world trade. And when we find ourselves alone in that situation, we shall have two choices—both equally fatal.

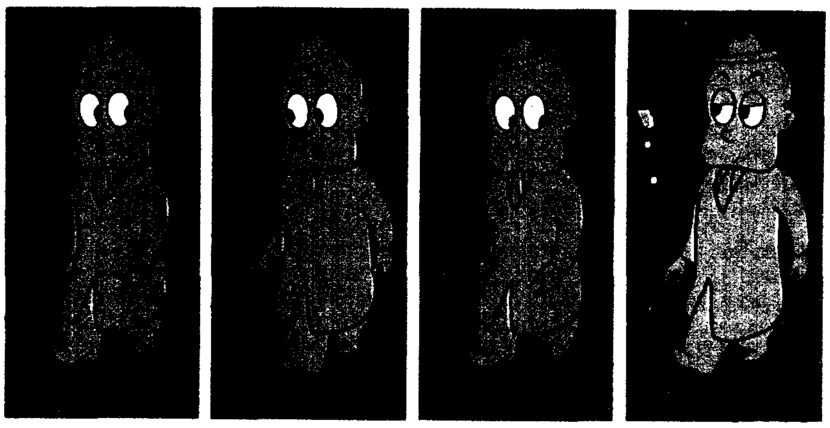
We may choose to trade with those hostile governments. If we make this choice, however, we shall have to trade on their terms—we shall have to adopt totalitarian methods of trade. Our government will find it necessary to make deals with those governments. It will therefore have to tell us what we can buy or sell abroad, how much, and at what price. This can end in only one way: total control of our markets, our manufacturing, our prices and our labor. We ourselves shall be driven to totalitarianism.

Instead of that, we might make the second choice—we might decide not to trade with any other nation. We might try to live within ourselves. But this also would be fatal. During the last ten years of economic distress at home and abroad our foreign markets have been so small that we have had to subsist by deficit financing; we have had to pile up huge government debts in order to sustain the present standard of living of our people. The end of that road is obvious: inflation, bankruptcy and chaos. But if we had no foreign markets whatever, the need for deficit financing would be much greater. Unemployment would be much greater. Our scale of living would contract. Free enterprise would be destroyed by unrest and by fear. The government would have to step in to run our industries, our enterprises, our jobs and, finally, our lives. We would lose our freedom in the very process of trying to save it.

Those, I truly believe, are the two alternatives if Germany wins this war. But there is still a third factor to consider: I am satisfied that if we were virtually surrounded by a world whose principles were hostile to ours we would be plunged into war. We Americans would not and could not afford to tolerate the depredations of bold and unscrupulous aggressors, carrying out their enslavement of free peoples right here in our own hemisphere—in the Argentine, in Brazil, in Central America, possibly even in Mexico. We would have to fight.

And by that time we should be fighting alone. Britain, our best ally, would be gone. We should have to face aggressors on the Pacific and on the Atlantic. In order to do this we should have to keep on almost indefinitely building and maintaining stupendous armaments. Our debt would rise to proportions which have not yet been dreamed of. And under that debt our democratic system would inevitably collapse.

Those are the three chief reasons for adopting an international point of view—first, because America has a profound effect on the rest of the world; second, because the rest of the world has an



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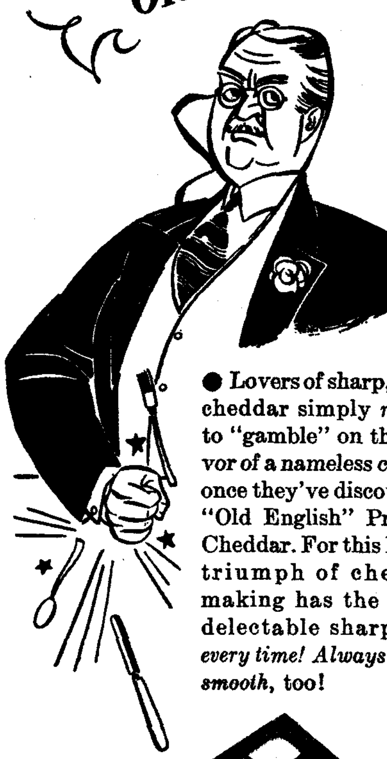

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equally profound effect on America, so that if Germany wins we shall lose our lives as free men either by outside threat or inner necessity. Third, if Germany wins, we shall almost surely find ourselves fighting after all—and by that time, fighting alone.

But Mr. Lindbergh, speaking for the isolationists, says in effect: "You who preach of defending democracy throughout the world, give us a practical plan. Explain how we are to invade successfully the Continent of Europe—how we are to impose our ideology on the peoples of Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan combined against us. Demonstrate what we have the ability to do. Define your aims—your plan of defense, and of attack."

Those are reasonable and sincere questions and are entitled to thoughtful and sincere answers.

This war has now been in progress for more than a year and a half. Germany has conquered most of Europe—not primarily by force of her soldiers but by the output of her factories and the potency of her political purposes. Other wars in history afford little precedent for this war. For this is a war of machines, of production, of assembly lines, of laboratories and of ideas—not of large expeditionary armies. Trenches and forts, we have already learned, are not its technique. It is being fought by civilian populations as well as by trained military forces. It will be determined by the morale of peoples, by the control of the sea and by superiority in the air.

LOVERS of liberty have hoped—first in Poland, and successively in Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Greece and Yugoslavia—that brave men, devoted men under able leadership, could somehow stop the oncoming menace of this military monster with its revolutionary mechanical and political techniques. All men now know, however, that this war will not be won by the old formulas of military strategy or individual heroisms. Its outcome will depend upon the relative productive capacities of the free-enterprise system under the democratic way of life, as compared with the productive capacities of totalitarian industrial methods functioning through enslaved peoples. It also depends upon the fervor with which the embattled forces believe in their respective political and economic faiths.

By the grace of the English Channel, by the good fortune of resolute and resourceful leadership and the heroism of a united nation—coupled with Hitler's delay in attack last summer—England has survived. And I tell you as one who has seen with his own eyes she has survived with her morale strengthened, with her people fanatically devoted to democracy and its defense, her leadership undaunted, and her productivity in airplanes and tanks and guns at the highest point in her history. I saw her fortifications, visited her factories, observed her methods of military and civilian organization, listened to her naval and military experts, conferred with her cabinet ministers, her labor and industrial leaders. I have talked with Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Poles and Dutchmen and Norwegians who have had like—and much greater—opportunities of observation.

And I am, as are all of those with whom I have talked, willing to go on record that Hitler cannot win this war without conquering Britain; to prevail he must write his peace in London. And Hitler can never successfully invade the isle of Britain provided her sea lanes are kept open. But by the same token Britain will probably fail unless America helps her immediately and effectively to keep those life lines unbroken.

Mr. Lindbergh asks for plans.

I give to America a practical, specific plan: Furnish to Britain today and tomorrow and the next day, for her desperate need, ships—the ships in our docks, the ships in our coastwise trade—until it hurts, the impounded ships of other nations, the ships we are building. Give to her destroyers, and if necessary see that those ships, loaded with the ever-increasing production of American factories and farms, deliver their cargoes safely to the ports of western and northern England. Thus England will survive.

And then, in 1942 and 1943, when the combined airplane and armament production of two hundred million free people in England, the United States, Canada and Australia give to Britain a sufficient, assured and overwhelming superiority in the air, the enslaved people of France and Belgium and Holland and Norway and of all the conquered countries—perhaps even the enslaved people of Germany—will begin to arise and this monstrous menace to the liberties of free men everywhere will be eradicated utterly.

No nation can survive against an overwhelming disproportion of air force, rightly directed, and no man I know who has seen the havoc and destruction of air raids thinks so. But Mr. Lindbergh's assumption that vast expeditionary forces of American boys will be required for the defeat of Hitler is as much out of date as his belief that the leaders and people of Britain are today confused and unprepared. This is not 1914; this is 1941. To make comparisons with the last war is about as misleading as to talk of the most modern bomber in terms of the flying coffins of 1917. England can even lose the Mediterranean and still win this war. For today *British domination of the air and the oceans will destroy Hitler* and production of those instruments that give that domination is our answer. Again and again last fall I pointed out the importance of production as essential not only in the solution of our domestic problems but to the very existence of a democratic world. It still seems to me so basically important that I repeat once more: only the productive can be strong—only the strong can be free.

I know that the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States can outproduce all the boasted ingenuity and capacity of Hitler and his factories. I have faith that they will do so.

What Did We Tell You?

(FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES OF APRIL 15TH)

"The British Broadcasting Corporation added the following humorous anecdote to its regular news period in English yesterday morning:

"'General von Falkenhorst, chief of the German army in Norway, had a rather unpleasant surprise recently when he sat down to the table. He arose to his feet, and with a purple face, for on the table lay two copies of The London Times, only two days old.

"'"How did these get here?" stormed the German general.

"'But no one could tell him. Whether they had arrived by a British submarine or warship, or whether they had been smuggled into Norway by a Norwegian fishing boat, was never revealed.'

"The broadcast was picked up in New York by the National Broadcasting Company"—which could have saved itself the trouble by reading Collier's for March 15th (page 67) just as the B.B.C. did.

If I did not believe this I should be desperate indeed. For if the free way of life is not the most effective as well as the pleasantest way, then we shall not survive in any event. If we have lost our industrial superiority, we are on our way out. If totalitarianism has so harnessed and can so direct the productive forces of this mechanical age as to outdo the productive capacity of our way, then our democracy will shortly go, even if peace reigns throughout the world tomorrow.

My experience teaches me to reject any such doctrine of defeat and despair; any notion that our society cannot be more productive than a totalitarian society. Democracy can—if it becomes positive with its compelling urges to enterprise among countless millions—again become the controlling force in this world. It will not become such, however, in fear and retreat. It must not tamely lie down before an alien philosophy. Only positive and creative ideas live. Only those with moral fervor expand and take effective form.

Mr. Lindbergh asks if we are to leave the direction of our country to the "experts," "who have created the greatest national debt in American history, and still left us a nation unprepared in a world in the midst of war . . . who failed either to maintain peace or to prepare for war."

I ask: If we don't leave it to them, to whom are we to leave it under our constitutional system? Without revolution we cannot have a different administration for four years. I certainly did all I could to remove it from power last November. But the democratic process spoke. I believe in the democratic process. I accept its verdicts. And now I deem it my duty and the duty of every good citizen to do all we can in this great crisis to help the elected administration and make it effective in carrying out the foreign policy which the representatives of the people in Congress have overwhelmingly approved.

SOME Americans preach the doctrine of fear. Is it the fear of aggressive and truculent dictators? Or is it the fear of a new social and political force? If the former, it is obviously to our advantage to help Britain defeat those dictators before they become more powerful. If the latter, we should certainly not remain passive. We should go to work—and work with a religious belief in democracy as a conquering force.

The capital of the world of tomorrow will be either Berlin or Washington. I prefer Washington. The totalitarian method of government, of production, of economics and of trade will dominate the world of tomorrow, or else the democratic method of free men, free enterprise, enlarged trade areas and higher standards of living is going to rule. We cannot escape this struggle by locking ourselves within our boundaries, living on defeatism, negation and isolation. We shall not have peace by shouting "Peace." We shall not have prosperity and well-being by wishing for it. We cannot control our destiny by running away from it. We cannot have freedom by default. But we can have all of these and more if we have the courage and imagination to reach and work for them.

We can, if we will, create a world in which the standard of living of all men who work will rise; in which the urge of enterprise will find just fulfillment, and its products will be more equitably enjoyed by all. We can create a world in which our sons and daughters may have a chance to be useful and happy with no bitter suspicion that their parents have betrayed them—a world in which they may be glad to live.

All these things we can do if we have the vision and the will. Americans, stop being afraid!

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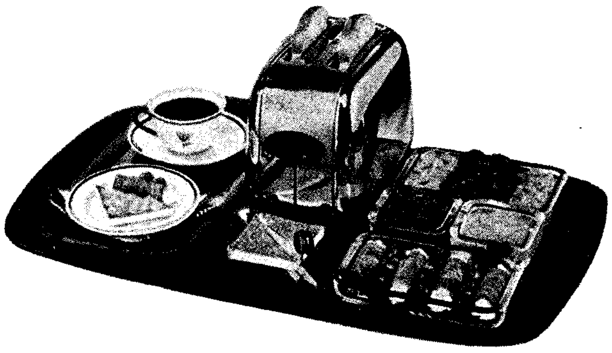

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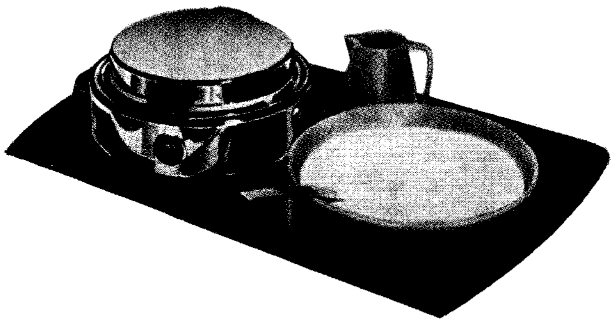

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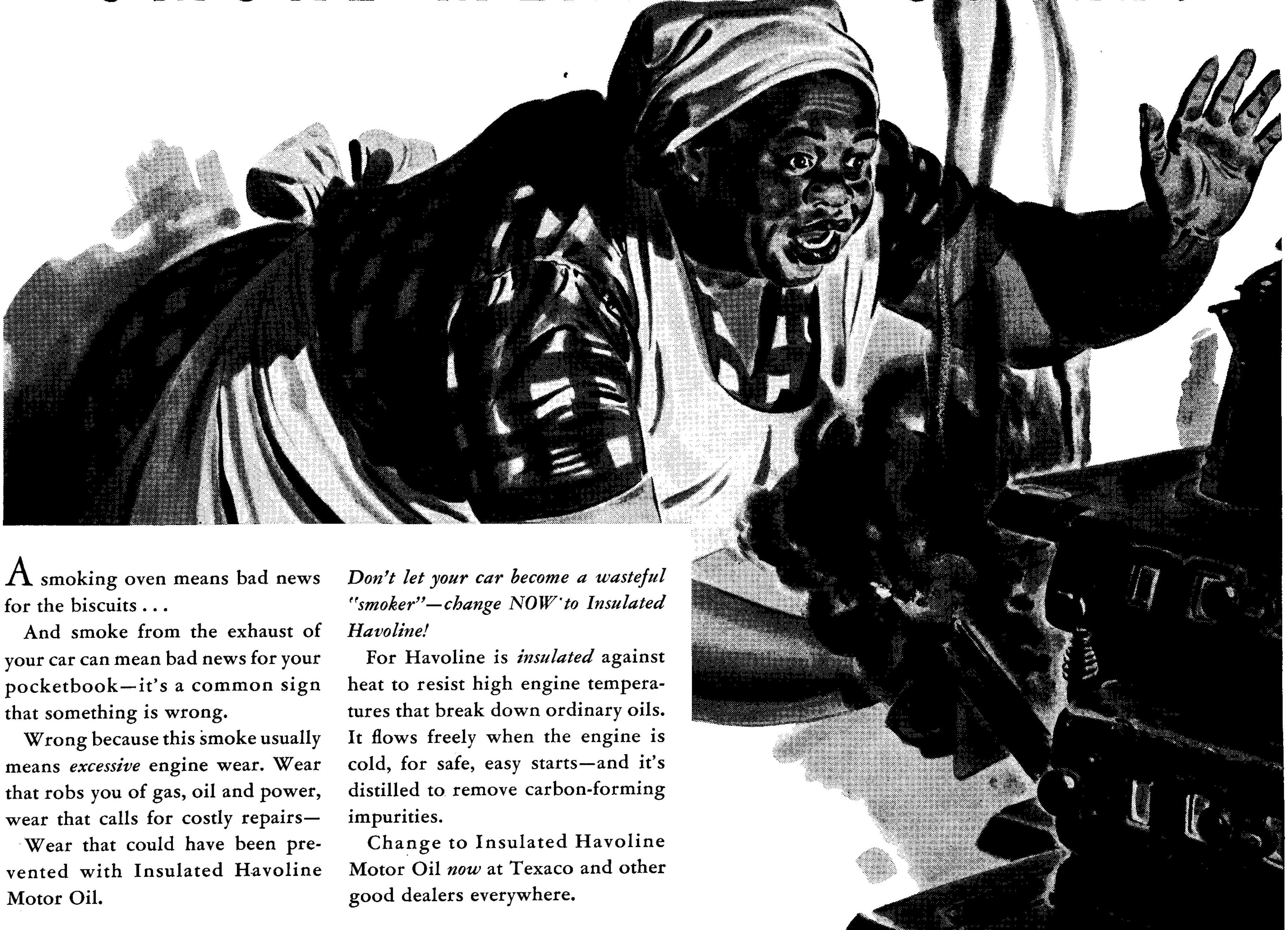

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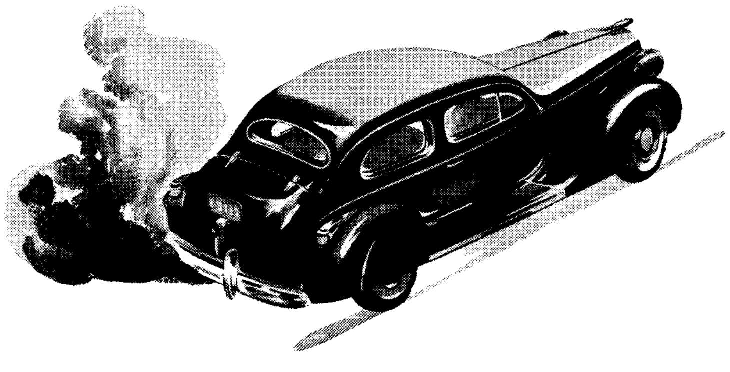

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Blues in Swingtime

Continued from page 57

keys. "You play a nice piano," she said. Her voice was pleasant and low.

Tommy nodded his thanks. She began to hum softly.

"Sing?" Tommy asked.

"Some."

Without asking her, he switched keys, pitching it lower, and arched his eyebrows up at her expectantly. She didn't hesitate. She hit it. Her voice was throaty, but it had timbre. It also had a certain nostalgic quality. It did things to you. No doubt about that. The bar was quiet for a full second, after she'd finished. And then even Larry applauded.

"Not bad," Tommy said. "Where do you work?"

"No place," she said. "You don't happen to know where I could get a job, do you?"

TOMMY looked her over again. He pushed back the bench and got up. He wanted to talk to her. "Well, not offhand," he said. "Look, I've got time for a bite and a cup of coffee, before I start work. Want to come along? We can go to the Chili Bowl. It's just up the street."

She hesitated a moment. "Why not? What have I got to lose?"

"Nothing," Tommy assured her, grinning.

They went up La Cienega Boulevard toward Sunset and stopped at a queer-shaped, white stucco affair on the corner, built to resemble a bowl. They went in.

The girl ordered a piece of pie and a glass of milk; Tommy, a bowl of chili and black coffee. He turned to her, when the waiter went to fill the orders. "Funny, I haven't seen you around. I make most of the spots, from time to time."

She said she hadn't been here long, about a month. So far she hadn't been able to find anything. She was from San Angelo, Texas. She'd worked in a few places in Dallas and Fort Worth—roadhouses mostly. That was about all. She was around twenty-four, Tommy decided. And back of that cool reserve, he sensed there was a lot of determination. With a break, she'd probably get some place. Her name was Idele Yost.

"I'm beginning to get it," Tommy said.

"What?"

He stirred his coffee. "The reason you've been drinking your soft drinks in the club, instead of in drugstores. Somebody told you the club was a musicians' hangout; isn't that it?"

"That's right."

"And you figured, maybe, you could meet some of them and connect up with a job. . . ."

"Well—yes, partly . . . and then again, maybe I liked to hear you play the piano."

He threw her a quick glance, and concentrated on his bowl of chili. An idea was forming in his mind.

"Tell you what," Tommy said. "This is Saturday night. Drop in around eleven-thirty. The drunks will be going good by then, and the boss will be there and maybe something will happen."

She thought it over. "All right. I'll be there."

"I'm not promising you anything—see? But something might give. . . . Got an evening dress?"

She nodded.

"Wear it. Just drop in casually. I'll wangle it around for you to do a couple of numbers. Give 'em a smile once in a while and just relax and let go. Get me?"

She said she did.

He called the waiter over and asked for the check.

"Make it two," she said. "I'll get my own."

Tommy looked at her curiously. "Okay—Babe."

"Are you anybody I ever heard of?"

CARL ROSE

The whole thing worked out the way Tommy had figured. Tommy thought, hearing her, that he'd had a lot of crust, telling her how to put a song over. Her own way was best. She just stood there, her hands hanging naturally, and she had a relaxed delivery and the long notes came up easy, with just the right catch in them. She sang Night and Day, then Begin the Beguine and by that time she had a job.

She was a knockout in an evening dress—square, smooth shoulders, and as she stood there, near the piano with that mop of amber hair falling about her face, you looked at her and forgot about everything else. She gave you the feeling that she was singing for you, and you alone.

After work they went back to the Chili Bowl and had a cup of coffee. It was three in the morning. Afterward, Tommy drove her home. She lived in an apartment house, just above Sunset.

"Thanks, Tommy," she said at her door. "It was swell of you. . . ." She held out her hand and Tommy took it.

"Forget it. Come over early tomorrow afternoon—about four. The place is quiet then, and we can run through some tunes. What do you say?"

"Sure. I'll be there—and thanks again. Good night."

Tommy said good night and trotted down the steps.

THAT was the way they worked. Tommy at the piano, and Dell doing the vocals. They got together every afternoon and ran through their tunes and tried out new ones, and Tommy did some special arrangements of old ones—to suit her style. It was all strictly business, and Tommy meant to keep it so.

They formed the habit of dropping into the Chili Bowl every night, before they went home. Sometimes Tommy, a little high, would slip nickels in the automatic phonograph and Dell would sing. Tommy was always telling her about the songs he was going to write and he'd get ideas and go to work on a tune, but somehow he'd go cold before he ever finished one. That was the way it went.

ONE afternoon he was sitting at the piano with the inevitable highball glass above him, when she came in.

"Hi, Dell," he said.

She said hello.

"Listen," he said, looking up at her with his right eyebrow cocked. He swung several bars. "Neat—huh?"

"It's all right. A new tune?"

"All right—nothing! It's swell. Sure, it's new. Got all the earmarks of a hit!"

"What happened to the last one?" Dell asked.

"It didn't come off," Tommy said. "This number's really got something!"

"So did the last one," Dell reminded him, "and the one before that, and . . ."

"Well, it's different, now," Tommy said over his shoulder. "I've got a new slant on things. Why, with me writing and playing 'em, and you singing 'em, nothing can stop us. We'll go first cabin, Dell. I'll write a million hit tunes, and . . ."

"You won't write many—on that stuff," Dell interrupted quietly, nodding at the highball glass on the piano.

Tommy grinned. "You *have* to drink in this racket," he said, "to put up with the customers."

Her eyes searched his for a long moment. "Look, Tommy. Those words you spoke a moment ago listened pretty. You *can* write hits. I believe in you. I'd like to sing them. I'd like to go first

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cabin. I don't want to sing—well, in a bar the rest of my life."

"All right, Dell. We'll go from here. I promise." They shook hands on it. "Nothing but the best!"

There was a good feeling all the way through Tommy. He believed in himself—at the time.

VINCE TAYLOR came into the club one night. He was with a couple of friends. It was *his* band that the swing clubs and college kids picked as the best in the country. He'd come to the coast to play an engagement at the Grove. He was buying drinks for the house and feeling high. Taylor wore a perpetual smirk and had a high opinion of himself, but wasn't even popular with his own men. He knew he was good-looking, for one thing, and he accepted the adulation of women as something that was his just due. They fell for him in droves.

Tommy recognized him the minute he came in. "Vince Taylor," he told Dell, out of the corner of his mouth.

She nodded. "I've seen his pictures."

"Better give out," Tommy grinned. "Sing pretty."

"I always sing pretty," she said.

Maybe it was Tommy's imagination, but she did sing pretty that night—better than he'd ever heard her before. Her low-register voice had fire in it and ice and heartbreak—and hope and promise. In that immovable way of standing that she had, somehow she gave you the feeling that inside she was a surging volcano of emotion.

"Nice going, Dell," Tommy said.

Taylor evidently thought so, too. He caught her eye and motioned for her to join him at the bar. She sat down alongside and Tommy heard him ask her what she wanted to drink.

"The same," she told Larry.

Tommy saw Taylor wince, when Larry poured her a soft drink. A strange feeling came over Tommy. He couldn't analyze it. He could see Vince turning on the charm, and Dell was apparently enjoying it. Vince took her to a table, and ordered a bottle of champagne. Tommy resented it. Dell was like all the other dames, he thought, falling for the glamor boys like Vince Taylor.

Tommy got up, went over to the bar and told Larry to give him a drink.

"Sure, Tommy—if you insist," Larry said, "but you'll have to sneak it. I don't want to get us both in bad. The old man gave orders not to give you anything while you're workin'."

"Just this once," Tommy said. "I need it. Make it a double."

He carried it back to the piano, put it out of sight underneath and sat improvising. He was a sap, he said to himself. Why should he care whom she talked to and what they said? It didn't make sense. And then it did. Tommy reached under the piano for his drink.

AFTER a while Taylor and his friends left and Dell came back. "Well, what gave?" Tommy asked, trying to sound casual.

"What do you mean—what gave?"

"What did God's gift to women have on his mind?"

Her shoulders rose and fell. "Oh, nothing much. He said it was too bad torch singers had gone out."

"Anything else?"

"That I had a fair voice—that might develop into something—with the right kind of coaching."

"He didn't say what kind of coaching he had in mind, did he?"

"Nope. We didn't get that far—in one sitting."

"He'll be back."

"Maybe. He asked me for my phone number."

"Did you give it to him?"

"Sure. No harm in that. He'll probably forget all about it, anyway."

Tommy picked at a chord or two. He didn't want to be corny or act like a heel about it. If it should accidentally happen to mean a break for her, naturally he wanted her to grab it. He tried to tell himself, though, that what he was going to say to her was advice he'd give any girl under the circumstances.

"Look, Dell. This is just a friendly little tip. Don't build up too many air castles on anything *that* guy tells you. It might be a break for you, but the chances are about ten to one that it won't. I just want you to know the lay of the land—know what I mean?"

She laughed. "Why so serious all of a sudden? Just because some famous band leader, in his cups, comes in and talks to me is no sign he wants to make a dishonest woman out of little Idele. Besides," she added, "why all the sudden concern about me?"

"Forget it," Tommy said, and turned back to his piano.

That night they went to the Chili Bowl, as usual, and later he drove her home. It was apparently just the same between them. But it wasn't. Her nearness ran through him like a current.

TWO days later, Dell broke the news. She'd had lunch with Taylor. She was very much excited. Tommy tried hard not to look surprised. "Oh," was all he said, and then, "How was it?"

"Perino's Skyroom—no less. Tommy, it was wonderful. For the first time in my life, I ate breast of guinea hen. . . ."

"And I suppose he told you how beautiful you are, and he *might* be able to use you in his band, and if you'd come up to his apartment, why, you'd talk the whole thing over?"

Dell smiled. "Come to think of it, he did mention his apartment, but I convinced him it wouldn't be a good place to talk. I'm addicted to claustrophobia—that means tight places, in case you don't know. So, I'm going to get a tryout with the band—instead. . . . Oh, Tommy, aren't you glad?"

"Sure I am, Dell," he said, not too convincingly. "All the luck in the world, kid."

"Thanks, Tommy. I wanted you to be the first to know."

He was waiting for her to come and rehearse a new number. She was an hour late. He'd already had a couple of drinks. He dawdled at the piano and when he heard her come in and say hello to the day bartender, he looked over his shoulder and searched her face. He *knew* before she told him. He kept on improvising, as though nothing had happened. She came straight to the piano.

He glanced up. "Hi, Dell—how goes? Want to run over this number? I've been waiting for you."

She took a deep breath. "Tommy . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Tommy," she said quietly. "I'm quitting. I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Oh," he said.

"I auditioned for Vince Taylor this morning," she went on, "and he's giving me a tryout with his band at the Grove. I'm starting tonight."

"Gee—that's swell," Tommy said. "But isn't it foolish to quit? I mean, just for a tryout? You could lay off tonight."

"No, Tommy," she said. "I know what I can do. I'll make it."

Tommy glanced up again. "I didn't think—when I said that. . . . Yes, you'll make it."

She bit her lip to keep it from trembling. "Tommy—"

"Uh-huh . . ."

She made a helpless little gesture. "Well—there are a lot of things I'd like to say. . . ."

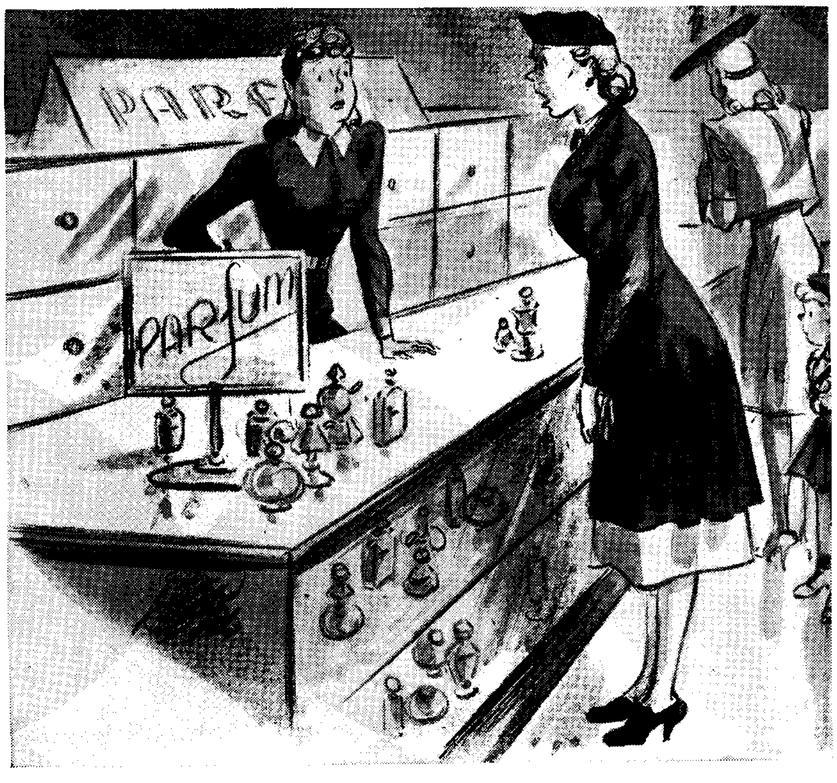
"Skip it," he said brusquely. His hands trailed off down the keys, coming to an abrupt stop. There were a lot of things he'd like to say, too, but they were better left unsaid. He turned around on the bench and faced her.

He stuck out his hand and forced a smile. "Congratulations, kid . . . and I'm glad you're going first cabin—nothing but the best."

"Thanks, Tommy."

There was an embarrassing silence, and he knew he'd made her feel as if she was running out on him. It was there in her face.

"Look, Tommy," she said evenly. "Don't say it. I haven't let you down, just because I happen to have ambition and mean to get somewhere. I had hoped we—you and I, Tommy—could have gone along together, but apparently you weren't interested. You can play a piano like nobody's business,



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BEN ROTH

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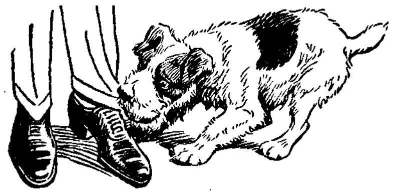

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Lowell Thomas: "Tell me, did you plan your trip in advance?" **Mr. Tredwell:** "That was part of the thrill — all five of us worked on it. I can show you a pile of maps, folders—all kinds of beautiful literature. Even so our trip to Canada was a revelation — the kids didn't want to come home. We never imagined a vacation could do so much good."

Lowell Thomas: "Was it easy to cross the border?" **Mrs. Tredwell:** "Surprisingly easy —both entering Canada and coming home there was absolutely no bother. Just routine inquiries that took a minute or two from the Canadian officials. We had birth certificates to show our officers on the way home but almost any identification would have done." **Lowell Thomas:** "What about costs?"

Mrs. Tredwell: "Amazingly low, to our delight —3 weeks for only 160 U.S. dollars — the exchange premium plus low living costs gave us all that value." **Mr. Tredwell:** "Yes, and we travelled 1,600 miles, visited many cities, had our own cottage for two weeks and for the first time in our lives spent less than our budget." **Lowell Thomas:** "That is NEWS. Thank you, indeed."

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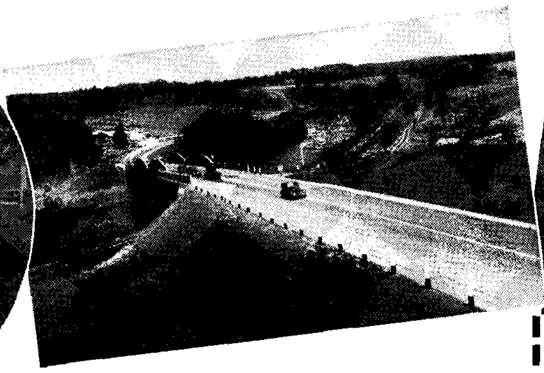

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and you know a lot of the big-time band leaders who'd give you a chance—if you asked them. But no, you'd rather hang out with the tramp variety and get tight and talk about Duke Ellington's style and Fats Waller's and Count Basie's."

"You think I'm just a tramp piano player. . . . Maybe you're right."

She ignored this. "The worst part of it," she went on, "is that you can write hit tunes—but won't. You're one of the few who can do both music and lyrics. Why, you could even be another Cole Porter—but what happens? Every time I've tried to make you sit down and finish a tune, you'd say I was riding you, or you'd do it tomorrow—and you brush it off. There were other things . . ."

"Never mind, Dell, I think you've covered the subject pretty thoroughly." He stood up.

"I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't mean . . ." She made the same helpless little gesture. "You've been swell to me . . . and we can still see each other. . . ."

Tommy held out his hand. "So long, kid," he said, trying to smile. "A lot of luck—all good."

There was nothing else they could say to each other.

"Goodby . . ." She tried to keep her voice steady. Impulsively she kissed him, then turned and hurried out.

He watched her go, then went over to the bar. "Bourbon and plain water," he said to the bartender.

TOMMY, stretched out on the bed with his clothes on, opened his eyes and wondered where he was. The room was dark, except for an occasional flash of light from a neon sign somewhere outside. His mouth was dry and feverish, and, lying there trying to collect his scattered thoughts, he was conscious of one thing: He had a lulu of a hang-over.

After a while he got up and went over to the window and looked out, trying to identify the surroundings. The neon sign, blinking on and off, read: "The Bon Ton Bar and Entertainment," and then he noticed the street sign on the corner: Fifth and Main.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "I finally wound up on Skid Row."

Skid Row! Los Angeles' counterpart of the old Barbary Coast. The hangout of the down and outers, "winos" and bums. He laughed mirthlessly.

He needed a drink. He felt in his pockets and found a dime. A lone ten-cent piece. He found the light switch and turned it on and looked around the shabby room. He wondered how he'd got there. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he tried to figure things out. There was something wrong. People didn't go all to pieces any more, just because some girl gave them the business. But here he was—no getting around that.

He remembered the day that Dell had walked out. He'd started drinking and that night, for the first time in his life, he'd insulted customers. Of course the boss had fired him. He hadn't cared—too many memories there. After he'd sobered up enough to work, he'd got another job at Pete's place in Pico. That didn't last long. From then on it had been a succession of Pete's places—and now this.

He got up. He was becoming more conscious of the gnawing pains in his stomach and knew he was hungry. He wondered when he'd eaten last. First, though, he had to have a drink. . . .

FIVE minutes later he walked into a place that called itself "Frisco Kate's." It was like most of the other joints on the Row. It smelled of stale food and staler beer. A big blonde in a tawdry evening dress was banging out When You and I Were Young, Maggie and singing a dirty parody to the music. It was pretty awful. Nobody paid any attention. Girls listlessly hustled the few customers in the booths for drinks. A few people stood at the bar, and they all had the same vacuous, detached look about them—like a punch-drunk fighter. Tommy shuddered inwardly.

He saw the sign on the back bar: "Muscatel, Sherry, Port, Angelica—10 cents." He laid his dime on the bar. "Give me a sherry."

The bartender, shirt open at the neck, gave him a quick once-over, and Tommy glanced around, hoping nobody would take him for one of the other "winos." The big blonde at the piano finished her number and came up.

"Hi, Buddy," she said. "Buy me a drink?"

Tommy shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said and pointed to his drink. "That's the last of a squandered fortune," with an attempt at lightness.

Like the bartender, she gave him a quick, expert appraisal.

"Are you the regular piano player," he asked.

"No. We had one, but he quit. There's an election coming up and the heat's been on and business is lousy and the kitty can't make any dough. I'm Kate. I own this place. Why?"

"Well, I play a little," Tommy said. "Do you mind if I do a number?"

"Go right ahead, brother," she said. "But don't expect too much. If you're good, you might pick up coffee-and-cake money."

Tommy walked over to the piano and sat down. He played Night and Day and All Alone and after a while the bartender brought him a glass of beer and Kate sauntered over and asked Tommy if he wanted the job. Tommy asked what was in it.

"Wha'd'ye mean—what's in it?" Kate said. "Where d'ye think you are? In the Trockerdero or some place? This is Skid Row. You split the kitty, if any, with the girls."

"I'll take it," Tommy said.

TOMMY picked at the piano and wrote down notes on a piece of music paper. He had the whole place to himself, because it was early and Kate's place didn't open until noon, but Kate had given him a key and permission to use the piano. He'd been there three weeks, and since that first night he hadn't had a drink and he looked fine, and he'd been working on a new song. It was finished.

When Kate opened up, he called her over and played it for her and sang the lyrics softly. When he finished, Kate was quiet for a moment.

"That's a swell tune, Tommy. What do you call it?"

"Idele."

"You must have loved her an awful lot. . . . What happened?"

He spread his hands. "Nothing much, Kate. I was a sucker, that's all. She had ambition and I guess I was content just to play the piano in bars. She tried to get me to write songs. I did, but I just piddled at it. She thought I had talent. This is the first one I ever finished."

"If you can knock out songs like that, you *have* got something. . . . Where is this Idele, now? I suppose that's her name," Kate said.

"Yes—that's her name," Tommy said, nodding. "She made the grade, as she said she would. She's singing with a big-time band."

Kate didn't say anything for a moment. She lit a cigarette and looked at Tommy through the swirling smoke. "Look, Tommy," she began, "I've been around a good long time. You wouldn't think that one time I *had* a voice. Well, I did . . ."

Tommy started to say something, but she waved it aside. "Forget all that," she said. "What I'm getting at is this: You're a nice kid and you've got talent and I think you're all straightened out." She took a deep drag and inhaled. "I'm a chump for doing this, because you bring people into this joint, but I think the thing for you to do is go back to this babe, and . . ."

"It's too late for that, Kate," Tommy cut in. "She's leaving for New York next week—with the band. . . . As far as she's concerned, I'm all washed up."

"Suit yourself," Kate said, shrugging. She stamped out her cigarette and walked toward the front.

TWO nights later at ten o'clock, the bartender came over to the piano and told Tommy that Kate wanted to see him in the back room. Tommy, puzzled, went back to the small dressing room used by the girl entertainers. There was no one there but Kate. The small radio was on and the announcer was saying, ". . . and now we turn you over to Vince Taylor and his gang at the Grove." The band went into their opening number.

Tommy looked at Kate, his eyes narrowing to slits. "What is this?" he said, his voice cold as ice. "Somebody's idea of a joke?"

"Keep your shirt on. I'm not sure yet. . . ."

The band wound up their opener to a round of applause, and Vince, himself, took over the mike. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "our charming and talented vocalist, Miss Idele Yost, wishes to sing a new song for you tonight. It was sent to her, and it's called Idele. I hope you like it as well as we do. . . ." Tommy went shaky all over. He started to say something, but the band swung into it. Then Dell's voice came through, low and throbbing, ripping the innards right out of you. It was his song, all right. He'd written it to her. It was all there—in every note, every word—all his love and loneliness and heartbreak. Her voice broke on the last line. Sometimes it did, because of the way she had of sobbing one out, but this time she couldn't go on. The band came in louder and took it away. The applause was deafening. Then he heard her through the applause: "Tommy . . . Tommy . . ." She was crying. "Wherever you are . . . if you're listening in. . . . Meet me . . ." The rest was indistinguishable.

Tommy was almost beside himself. The words came tumbling out: "How did it happen? Where . . . ? How . . . ?"

Kate got up. "Look, Tommy," she cut in. "I sent her your song . . . and I took a chance on the rest. I just had a hunch, and when they're strong enough I always play 'em."

"But how did you know who . . . where she was?"

"That wasn't hard. I just checked all the big spots, until I found a girl by the name of Idele singing with a band." She put her hands on his shoulders. "Now, get outta here—you've got a date!"

Tommy threw his arms around her and kissed her, then turned away and hurried out.

TOMMY got off the bus and hurried toward the Chili Bowl on La Cienega. He saw her before he opened the door. She was talking to Joe. He went in.

"Dell. . . ."

She turned around. "Tommy. . . ."

The next moment they were in each other's arms. "Tommy," she said, her voice husky. "Why didn't you tell me you loved me? Why did you make me find it out the hard way?"

"Dell. . . . I guess I'm not very smart about a lot of things."

"Oh, Tommy, it's going to be as you said: You're going to write a million hit tunes and I'll sing them and we'll go first cabin. . . ."

Tommy didn't trust his voice. He just nodded.

Joe, back of the counter, was grinning from ear to ear.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

each. He was fired, of course, but first they asked him why he did it.

"Gosh," he confessed, "I just couldn't resist the temptation whenever I got to thinking how I'd like to see the expressions on the faces of them fellows over there when they unpacked these wings for assembly!"

THE value to national defense of the Civil Aeronautics Board's civilian pilot-training program is attested this spring by its 5,000 graduates who are now in training with the Army or Navy Air Corps, or on their waiting lists. This number represents about one in four of the young men who have completed the civilian Air-Training Program secondary course. Meanwhile, those who don't or can't qualify for combat duty form a useful reserve pool for miscellaneous emergency or war service.

IN THESE days, when everybody is concerned about the capacity of our airfields to handle our growing air power, a few practical notes from Major Haslett, head of New York City's aviation department, are in order. He explains that on a clear day the traffic-control men at LaGuardia Field can land an airliner in ¾ of a minute, clear one every ½ minute. On "soupy" days it takes 4 minutes to land one; it used to take 10, but there is a new landing beam now being installed that will cut the time to one minute for each plane. Incoming planes in thick weather are "stacked" to await their turn—that is, under rigid guidance from the radio tower, each pilot is assigned an altitude and a position in the vicinity of the field where he can circle, free from possibility of collision with other ships until he gets the word to "come in."

YOU'LL be flying a million miles a day soon. In three or four years, traffic men say, after the end of the war removes civil aviation's wraps.

"If laid end to end" statistics can't be kept out of aviation, either—only here they scare you more. Last month our domestic airlines flew better than 10 million miles. This means that if you could straighten out the mileage flown each day in the United States you could take four quick ganders around the waistline of the earth for a head start and then zip all the way out to the moon. At this rate, leaving now, you ought to arrive on the sun by next Ground Hog day. One-way fare, $5,521,007.40.

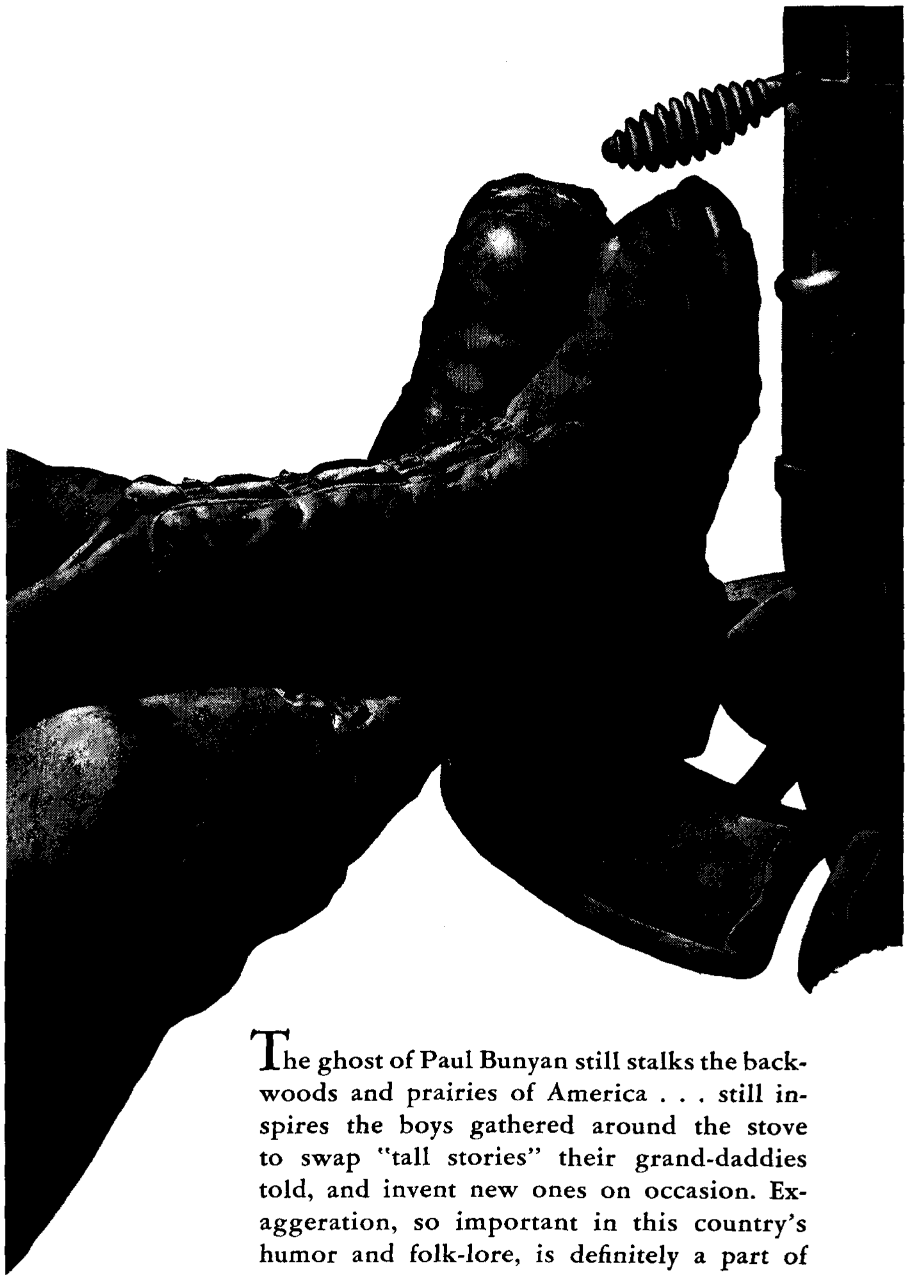
It's a pity, but there is no way of making even a reasonable guess of how many miles have slipped behind power-driven wings over all countries and oceans since December 17, 1903. If, however, in overweening human pride you incline to exaggerate man's flight achievement in relation to the whole scheme—this may bring you back to earth: Add into a beeline every mile that planes have ever flown, allow average speed of 150 miles per hour, and you'd still be much nearer to home than to Alpha Centauri, the nearest star.

And no better off. W. B. C.

You mean you never seen a wildcat-fight?

Mister, you sure missed a sight! First one I ever see, it was up the holler a piece, near Glory Forks. I come out on a clearin' jest as them two bobcats lit into wunnanuther. Wellsir, first one cat would jump atop the other critter's back, and then quick as scat t'other one'd jump on the first one's back, and vicey versey, like stackin' stove wood, and it weren't more'n two minutes, they was jest a leetle speck in the sky. . . . Harkey Pillett, he lives right near by the Forks, he says for three days they was cat fur floatin' down out the clouds.

And Harkey's a deacon.



The ghost of Paul Bunyan still stalks the backwoods and prairies of America . . . still inspires the boys gathered around the stove to swap "tall stories" their grand-daddies told, and invent new ones on occasion. Exaggeration, so important in this country's humor and folk-lore, is definitely a part of "the American character."

Yet business men cannot afford to be other than precise—where business and industrial figures are concerned. For upon *accurate* figures, objectively interpreted, are based many of Management's most vital decisions.

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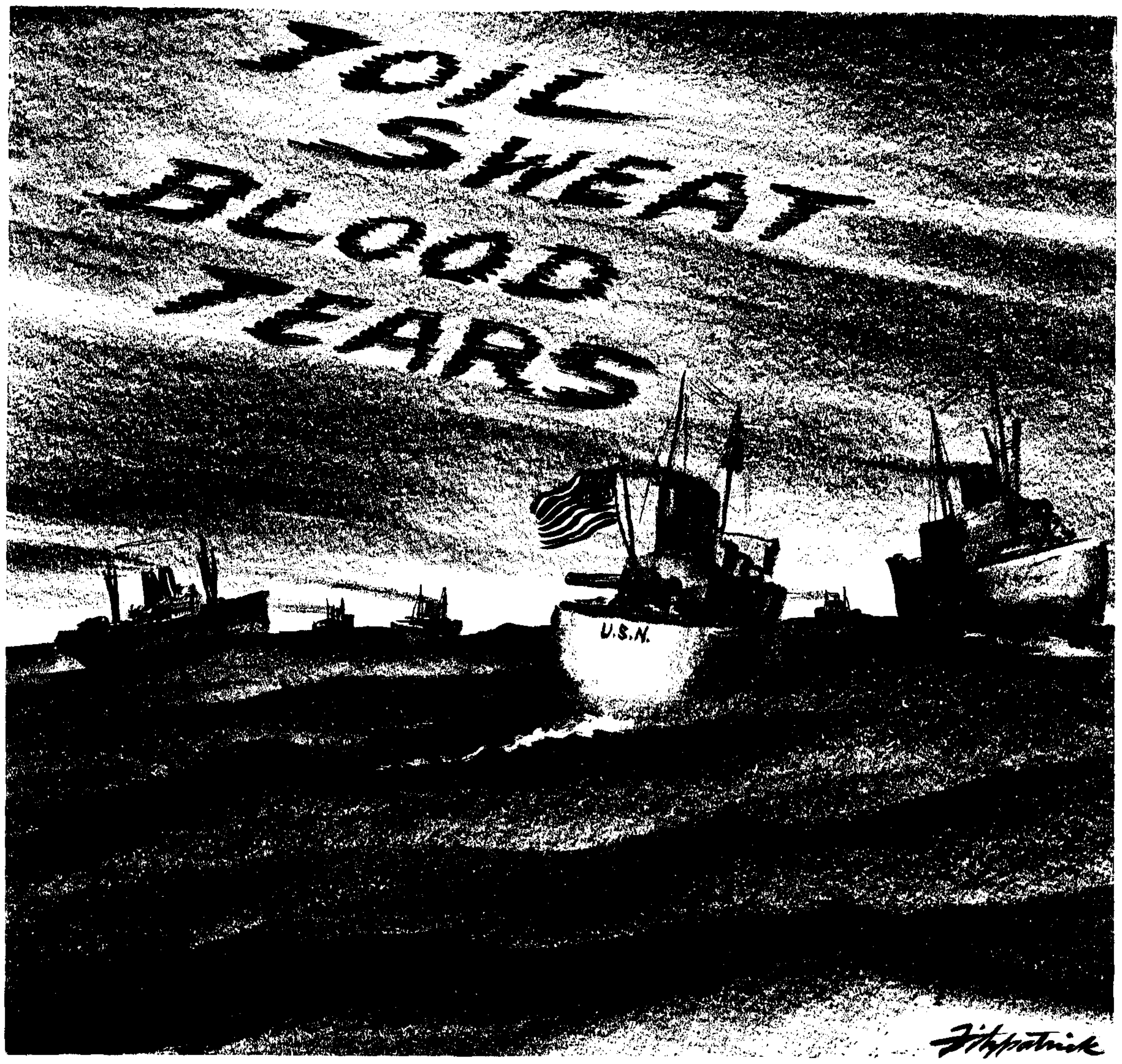


The Battle of the Atlantic

WE CAN'T see anything for the United States to do but to help Great Britain to the hilt in the Battle of the Atlantic—meaning the struggle to convince Hitler permanently that his submarines, surface raiders and bombers cannot stop our shipments to Great Britain.

If that means some kind of convoy work for the United States Navy—well, then, that is what it means. There is this consolation, at least: that our Navy in 1917-18 did such a superb job of convoy work that not a Europe-bound American soldier was killed by German submarine action. Our present-day Navy is not exactly inferior to our Navy in the World War.

We think it only common sense for the United States to help Great Britain to the hilt in this battle for this reason, mainly: that we are so deep in the war now, on Britain's side, that Hitler will never forgive us, and will take his revenge on us some day, if he ever has the opportunity.

First the President eased those fifty destroyers to Britain. Then Congress passed the lease-lend bill. Then it came out that Washington promises had helped to encourage the Yugoslavs to turn out their pro-Axis government and set up the government of young King Peter II. About the same time, the President announced initial shipments of U. S. supplies to Greece and the Treasury Department seized all the Axis ships in U. S. ports.

All this must have enraged Hitler—and the Battle of the Ionian Sea, in which British fighting ships blew Mussolini's navy down to about 1912 size, couldn't have cooled Hitler's wrath.

Necessarily he has it in for us; naturally he will take an implacable revenge on us some day if he can. What else is there for us but to do everything we can to help Britain win the Battle of the Atlantic?

If Britain can win this battle, there is some ground for hoping that Hitler can be choked by combined sea and air power; that a large-scale invasion of Europe and a series of slaughters of young men can be avoided.

Mussolini, punched by the British and the Greeks by land, sea and air, cracked with astounding rapidity. Hitler is a more successful man than Mussolini, and, with all due respect to the Italian soldiers, the Germans are better equipped. Nevertheless, it may be that Statism itself—not just Mussolini's brand of it—has a fatal brittleness about it.

Certain it is that German Statism, Naziism, breeds hate instead of affection or respect in the countries it overruns. Witness the unending sabotage in Holland, Norway, Poland, Denmark. Those suppressed hates should explode as soon as those haters see a chance of a successful rebellion.

All in all, it looks like a long road to victory yet, and a road paved with blood and tears, toil and sweat, as promised by Churchill. Yet, as also hinted by Churchill, victory may be closer than anybody now suspects.

Whichever it's to be, we can see nothing for the United States to do but play its part in the Battle of the Atlantic to the limit of its capacities. As Benjamin Franklin said, if we don't hang together . . .

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Three Voices

TO HAVE Messrs. Hoover, Roosevelt and Willkie speaking in public frequently and at length during this war period is a pretty good break for the American people, we believe.

The President talks often and effectively about the need for speed and the dangerous folly of fear and disunion. Mr. Willkie backs up this talk as leader of the "loyal opposition," but also serves the necessary purpose of keeping the two-party principle alive and vigorous. Herbert Hoover talks now and then about what will be cooking after the war.

We hope Mr. Hoover will carry on in this vein, and that more and more people will listen to him. The kernel of the advice he is putting out to Americans and Englishmen alike is that if our side wins and then gives Hate the seat of honor at the peace conference, as happened at Versailles after the previous war, the peace conference will accomplish nothing but the breeding of further wars.

That seems the plainest common sense, as well as the loftiest idealism. Let's all pin it in our hats now; or, better, in our hearts.

For the duration of our war effort, we need to combine the energy, courage and resolution of Roosevelt, the co-operativeness of Willkie and the broad human tolerance and decency of Hoover. If we can do that, and if our side wins, we *may* weld a better and more durable peace.

Wartime Prohibition Again?

ASSORTED earnest souls, whose goodness and sincerity we wouldn't for a moment question, are worried about the draft soldiers and the alleged demon rum. So, being typical Americans, they are calling for laws to dry up the cantonment neighborhoods.

To this, one high Army official replies:

> It is unwise to deny a soldier during his few hours of leisure time the privileges which are enjoyed by other citizens. . . . It would be harmful to the men in the service to direct a prohibition against them that did not apply to other citizens.

The rest of the story is that wartime prohibition wouldn't divert alcohol from our soldiers' pure esophagi anyway. It didn't last time, any more than did federal prohibition make ordinary citizens quit drinking. The two brands of prohibition between them merely brought us thirteen years of gangsterism, crime and general contempt for law.

So let's set the professional drys once more back on their ears, where they belong. Let's try to enlist the sincere viewers-with-alarm in efforts to handle sensibly and calmly any real liquor problems that may grow up around the camps.

But, first of all, let's try to find such real liquor problems. Our best information is that these problems exist up to now only in various excited imaginations . . . that the draftees by and large are not drinking to excess, and are holding very well what liquor they do drink.

"Pocketbook trouble, Sahib?"

JIM: Great day in the morning! A camel! What in the name of Cleopatra are you doing in a liquor store?

CAMEL: I work here, little brother. I remind people.

JIM: You remind them of what?

CAMEL: Of the quality most to be desired in a fine whiskey, sahib. The quality of *dryness*.

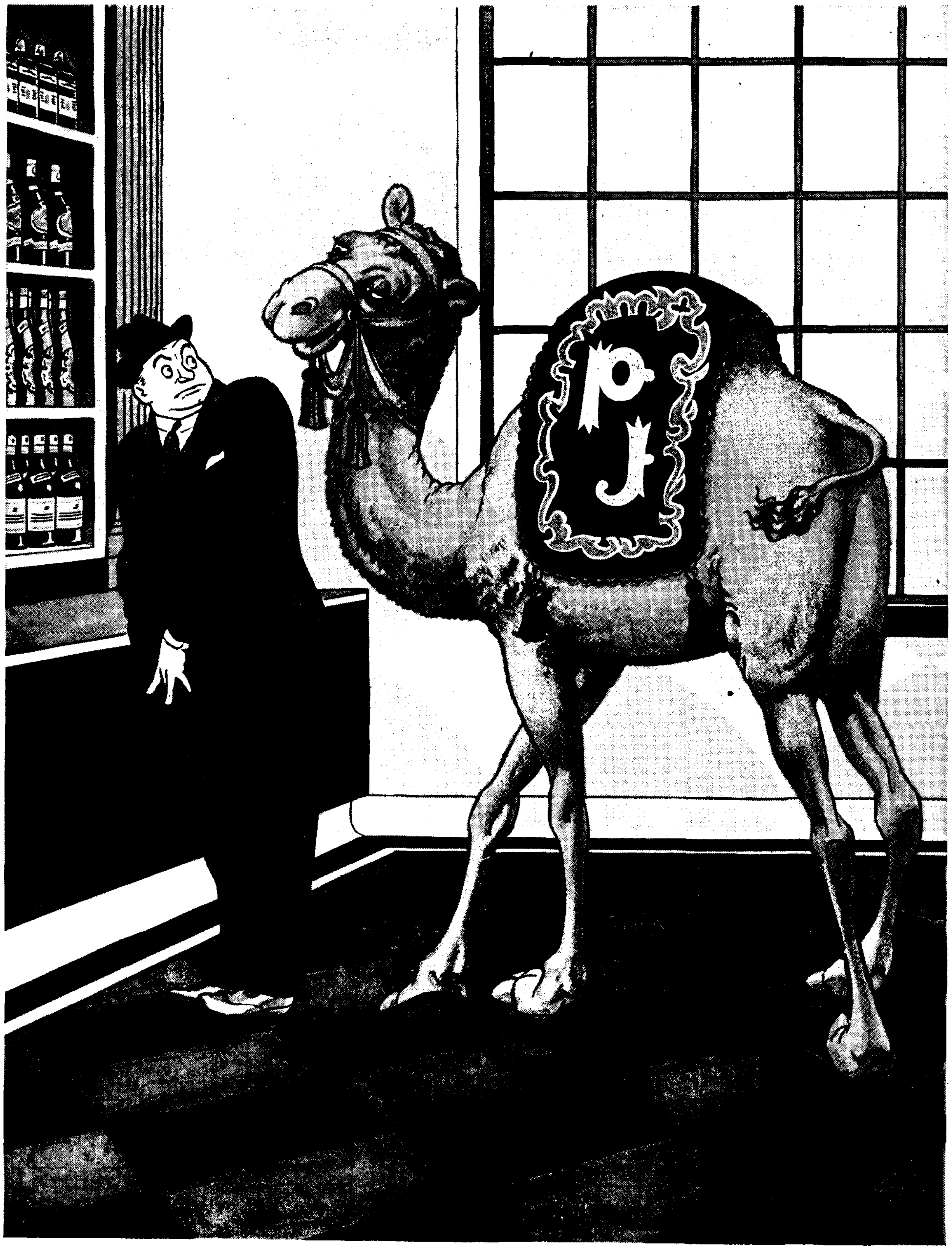
JIM: Dryness? What's so important about dryness?

CAMEL: Good question, friend. Dryness, as one so wise as you surely knows, means lack of sweetness, and this lack of sweetness means that the true, full-bodied flavor of great whiskey reaches you unimpaired, undistorted. Have you not heard, effendi, that true whiskey experts *insist* on dryness?

JIM: Certainly, my animated express wagon. But whiskey experts usually are well-heeled, and can afford the best. I am no millionaire.

CAMEL: Few *are*, these days, little brother! But you, too, can afford a rare jewel among whiskies—a whiskey of magnificent flavor and a wonderful dryness. Paul Jones whiskey. Its flavor is so superb and its price so moderate that wise men have come to know it as a *great buy*. Which is why its popularity has increased five times in less than two years.

JIM: Say, camel, you're a real pal. Wait a minute till I buy a bottle of Paul Jones and I'll ride you home.



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